Plants and Products of

GENERAL MOTORS

STOCKHOLDERS of General Motors should be informed with regard to the constituent parts of the Corporation, including the extent of its interests in and control of other companies.

A complete list of the divisions that make up General Motors and how the Corporation coordinates its subsidiary and affiliated companies will be found in a booklet entitled "Plants and Products of General Motors."

A copy of this booklet will be mailed free upon request to Department Q-6, General Motors Corporation, Broadway at 57th Street, New York.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • MARQUETTE
OAKLAND • VIKING • BUICK • LaSALLE
CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher*

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—*The Automatic Refrigerator*
DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants*
& *Water Systems* • GMAC *Plan of Credit Purchase*

Thousands of improvements in central office equipment in 5 years

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In the last five years there have been hundreds of improvements of major importance in telephone central office equipment in the Bell System, and lesser improvements by the thousands. Improvements have been made in switchboard cable, in relays, in cords, in condensers, in selectors, and in the development of new and better materials for all kinds of equipment used in the central offices.

These improvements have not only helped to meet the steadily increasing complexity of telephone requirements. They also make possible the high-speed service which is eliminating delay from the personal contacts of people anywhere in the United States, whether they be separated by three floors of a building or three thousand miles of country.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XVII July 1929 NUMBER 67

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00; all rag edition, $10.00 by the year. The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. London office, 37 Bedford Square, London, W. C. 1, England. . . . Printed in the United States.

Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
whose book, "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the June choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

REMARQUE is a young German, whose family apparently were *emigrés* from France during the French Revolution. Hardly more than a schoolboy, with millions of other lads on both sides, he was plunged into the war on the Western front. His book, though in the form of fiction, is based largely upon his own experience. It created a true literary sensation in Germany (the American publishers of the book inform us that over 500,000 copies of the book have been sold there) followed lately by one in England. Most of the foreign commentators regard it, in the phrase of the never-intemperate *Manchester Guardian* as "surely the greatest of all war books." It was a unanimous choice, incidentally, of our own five judges.

In the long pre-publication report about this book, which appeared in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*,—Remarque's book was described as a modern equivalent of Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*. "There is not a trace of nationalism in it," the report read, "nor of animosity toward an old enemy. To those who were in the war, as to those who were not, it bears the accent of simple truth that makes one exclaim with every page that is turned, as one German critic did, 'This, this, this is the War at last!'"

Without venom, with a frequent humor, but all the more impressively for these reasons, the book outlines the tragedy of an obliterated generation of lads, passing through a searing experience the like of which, probably, no other generation of boys has ever had in human history. And the high point of the book (most people will find it so, we believe) curiously has nothing to do with fighting, but with a poignant realization on the part of this normal young foot-soldier that all his roots with the familiar scenes and things, among which he had quietly grown, have been ruthlessly cut by his experiences. He comes to this realization during a first short leave at home, for which he had been craving with all his heart. He finds there that the truth about the war is so utterly beyond the conception of those whom he loved that he cannot even speak with them about it but must be silent or evasive. He has become of a race apart from his own people; the hated trench and No-Man's Land—and the book outlines simply and vividly what they connoted—have become his normal milieu. It is but a brief chapter, yet it is one which no one who reads will ever be likely to forget.

* * *

The Book-of-the-Month Club is the only organization of its kind which sends its subscribers pre-publication reports, such as the one quoted above, allowing them to take the "book-of-the-month" or not, as they wish. Subscribers may take as few as four books a year out of 250 to 300 recommended and reported upon by our judges. Over 100,000 judicious book-readers now subscribe to this service, *more than to all the other book-clubs in the United States combined*. If you are interested to know how it operates, and what it does for you, mail the coupon below for information. To those who subscribe now, the first book is being given free, provided it costs no more than $3.00.

THE BOOK-OF-MONTH CLUB, INC. 13-7
386 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send booklet outlining how you operate.
This request involves me in no obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Books shipped to Canadian members through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Limited

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

INSTINCT & INTELLIGENCE.
By R. W. G. Hingston. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 296 pp. *New York*

Major Hingston, who is a surgeon-naturalist attached to the Indian Marine Survey, is well known for his investigations of the behavior of the lower animals, especially insects. He is a disciple of Fabre, but in the present work goes far beyond the great Frenchman. For he is convinced that instinct is not sufficient to explain the highly complicated and apparently purposeful acts that he describes: he believes that insects must be credited with a sort of intelligence. Among spiders, he says, he has never observed it save once, but among insects properly so-called it is too common to be disregarded. Major Hingston presents a great mass of curious and invaluable observations, most of them first hand. He has been an indefatigable field naturalist both in India and in Mesopotamia, and his notes seem to be even more copious than those of Fabre and Forel. It is probable that most zoölogists will dissent from some of his conclusions, but there can be no question of his competence, and in the long run not a few of his views will probably be adopted. He writes so well that his book will fascinate the layman along with the professional naturalist. It is full of good drawings, and at the end there is an adequate index.

THE CASE OF MISS R: *The Interpretation of a Life Story.*
By Alfred Adler. *Greenberg*
$3.50 8 x 5⅛; 306 pp. *New York*

The basis of this volume is a brief, highly introspective autobiography by a young Viennese woman, the illegitimate daughter of a tailor in poor circumstances and obviously a full-fledged neurotic. Dr. Adler prints it in small sections, with interspersed interpretations according to the variety of psychoanalysis that he practises. As it is well known, that psychoanalysis avoids the sexual obsession of the Freud brand, and is mainly based upon a study of the so-called inferiority complex. Thus the present volume is almost free from the stimulating pornography that "students" have come to look for in treatises on the new psychology. Miss R, like any other growing girl, makes acquaintance with the romantic horrors of sex, but her adventures do not carry her very far, and there is no "scientific" dwelling upon the subject. Her early life, as she depicts it, was mainly devoted to augmenting her own very modest importance, and that effort seems to have made her an incorrigible liar and malingerer. In an epilogue Dr. Adler confesses that he has never met Miss R, but expresses the opinion that she may yet mend her ways. There is a preface by Dr. Friedrich Jensen, one of the translators of the volume, but no index.

PASTURES OF WONDER.
By Cassius Jackson Keyser. *The Columbia University Press*
$2.75 8 x 5⅛; 208 pp. *New York*

In this tract Dr. Keyser, who is emeritus professor of mathematics at Columbia, seeks to set up a distinction between mathematics and science, and to frame comprehensive definitions of both. The aim of mathematics, he says, is to establish hypothetical propositions; the aim of science is to establish categorical propositions. There is yet something else: the aim to "establish propositions, regardless of their kind." For this enterprise Dr. Keyser proposes the name of panthetics. His definitions present obvious difficulties, and some of these he attempts to meet. For example, his definition of mathematics bars out arithmetic, which is largely concerned with categorical propositions. Very well, he says; let arithmetic go: it is a branch of science, not of mathematics. His book is very ingenious, and the Socratic discussions toward the end are often amusing. But it does not appear that he accomplishes anything more than the pasting of new labels on old bottles.

OLD CIVILIZATIONS IN THE NEW WORLD.
By A. Hyatt Verrill. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$5 9⅛ x 6; 393 pp. *Indianapolis*

Mr. Verrill here attempts to cover the whole field of American pre-history: it is a large order, but he executes it with great skill. Beginning with an excellent discussion of the probable origins of man in the New World, he proceeds to a brief but comprehensive description of each of the ancient civilizations, from that of the Mayas to that of the Incas. He has traversed the whole field in person, and has made some important discoveries on his own account,—for example, that of the remains of the Coclé culture in Panama. His descriptions thus have freshness, and he presents his facts very effectively. Nor does he forget the existing descendants of the peoples he discusses. What he has to say, indeed, about the survival of the ancient cultures makes one of the most interesting parts of his story. His book is well illustrated and has an extensive bibliography and a good index.

Continued on page viii

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

BIOGRAPHY

KARL MARX: *His Life & Work.*
By Otto Rühle. *The Viking Press*
$5 9⅜ x 9; 419 pp. *New York*

There is an immense mass of writing dealing with Marx, but most of it consists of propagandist tracts and is thus worthless. Dr. Rühle, though he is a Socialist, manages to avoid the special pleading that defaces this literature. His account of the great Socialist prophet, though friendly, is also thoroughly honest. Moreover, it is painstaking and well-informed. The result is a biography of sound value, and a book of unusual interest. Marx was not a proletarian by birth, but a member of the *bourgeoisie*. His father was a lawyer, and he came of long generations of rabbis. What ailed him in life was a congenital unfitness for the practical concerns of his class. He was a good husband, but a poor provider. He was diligent as a writer, but he had no capacity for selling his wares. Thus he came to be beset by an inferiority complex, and in his later days it converted him into a neurotic. He took refuge in imaginary illnesses from the impossibilities of daily life. Basically unfit for this world, he "sought for compensation in the world of ideas." His success was prodigious. Before he died he had made converts by the million, and thirty-four years after his death his ideas came near paralyzing the world. Now they have been reduced to absurdity on a large scale, and seem unlikely to make any progress hereafter, but in detail if not in gross they have left their permanent mark upon the economic and political thinking of the human species. Dr. Rühle's book is illustrated, and has a chronological table, a brief bibliography, and an adequate index. The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul, a sufficient indication that it is excellent.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.
By John T. Morse, Jr. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3.50 8⅞ x 6; 181 pp. *Boston*

Professor Perry was born in Rhode Island in 1845 and died in Boston in 1923. He taught French, German and English at Harvard, and was one of the liveliest, most scholarly and most brilliant men the university has harbored in the last fifty years. He was probably more able, and surely knew more, than Wendell, but he was an unpretentious man and thus never achieved popularity in this country. In France and Germany, however, he was looked upon as one of the leading authorities on German and classical literature. His "History of Greek Literature" is still a standard work. He was one of the first American champions of Russian literature, and did much to let the world know the precise nature of the Czarist government. He counted among his friends such men as James Russell Lowell, William James, John Fiske, James Ford Rhodes and Raphael Pumpelly. Besides literature, he was also interested in politics, and was unusually intelligent, for a literary man, in his ideas about it. He joined the rest of the blood-hounds on this side during the World War, but to his credit it must be added that he saw from the beginning the true character of such frauds as McKinley, Roosevelt, Bryan, Lodge and Wilson. His hatred of these politicians, especially the last, knew no bounds. Of the war President he said, "He reeks with hypocrisy. . . . I must say that I cannot read [his] crawling, sanctimonious sentences without loathing." Mr. Morse was one of Perry's most intimate friends, and thus his memoir is of extra value. There are four illustrations.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.
By Brian W. Downs. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7⅝ x 5; 248 pp. *New York*

This volume is the latest addition to the series called The Republic of Letters, and is one of the best thus far published. It is perhaps the most competent brief study of Richardson in type. Mr. Downs' critical opinions of the man's work and influence, on the whole, run along orthodox lines. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

THE INTIMATE JOURNAL OF GEORGE SAND.
Edited by Marie Jenney Howe. *The John Day Company*
$3.50 9½ x 6¼; 198 pp. *New York*

This book is made up of the passionate journal which Mme. Sand kept during her luckless love affair with Alfred de Musset; of the so-called Piffoël journal, composed of conversations between her masculine and feminine selves; and of stray observations which she jotted down between her twenty-ninth and thirty-sixth years. All of this material was only recently released to the public by the novelist's grand-daughter. It is difficult to understand why it was withheld from publication for so long. The Musset journal is quite tame, and the Piffoël stuff never rises beyond the banality that "man knows himself necessary to woman." As for the observations, or as she herself called them, "sketches and hints," they are mainly rubbish. The present book adds very little to Mme. Sand's modest stature, either as a person or as an artist. The translation, which is good, is by the editor, who was formerly a Unitarian minister in Des Moines, Ia., and is now the wife of Frederick C. Howe.

Continued on page x

.... if there is a child in *Your* home—Send at once for these two free booklets

YOU watch their diet carefully—you see that they have clothing suitable to the weather; you do everything in your power to make those children of yours grow up healthy and strong in *body*. What do you do for their *minds?*

Is sending your boys and girls to school enough? You were anxious to teach them to read. Now ***what are they reading?*** Do you have time to investigate every book or magazine that falls into those young hands? Do you trust them to *outgrow* the thousands of notions and improper standards they will inevitably find in promiscuous reading of cheap thrillers? Or do you lean the other way and make the classics distasteful to your children by forcing them to read books beyond their years?

The happy medium is hard to find—yet *it must be found* if your children are to be well equipped mentally. It is to fill this great need of every parent and child that *The Junior Literary Guild* has been founded. NOW you can be sure that your children are reading books that are good for them; books that are *building* them; books that are fitting them for life. And the books will be so full of wholesome thrills that the children themselves will literally devour every line of them—probably three or four times.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD
Dept. 4 M.
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Now, Carl Van Doren, in association with a group of leading authorities on juvenile reading, chooses *three* different titles for young people every month in advance of publication for the retail trade. One book is chosen for both boys and girls under twelve years. Another book is selected for girls between twelve and sixteen and still another for boys between twelve and sixteen.

The Junior
LITERARY GUILD

The same saving that adult readers realize on their Guild books is now available on the best juveniles that can be found. A single yearly subscription, costing not more than 60% of the total retail value of the twelve books selected, pays for everything.

A Charter Membership Badge Is Free

The child is himself the member. The books are addressed to the young person by name. They are delivered, one each month, postpaid. A beautiful emblem is sent gratis with the first book.

Send the coupon at once for the two books of SECRETS, printed in full colors and illustrated.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD, Dept. 4 M.
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

You may send me the two booklets: SECRETS *for Parents* and SECRETS *for Readers Under Sixteen*. I assume no obligation, of course.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

PRESIDENTS I'VE KNOWN AND TWO NEAR PRESIDENTS.
By Charles Willis Thompson. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$3 8⅞ x 5⅝; 386 pp. *Indianapolis*

Mr. Thompson is an old newspaper man. He has been Washington correspondent for the New York *World*, the *Times*, and the old *Tribune*. In the present book he relates his personal experiences with McKinley, Taft, Harding, Roosevelt, Wilson, Coolidge, Hanna and Bryan. When he confines himself to reminiscence he has much to say that is interesting and even valuable. His chapters on Wilson and on Bryan are among the most damning things ever written about these two politicians. But when he goes off into the field of comment, as he does in the chapters on Taft and on Coolidge, he makes a sorry spectacle. The first, he thinks, is "a good judge . . . and a progressive and far-seeing man," and the second seems to him to be "a remarkable man, . . . a great stylist, . . . and a person of simple words and straightforward acts."

ATTILA, *The Scourge of God.*
By Marcel Brion. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 275 pp. *New York*

M. Brion does not document this treatise on the great Hun, but it is obvious that he is familiar with the sources. The Attila he depicts is not the bestial, insensate barbarian of the usual history books. On the contrary, he appears as a politician with a coherent and by no means unplausible polity, and, what is more, a man of considerable dignity. He was educated in Rome, where he spent his youth as a hostage, and so he understood the Romans. His worst errors were made, not in dealing with them, but in dealing with the other barbarians. His army, starting out as a disorderly horde, became in the end a well drilled and highly competent military machine. But the fates that at first prospered him at length ran against him, and so he came to catastrophe, and passed from the scene in a far from heroic guise. M. Brion's book is very interesting, and Harold Ward has translated it competently. It lacks an index.

TRANSLATIONS

ALL THE EXTANT WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.
Translated by Samuel Putnam. *Covici-Friede*
$50 13 x 9⅞; 3 vols.; 1274 pp. *New York*

These stately folios are the fruits of the first attempt ever made to get the whole canon of Rabelais into English. In addition to the familiar lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel, including the probably apocryphal fifth book, there are translations of all the other works, large or small, that may be attributed with any plausibility to the great satirist. Mr. Putnam's version is completely new. He has rejected the Urquhart-Motteux version almost wholly, as defaced by both evasions and interpolations, and has sought to produce a more homely and colorful text than that put forth by W. F. Smith in 1893. In more than one place, having to deal with colloquialisms, he has rendered them into current Americanisms. The effect is somewhat startling, but often very convincing—for example, in the celebrated chapter on the drunkard. His accumulation of explanatory notes is gigantic; he has apparently levied upon everything that is of any worth in the huge literature upon Rabelais in French. His notes are printed in the margin, and at the end of nearly every chapter there is an expanded discussion of some disputed point. Finally, there is a large series of appendices, including a brief life of Rabelais, a bibliography, and discussions of matters that were too extensive to be treated in notes. The books are well-printed and stoutly bound, and each volume contains many full-page illustrations, some in color, by Jean de Bosschère. The edition is limited to 1300 copies, for subscribers only. The same text, but with drawings by Alexander King, is published in an edition of 200 copies at a higher price.

SCHWESTER CARRIE.
By Theodore Dreiser. *Paul Zsolnay*
M. 8 7 x 4⅝; 607 pp. *Berlin*

Most of Dreiser's later novels have been done into German, but this is the first translation of "Sister Carrie." The translator is Dr. Anna Nussbaum of Vienna, and she has made an excellent job of it.

AFRIKA SINGT: *Eine Auslese Neuer Afro-Amerikanischer Lyrik.*
Edited by Anna Nussbaum. *F. G. Speidel*
M. 8 8⅝ x 5⅝; 175 pp. *Vienna*

The authors represented in these translations are James Weldon Johnson, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Angelina Weld Grimke, Fenton Johnson, Otto Leland Bohannan, Claude McKay, Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Jean Toomer, Jessie Fauset, Joseph S. Cotter, Jr., Frank Horne, Arna Bontemps, Waring Cuney, Lewis Alexander and Helene Johnson. The translators are Hermann Kesser, Josef Luitpold, Anna Siemsen and the editor, Dr. Nussbaum. The plan of the book barred

Continued on page xii

This book club gives you 12 *important* New Books

for the price of one! $5.00

Books never before published come to you on the very day of publication for only 42¢ each. Coupon below brings one book free!

NOW you can actually get new books by important authors at the remarkably low cost of 42¢ each. This amazing offer is made possible by the Paper Books, a new idea in American publishing.

This is the way the Paper Books plan works: Choosing from the vivid and significant literary work being done today, a distinguished Board of Editors, pictured below, selects for each month a book that has never before been published.

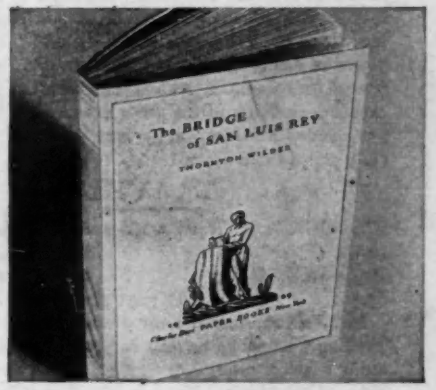
These books are put out in neat, sensible volumes bound in paper. The end papers, covers and decorations are by Rockwell Kent, internationally famous artist. And the beautiful type pages were designed by Elmer Adler of the Pynson Printers.

The Paper Books are printed on attractive antique finish paper with durable paper covers reinforced with crash to make them strong and serviceable.

But because costly cloth binding is eliminated, and because in the Paper Books the economies of the book club idea are fully passed on to the reader, the price of these books is remarkably low. Only 42¢ each.

The only way you can appreciate how fine these books really are is to see them. So we have taken a famous book and printed it in the Paper Book format and we will send it to you free!

To get it you simply fill out the coupon below, and we will mail to you in the new Paper Book format "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" by Thornton Wilder. This book has been published before of course. Perhaps you've even read it. But we will gladly send it to you free so you can see for yourself how fine the rest of the Paper Books will be.



Keep this volume for 5 days. Read it. Examine it. You will quickly appreciate the real beauty of the books, as books.

At the end of 5 days send us $5.00 for a charter subscription for the Paper Books, or return the volume to us. This free offer is good for a limited time only. So mail the coupon now!


HORACE M. KALLEN


EVERETT DEAN MARTIN


PADRAIC COLUM


LOUIS UNTERMEYER


LINCOLN COLCORD

THE BOARD OF EDITORS OF THE PAPER BOOKS

Charles Boni PAPER BOOKS *New York*

66 Fifth Avenue

PAPER BOOKS A 1
Charles Boni, Publisher,
66 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, free, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" by Thornton Wilder. Within 5 days after receiving the book I will send you $5.00 for a charter subscription for the Paper Books, or return the book.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

($5.50 in Canada, $6.00 abroad)
Send check with coupon if you prefer.

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

out such things as "The Shroud of Color" and "Go Down, Death," but within the limits of the lyric the selections are very well made, and some of the translations are genuinely brilliant. It is astonishing, indeed, to observe how adeptly some of the barbaric pieces of Langston Hughes, for example, have been turned into German. At the end there are brief but excellent sketches of the poets represented. The book has a sound introduction by the editor, and is beautifully printed and bound.

TRAVEL

ICE-BOUND: *A Trader's Adventures in the Siberian Arctic.*
By James M. Ashton. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$3.50 9 x 6¼; 235 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ashton, as a director of the Phoenix Northern Trading Company, set out in a trading schooner to study business conditions on the Siberian and Alaskan sides of the Arctic. He tells about the Chug-chees, hunters, and trappers, and the Eskimos, sealers and whalers; and both polygamous. Of their children, who are put through early rigid training to fit them for their primitive existence, and to whom they are slavishly devoted. Of the exchange of trade goods for skins, and of days of helpless drifting amid ice jams. There are thirty-five illustrations and a map.

THE SPANISH PAGEANT.
By Arthur Stanley Riggs. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$5 9 x 6; 416 pp. *Indianapolis*

Arthur Stanley Riggs is director and secretary of the Archæological Society of Washington, and editor of *Art and Archæology*. He has repeatedly visited Spain and has long studied her art and literature. He here describes a motor trip through the country. His story is full of interesting observations and impressions of "an heroic people." There are countless illustrations and an index.

LABRADOR LOOKS AT THE ORIENT.
By Wilfred Grenfell. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 8¾ x 6; 297 pp. *Boston*

In this volume, the Labrador missionary doctor describes his travels through Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, India, China and Japan. Those unfamiliar with the Orient will find his observations and anecdotes a pleasant introduction to the Near and Far East.

NIGHTS ABROAD.
By Conrad Bercovici. *The Century Company*
$4 8 x 5½; 315 pp. *New York*

Nineteen sketches of foreign cities, originally published in *College Humor*. All are viewed by night, and in a highly impressionistic manner. They include Venice—"That Dear Old Lady;" Damascus—"Cobwebs and Dirt;" London—"Who Says She's Flat on Her Back?;" Milan—"Thus Spoke Mussolini;" Jerusalem—"The Value of Tears;" Athens—"Greek Gods;" Havana—"Harmonics;" Budapest—"Genius Must Live;" Vienna—"Where Waltzes Ring;" Constantinople—"Allah Il Allah;" and Paris—"Bon Soir, Monsieur!" The book contains many illustrations by E. H. Suydam.

INDIA: *the Landscape, the Monuments and the People.*
By Martin Hürlimann *The B. Westermann Company*
$7.50 12 x 9¼; 304 pp. *New York*

The 304 superb photographs in this book were all made by Dr. Hürlimann, who is now preparing a similar volume on Indo-China. They are shown full-page and in rotogravure, and make a really notable collection. Most of them deal with architectural subjects, but there are also some excellent landscapes and a number of admirably posed photographs of people. In a brief introduction the geography of India is described and there is some account of the native history, politics and religions. The volume was printed in Germany, and does great credit to those who made it.

THE CRUISE OF THE *NORTHERN LIGHT.*
By Mrs. John Borden. *The Macmillan Company*
$4.50 8½ x 5½; 317 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Borden is the wife of a rich Chicagoan with a taste for travel in strange places. In 1927 he built a 140-foot auxiliary schooner and, accompanied by his wife and some friends, set out from San Francisco for the Arctic. They proceeded up the Alaska coast to Juneau, sailed thence to Unalaska, and then turned northward, finally reaching Wrangel Island. They shot walrus, bear and other animals on the way, and sent the skins to the Field Museum in Chicago. They fished, they camped on the islands, and they visited the natives on both shores of Behring Straits. The trip was without much dramatic incident and the skins collected seem to have been of little rarity, but it was a novel and pleasant journey, and Mrs. Borden describes it very well. There are many photographs, and in appendices the author shows what food was taken along, and what clothes she wore.

ESSAYS

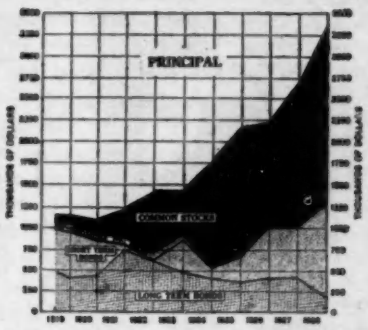
TUESDAYS AT TEN.
By Cornelius Weygandt.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$3 9 x 6; 325 pp. *Philadelphia*

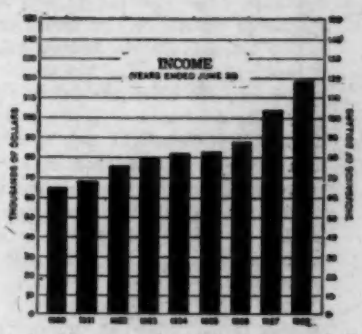
Dr. Weygandt, who professes English at the University of Pennsylvania, here presents a series of liter-

Continued on page xiv

Actual profits

made by an investor who for ten years (with rising *and declining security values*) has carefully followed the scientific principles explained in Mr. Rose's much discussed book.





NOTE: It should be observed that the history of this fund begins at the height of the 1919 bull market and includes the severe depression of 1921 and the mild depression of 1923

Let Dwight C. Rose show you the *scientific* methods of investment . . .

those finer points of investment that spell the difference between average and unusual results

explained in his new book

NOW, this outstanding investment expert, associated with the *oldest and largest firm of Investment Counsel in America*, offers, in a new and interesting way, a scientific method of investment based on successful experience.

This *amazingly readable book* will provide you with the essential information required for an intelligent appraisal of the risk and probability factors in all types of investment.

From the invaluable experience gained from many years of practical and successful investment management of *hundreds of millions of dollars*, the author shows how the principles of scientific investment, employed by the most successful investors, may be *applied by everyone*, regardless of the amount of capital employed.

What Financial Leaders Say About This Book

"I have seen no evidence of practical investment experience that in any way approaches the evidence offered in this book."
—W. E. LAGERQUIST, *Counsellor on Investments, Irving Trust Company, New York*

"An important book for the modern type of investor . . . fundamentally sound . . . entirely impartial . . . discussed in a new and illuminating way."—THE FINANCIAL WORLD

"It is vigorous, refreshing and stimulating."
—HASTINGS LYON, *Professor of Corporation Finance, Columbia University, New York*

"Throws much light on those finer points of investment policy which spell the difference between average results and unusual results."
—THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

"I have nowhere seen such a combination of exhaustive research, accurate reasoning and attractive presentation."
—BRANDON BARRINGER *The Pennsylvania Company, Philadelphia*

". . . gives accurate information on just the kinds of securities which have proved most profitable in the past and which best fit individual needs."—CHICAGO JOURNAL OF COMMERCE

"A book founded on long personal experience with investment management and backed by a profound study of investment history and theory."
—BARRON'S *The Financial Weekly*

FIFTH PRINTING IN 12 WEEKS !

A SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO

INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT

By DWIGHT C. ROSE

of Scudder, Stevens & Clark, Investment Counsel

440 Pages **AT ALL BOOKSTORES** *Price $5.00*

HARPER & BROTHERS 49 East 33rd Street, New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

ary essays born of discourses to his pupils. They appear in groups of two—the first a more or less formal paper on a set subject, and the second a mere fragment, usually of personal reminiscence. The author's style is graceful and his opinions are usually plausible, but he seldom has anything new or striking to say. His chief interests, it would appear, are playgoing and nature-study. Such authors as Gilbert White, John Burroughs and W. H. Hudson attract him strongly, and he seems to have a considerable knowledge of ornithology, unusual in a writer about books. His literary theory is simple. "I have always held," he says, "that poetry is the touchstone of literature. If there is not lyricism in verse or essay or play or story . . . that writing is not of the first power." This position forces Dr. Weygandt to reject George Bernard Shaw, at some cost to his enthusiasm as a playgoer. After seeing "Cæsar and Cleopatra" with Forbes Robertson as Caesar, "Candida" with Arnold Daly, "Arms and the Man" with Mansfield, and "Fanny's First Play" with Grace George, not to mention "The Devil's Disciple," "St. Joan" and "Blanco Posnet" he says that "it was only a sense of duty and the habit acquired as a newspaper reviewer of plays that made me sit through most of them."

CONSECRATIO MEDICI AND OTHER PAPERS.
By Harvey Cushing. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 276 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Cushing, whose life of Sir William Osler is well known, is one of the few American medical men who know how to write. The essays in the present volume are mainly professional addresses, and most of them deal with professional themes, but there is no dullness in them and no pedantry. Whether the author discusses the history of the Massachusetts General Hospital or the personality of Osler, the life of Louisa Parsons or his own adventures as a military surgeon in France, he is unfailingly graceful and interesting.

THE FINE ARTS

EVOLUTION OF ART.
By Ruth de Rochemont. *The Macmillan Company*
$6 9⅜ x 6⅝; 635 pp. *New York*

Mrs. de Rochemont writes clearly and charmingly, and has a great deal that is sound and interesting to say. Her book differs from most others of its sort in that it contains chapters describing the technique of painting, sculpture and print-making. They unquestionably help the novice to an understanding of what follows, which is a rapid but by no means cursory survey of the graphic arts from the day of the Egyptians to our own time. The author's sympathies run in a conservative direction; she does not overlook the experimentalists who now rage and roar in the world, but she is by no means taken in by their extravagances. Her book is a sane and excellent elementary treatise upon its subject. There are seventeen full-page illustrations and a good index.

BEFORE MANET TO MODIGLIANI. *From the Chester Dale Collection.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 11¾ x 9¼; 220 pp. *New York*

The reading matter here—a brief introduction by Mrs. Maud Dale—occupies only twelve pages. The rest of the book is given over to 102 half-tone plates from the Chester Dale Collection. Opposite each plate is a brief note giving the size of the canvas, the identification marks on it, and other pertinent facts.

REPRINTS

ROUND UP.
By Ring W. Lardner. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5⅛; 467 pp. *New York*

This collection bears the subtitle, "The Stories of Ring W. Lardner," but it is by no means complete. All of the superb tales in the "You Know Me, Al" series are missing, and there are also other omissions. But even as it stands, the volume is surely sufficiently rich. Some of Mr. Lardner's very best stories are in it, including "Haircut," "The Golden Honeymoon," "The Love Nest" and "Some Like Them Cold." Nothing better has ever been done in America. Lardner's humor is enormously more profound than that, say, of the late O. Henry. He not only makes comic whoopee of the first quality; he also plows deeply into character.

CHARACTER AND EVENTS.
By John Dewey. *Henry Holt & Company*
$5 8¼ x 5⅜; 2 vols.; 861 pp. *New York*

It is very likely that fifty years from now Dewey will be mainly remembered by these two volumes, in which are reprinted nearly all he has written on socio-political affairs. In them is to be found the best thinking and writing of his entire career; that he will develop any wholly new ideas hereafter seems unlikely. Dewey, it is now almost a platitude to say, is no great shakes as a metaphysician or logician; his main contribution to pure philosophy, instrumentalism, owes so much to William James' pragmatism that they are almost identical. And neither is he a colossal social thinker. No truly original idea in politics or sociology has ever come out of him. But he has always been on the side of intelligence in whatever he has written about these topics, and the probability

Continued on page xviii

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

of popular disfavor has never hindered him from being honest. His courageous stand for academic freedom during the World War will long be remembered. Liberals of this country and of all other countries have never had to ask twice for his aid in any concerted effort against official oppression or in behalf of any intelligent proposal. There is a brief foreword by the editor, Joseph Ratner, and an index at the end of the second volume.

A BOOKMAN'S DAYBOOK.
By Burton Rascoe. *Horace Liveright*
$3 8⅝ x 5½; 305 pp. *New York*

This amusing collection of gossip and criticism is made up of extracts from a daily column that Mr. Rascoe wrote for the New York *Herald Tribune* in 1922, 1923 and 1924. The selections were made, not by the author, but by C. Hartley Grattan. There is, however, a preface by Mr. Rascoe, and before and after the main text are an autobiographical prologue and an epilogue from his pen. His criticism, at times, is more enthusiastic than judicious, but his relish for oddities of character is so keen that his gossip is always charming and not infrequently very penetrating. Authors by the hundreds gyrate through his pages, and with them go many other curious persons. It is amazing that the *Herald Tribune* stopped printing his daybook, and even more amazing that no other New York paper has ever engaged him to resume it. Mr. Grattan's selections are intelligently made, and well convey the flavor of the original. The collection badly needs an index.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOVIET RUSSIA *and the Revolutionary World.*
By John Dewey. *The New Republic*
$1 7¾ x 4⅞; 270 pp. *New York*

The first half of this book is made up of Dr. Dewey's observations on life in Soviet Russia, and the second half is devoted to comments on modern Mexico, Turkey and China. He has visited all these countries in the past nine years, and thus speaks from first-hand knowledge. The complete contents of the book was previously published in the *New Republic.* Dr. Dewey's general attitude toward the experiments going on in these countries, as one would expect, is intellectual-Liberal. He is surely no Bolshevik, but he sees a lot of good in what is now afoot in Russia. The greatest significance of the revolution there, he thinks, lies in the fact that for the first time anywhere the state has made an attempt to guarantee to all the people the prime necessities of life and so give them all an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of culture.

POETRY

BANDS AND REBELS.
By Keene Wallis. *Coward-McCann*
$1 7¾ x 5¼; 80 pp. *New York*

COMPASS ROSE.
By Elizabeth Coatsworth. *Coward-McCann*
$1 7¾ x 5¼; 96 pp. *New York*

NEARER THE BONE.
By Charles Wagner. *Coward-McCann*
$1 7¾ x 5¼; 109 pp. *New York*

ANGEL ARMS.
By Kenneth Fearing. *Coward-McCann*
$1 7¾ x 5¼; 64 pp. *New York*

These are the first four volumes in the Coward-McCann series of Songs of Today. The Wallis book is made up of seven stories in free verse, all of which are pretty dull. Miss Coatsworth's new volume only confirms the impression made by her previous two books. There is not a poem in it that could not have been written by a college freshman. Not much more can be said for Mr. Wagner's book. The subjects in it are drawn in the main from metropolitan life: "The Widow Collins," "Harlem Cabaret," "Brighton Beach in Winter," "Tenement Wall," and "Apartment Love." But the treatment of them is more pretentious than effective. Mr. Fearing's book, his first, is the most satisfactory of the lot. He is probably a great admirer of Carl Sandburg; the themes and the language of both have more than a little in common. But Mr. Fearing has a personality of his own, and what he says is interesting and often moving. The title poem, "Evening Song," "Invitation," and "Minnie and Mrs. Hoyne" are especially good.

POEMS AND THE SPRING OF JOY.
By Mary Webb. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 4¾; 249 pp. *New York*

STRANGE TRUTH.
By "Elspeth." *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 104 pp. *Boston*

WINDS FROM THE MOON.
By Sonia Ruthèle Novák. *The Century Company*
$2 8¼ x 5⅝; 121 pp. *New York*

As a poet the late Mrs. Webb had much in common with Hardy and with Emily Dickinson, but she was a much better workman than the second and had somewhat more to say than the first. Anyway, she was a poet of considerable merit, and the English public is well aware of her worth; why she is so unknown in this country is something of a mystery. One has to go a long way before one may come across

Continued on page xx

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

such simple and yet extremely effective things as "The Secret Joy," "Dust," "Safe," "To the World," and "A Farewell." The second half of the present book, entitled "The Spring of Joy," is made up of nine brief nature essays. They are all charmingly written. "Elspeth" and Miss Novák are two young American poets who have contributed a great deal to the newspaper columns and to the magazines. Their verses are of the smart and whimsical sort that are in fashion now in Greenwich Village. They are pretty slim stuff. Of the two "Elspeth" is perhaps the better craftsman.

COLLECTED POEMS.
By Richard Aldington. *Covici-Friede*
$3 9¼ x 6; 234 pp. *New York*

This volume includes all the work which has appeared in the six volumes of verse Mr. Aldington has published, together with certain poems first published in the Imagist Anthologies for 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917. The edition contains several poems which have never appeared in the United States, and in all cases gives the final, revised text.

SONNETS. 1889–1927.
By Edwin Arlington Robinson. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.75 7¾ x 5; 89 pp. *New York*

A collection of Mr. Robinson's sonnets containing eighty-nine pieces in all, among them such distinguished poems as "Haunted House," "Reunion," "En Passant," "A Man in Our Town," "Karma" and "Not Always."

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE AND AFTER.
By Yamato Ichihashi. *The Stanford University Press*
$4 7⅝ x 5⅜; 443 pp.
Stanford University, Calif.

Dr. Ichihashi, who is now associate professor of Japanese history at Stanford, was secretary to the late Viscount Kato, the senior Japanese delegate, at the time of the Washington Arms Conference. He here presents a detailed account of it, together with an estimate of its results. It was in reality, he points out, two quite distinct conferences. The one dealt with the limitation of armaments; the other with affairs in the Pacific, and especially with Chinese questions. The book is valuable as an intelligent presentation of the Japanese view of what was accomplished by the two gatherings. The American proposals for the arms conference are given in an appendix, together with the texts of the four treaties that were signed. There is a comprehensive and excellent bibliography, and following it a good index.

THE RUSSIAN LAND.
By Albert Rhys Williams. *The New Republic*
$1 7¼ x 4⅞; 294 pp. *New York*

Mr. Williams has written a capital book. He has spent several years among the Russian *moujiks*, and has developed a tremendous admiration for them. In the eleven sketches included herein he presents extremely vivid pictures of life among them, drawn from his own experiences. He is plainly in sympathy with the Bolsheviks.

CONQUEST.
By John Carter. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 348 pp. *New York*

"This work," says Mr. Carter in his foreword, "is designed to show that our economic expansion and industrial prosperity can be divorced from political expansion and economic imperialism, and that we may have developed institutions capable of promoting the peace of the world and the political demobilization of the nations." These institutions are seen at once to be foreign investments, foreign trade, American films, and the new industrial technique of international advertising, chain stores, branch factories, mail order houses and mass production. They are slowly subordinating the world to the United States, and yet, says Mr. Carter, "our interest in the world is to influence without governing, to collaborate without acquiring, to expand without conflict, to prosper without compulsion." A highly idealistic treatise, leaning heavily upon the information of the State Department.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN THE MODERN WORLD.
By Arthur Bullard. *The University of Pennsylvania Press*
$1.50 8⅛ x 5¼; 127 pp. *Philadelphia*

In 1926 Mr. Bullard was appointed a member of the Information Section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations and in 1927 he was attached to the American delegation to the International Economic Conference in Geneva, and later attended as adviser the congress of the International Chamber of Commerce at Stockholm. He argues here that the United States, along with Soviet Russia, more and more frequently finds it to its advantage to use the League of Nations; that the argument against the League in government circles has boiled down to an objection to paying for benefits received; and that the United States, as a World Power, should abandon all doubts about the League and other efforts toward a world peace, and formally adopt a policy of friendly coöperation with all nations that are endeavoring, by active measures, to outlaw war. The book lacks an index.

Continued on page xxii

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

THE BANKERS IN BOLIVIA.
By Margaret Alexander Marsh. *The Vanguard Press*
$1 7½ x 5¼; 233 pp. *New York*

"The Bankers in Bolivia" is a good case study in imperialism. The author investigates the conditions and terms of the Bolivian Government 8% loan due in 1947. The country's dependence on tin, its lack of proper railroad facilities, and the extreme poverty of the Indians who constitute about one-half of the inhabitants, are emphasized. The writer believes that the loan "would seem to have been a highly speculative enterprise." Criticism is directed against the unproductive use of a large part of the proceeds, the pledge of the government's stock in the Banco de la Nacion, the heavy burden of charges compared with the government's revenues, and the grant to the Permanent Fiscal Commission of authority to collect taxes during the life of the bonds. The book is thoroughly documented, and a commendable spirit of fairness is in it. It is one of a series of studies in American imperialism edited by the indefatigable Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, who contributes an introduction.

HISTORY

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.
By Thomas Robson Hay. *Walter Neale*
$3 9¼ x 5⅞; 272 pp. *New York*

After Sherman had taken Atlanta on September 2, 1864, it fell to Hood to attempt to nullify the military and moral effects of that great Confederate disaster. Two courses were open to him. One was to follow the Federal army toward the sea, seeking to harass and disorganize it; the other was to draw it back by marching into Tennessee. Hood chose the latter, and at the start had some small successes. But Sherman refused to be drawn back, for he believed that Thomas could deal with Hood and the event showed that he was right. By the end of the year the Confederate force was routed and almost annihilated, and early in 1865 Hood was relieved of its command. He was a gallant soldier, but no match for such tacticians as Sherman and Thomas. At Gettysburg he was severely wounded in one arm, and at Chickamauga he lost a leg. A major-general at thirty-one and a man of charming manners and character, he was one of the chief favorites of Jefferson Davis, but he seems to have been disliked by some of his military superiors, notably Beauregard and Johnston. Dr. Hay's account of his unlucky Tennessee campaign is the first adequate history of that operation to be printed. It is heavily documented and carefully written, but its style is undistinguished and the accompanying maps are far from satisfactory. The book was awarded the Robert M. Johnston Military History Prize in 1920.

LIFE & LABOR IN THE OLD SOUTH.
By Ulrich B. Phillips. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 375 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Phillips, who is professor of American history at the University of Michigan, is a specialist in the history of the old South, and in this volume he presents some of his rich garnerings in that field. Beginning with a geographical description of the region east of the Mississippi and south of the Potomac, he discusses its agricultural organization before the Civil War, and then proceeds to detailed accounts of life on various plantations, first in Virginia, and then in the Carolinas and the newer lands to the westward. Here he makes use of many unpublished documents, including the diaries of plantation owners and their account-books. The result is a large accumulation of unfamiliar matter. It does not change materially what was previously thought about plantation economy, but it is full of novel details, and there is human interest in every line of it. The book thus makes charming reading. There are many illustrations and at the end there is an economic map of the South in 1860. The volume was awarded a prize of $2500 offered by the publishers for the best unpublished work on American history.

FAMOUS AMERICAN DUELS.
By Don C. Seitz. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 345 pp. *New York*

Mr. Seitz here describes fourteen of the more celebrated duels in American history. He is plainly familiar with all the relevant material, but apparently did not spend as much time in putting it together as he should have. As a result the book makes somewhat heavy reading. There are sixteen illustrations.

TEXT-BOOKS

ESSAYS IN LIBERAL THOUGHT.
Edited by W. H. Thomas & Stewart S. Morgan.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2 8 x 5¾; 574 pp. *New York*

The reason for the title of this collection of essays is a mystery, since at least half of them are purely literary or deal with strictly scientific subjects. Among the authors represented are Everett Dean Martin, John Galsworthy, Van Wyck Brooks, Grover C. Hall, Walter Lippmann, André Siegfrid, Aldous Huxley, Franz Boas, William McFee and James Harvey Robinson. Two of the papers, "The Collapse of Kentucky," by W. G. Clugston, and "A German Grandfather," by Ruth Suckow, have appeared in THE AMERICAN

Continued on page xxiv

What is "BABBITT" *Really Seeking?*

BABBITT, of Main Street, so 'tis claimed, keeps the mental scientists, the hypnotists and the fortune tellers of the "Land of the Free," in spending money.

Babbitt seems to delight in dabbling with the most impossible sort of extravagant claims made by those who offer "absent treatments" for regulating everything from lack of money to lack of sense, it would appear. Too bad we can't all be Babbitts to whom the old adage applies: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." But perhaps Babbitt is all-unknowingly seeking something that will answer for him the so-called "Riddle of Life."

Some day all the Babbitts and Mrs. Babbitts may grow up and realize that this old world of ours has more to it than idle dreamings and wishings. But until that time comes, if it ever does, only Intelligent Individuals will realize that there is a principle in Nature which, in all its operations and manifestations, is creative, formative, integrating, developing, organizing and evolutionary in its tendencies.

Science, with unassailable logic has demonstrated that back of every fact of Nature there is a principle to which that fact is related, and to which it must be referred for its proper interpretation and meaning.

Natural Science goes farther and shows that the progressive Intelligence of the age has intuitively sensed some great fundamental law of Nature which underlies and accounts for integration and growth in the various kingdoms—mineral, vegetable and animal.

The application of this law to the ethics of human life constitute the basis of all philosophic systems of the past as well as of the present. Unfortunately the limitations of the average person's intelligence has thwarted any effort to grasp and comprehend this law in its entirety in order to apply it in a practical manner to the daily lives of men. Perhaps it is THIS for which the Babbitts of the world are seeking.

The philosophy of Individual life is necessarily only for Individuals who base a logical mode of progressive life and understanding upon known scientific facts harmonized with natural law. It provides a key to the door behind which lies the proper understanding of the two active and opposing psychological forces that are engaged in a seemingly irrepressible conflict over the status and legitimate functions of Individual Intelligence in its relation to humanity as an aggregate organism.

These two great forces stand opposed to each other upon the vital and fundamental problem of man's rights and privileges, duties and responsibilities as an Individual.

One of these forces has constantly moved forward in the direct line of man's highest individual development and personal liberty in his search for Individual Happiness. Its action has at all times been in the direct line of Individual Unfoldment. The other has just as consistently moved in the direction of man's suppression and subjection in his Individual capacity.

It is for the purpose of providing the Individual with a recognition of his inherent power which will enable him to adjust known scientific facts with natural law, for the purpose of a greater understanding of life and the business of living that the philosophy of Individual life has been reduced to a simple, exact and scientific basis, free from every form of mysticism, ambiguity and uncertainty.

Only advanced Intelligence desires and demands literal and exact knowledge solidly based on known facts of Nature. The average person is so full of the things he ASSUMES to know that he has no room whatever for anything others may actually KNOW and he doesn't want to take the time and trouble to find out. Real knowledge is acquired only through *personal experience*—all else must be belief or assumption.

There is nothing perhaps, which erects a more impregnable wall against real knowledge than the smug assumption of superiority which seems to be the cloak of the man of limited intelligence. Many apparently care nothing for any possible knowledge which may show them a way to greater Self-development, Self-unfoldment and Understanding. To all those inquiring Intelligences, however, who DO desire a possible solution to man's relationship to the Universe and the reason for being here, the unabridged volumes prepared for The Great School of Natural Science are of intense interest.

The Harmonics of Evolution contains a statement of the Philosophy of Individual Life on the basis of Natural Science. The Great Psychological Crime is an exposition of the destructive principle in Nature, while The Great Work gives one the action of the Constructive principle in Nature. The Great Known shows aspects of Natural Science relative to life under various conditions. The Great Message is an historic basis on which the Philosophy of Individual Life is founded Self-Unfoldment gives scientific principles of Nature and how they may be logically proven. Who Answers is a brochure explaining methods by which results are obtained.

The set of unabridged volumes are distributed by the Pioneer Press, Dept. 514, Hollywood, California, on receipt of five dollars first payment and a further payment of seven dollars and fifty cents after the books have been examined and read for five days. Of course the full price of twelve dollars and fifty cents may be sent for the books. In any event, after they have been read five days they may be returned for any reason at all and the money deposited will be refunded in full, immediately.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

MERCURY. There are ridiculous class-room questions at the end, but they occupy only twenty-five pages, and do little damage to an otherwise interesting volume.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. *An Interpretative Survey.*
By Ernest Erwin Leisy. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5½; 299 pp. *New York*

As such things go, this text-book, apparently intended for high-school use, is pretty good. Dr. Leisy is professor of English at the Southern Methodist University; nevertheless, he has many complimentary things to say about such men as Melville, Dreiser, Anderson, Cabell, Lewis, and O'Neill. There is a good selected bibliography at the end of the book.

THE BOOK OF ENGLISH LAW.
By Edward Jenks. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 8⅝ x 5½; 460 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Jenks is professor of English law and dean of the faculty of law at the University of London. His book grew out of a course of lectures there, and the plan of it was suggested by Lord Atkin, one of the English appellate judges, and Sir William Beveridge, director of the London School of Economics and Political Science. Its aim is to explain, for the layman, the general principles of English law, and to show their application to the more familiar situations of everyday life. To this business the author brings a sound learning, a very enlightened spirit, and a quite unusual capacity for clear exposition. His book is thus both learned and readable. It is addressed primarily to Englishmen, but Americans will also find it interesting and valuable, for the fundamental principles of our law remain English principles, despite the wide divergence of the two legal systems in detail. At the end of the book are a brief but excellent bibliography and a good index.

INTRODUCTION TO AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS.
By Fred R. Yoder. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 472 pp. *New York*

This book belongs to the generally excellent Crowell Social Science Series, edited by Professor Seba Eldridge, of the University of Kansas. A large portion of it is given over to a discussion of general economic problems, which is as it should be. The remainder of the book deals with more specialized matters, such as the varieties of land tenure, the causes of farm tenancy, the cropper system in the South, the economy of farm buildings, the volume and sources of farm credit, farmers' insurance, agriculture and the tariff, and co-operative marketing. There are selected bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, and a good index. Dr. Yoder is professor of rural social science at the State College of Washington.

Continued on page xxvi

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

FICTION

SCARLET SISTER MARY.
By Julia Peterkin. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 345 pp. *Indianapolis*

At the time of her marriage to July, the beau of Blue Brook Plantation, Mary is slim and handsome and well schooled in the wisdom of Old Maum Hannah, who has raised her. Her child, unexpected, is born before time, and as if her first scarlet sin were finding her out, July deserts her for the lively Cinder. During the twenty years he remains away, Mary enters into countless consoling affairs, until her cabin is filled with children. In spite of the irresponsibility of her sinning, she takes care of them tenderly and faithfully, and when July returns at last and begs to stay, she answers him with a heroic defiance: "If you was to come home, cold and stiff in a box, I could look at you same as a stranger an' not a water wouldn' drean out o' my eye." There is a touch of the magnificent in her scorn, and in the whole of her scarlet career. In the end, despite her heartache, she can still flash her eye at the old conjurer who made her love charm for her and declare: "No, I couldn' gi way my love charm. E's all I got now to keep me young."

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA.
By Arnold Zweig. *The Viking Press*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 449 pp. *New York*

A Russian soldier, Grischa, escapes from a German prison camp, wanders about for months, and at last reaches Mervinsk armed with the passport of a dead Russian soldier. Arrested and sentenced to be shot as a spy, he tells who he is, and is identified by men from the prison camp. But Lychow, the General at Mervinsk, has Quartermaster General Schieffenzahn try him as an escaped prisoner, and in spite of the efforts of lesser officials to save him, Grischa is shot. A simple incident but one charged with profound emotion. The book in its beginning is somewhat needlessly detailed, but on the whole, especially in the description of Grischa's last three days, it is intensely dramatic. Eric Sutton has made a good translation.

BAMBI. *A Life in the Woods.*
By Felix Salten. *Simon & Schuster*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 293 pp. *New York*

The life story of a forest deer in the lovely woodland that borders the Danube—his initiation into the ways of the woods; his conversations with the grasshopper, the butterfly and the venerable prince of stags; his gradual comprehension of danger and death; and his mating with the beautiful Faline, whom he loved until old age "with an overpowering tender melancholy." A beautifully written book, and of extraordinary charm. Whittaker Chambers has made the translation.

Continued on page xxviii

Turn to page XXXI to find
THE LITERARY BAZAAR
A market place for collectors

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

MISCELLANEOUS

ON THE BOTTOM.
By Edward Ellsberg. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 322 pp. *New York*

Lieutenant-Commander Ellsberg was the chief technician in charge of the raising of the *S-51*, which was accidentally sunk by the *City of Rome* a few miles off Point Judith on the New England coast in the early part of September, 1925, and was not brought to the surface till July of the following year. Because of the courage and high competence he displayed in this exploit, one of the most noteworthy in the recent history of the Navy, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. While about his job he also made two important contributions to submarine salvage work: he perfected the high-speed underwater cutting torch, and he developed the technique of lowering and placing pontoons with accuracy and facility. In the present book he relates the full story of the salvaging of the *S-51*. It is simply and artlessly written, but it makes extremely interesting reading. There are many illustrations.

KEATS'S SHAKESPEARE.
By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. *The Oxford University Press*
$10 9¾ x 6½; 178 pp. *New York*

Keats's greatest literary passion was Shakespeare. In the last three and a half years of his life, he always had a copy of the Johnson-Stevens edition of the poet with him; he read and re-read it, and annotated it profusely. The whereabouts of this copy were the despair of scholars for a hundred years, and it was only two years ago that Miss Spurgeon, professor of English literature at the University of London, discovered it in Mr. George Armour's library at Princeton. It was a find of the first importance, and Miss Spurgeon here gives a comprehensive description of the book, together with facsimile reproductions of several pages from it. As a frontispiece there is a reproduction of the celebrated sketch of Keats, made by Joseph Severn from life, on board the *Maria Crowther*, some time in September, 1820.

THE ART OF THINKING.
By Ernest Dimnet. *Simon & Schuster*
$2.50 7¾ x 4½; 216 pp. *New York*

"The art of thinking," declares M. Dimnet, "is the art of being one's self and this art can only be learned if one is by one's self. Society only produces social thoughts, *vulgo* slogans, that is to say, words, but words endowed with the power of a command. Solitude produces an exhilaration of consciousness, the consciousness of our innermost, whatever that may be. It never fails of this result."

THREE LITTLE KNOWN MASTERPIECES

"WHAT PASSION!" cried a lady in a Paris salon when Lermontov's work was read aloud. One of his critics remarks that he seemed driven by "an overmastering eroticism, which appears to have been the dominant note in his temperament . . . a Don Juan filled with a vague longing for some ideal mistress, and avenging on every woman he meets, be she Russian princess or Tcherkess peasant, the disappointment he finds in her."

These statements are based on Lermontov's remarkable novel, *A Hero Of Our Time,* which has generally been regarded as a self-portrait. But although the content of the book may reveal a Russian Byron, the author's clear, compact style of writing suggests a more classical model. "This fine and rarefied atmosphere", writes Prince Mirsky, "together with the perfection of verbal and narrative form, is what has induced people by no means extravagant or paradoxical to call *A Hero Of Our Time* the greatest Russian novel, thus placing it above *War and Peace.*"

These two qualities of the book, its romantic adventure and lucid style, which, since its publication in 1840, have commanded the admiration and imitation of such writers as Tchekov and Tolstoi, have curiously enough kept it from us; for English critics, solemnly searching for gloom, have pronounced it "un-Russian". It is now high time for us to accept the less prejudiced estimate of Lermontov's compatriots and increase our knowledge of world literature by the enjoyment of this amazing novel.

II

Whether from ignorance, apathy, or a difference of taste one cannot tell, but it remains a curious fact that *Adolphe* by Benjamin Constant is not known in this country. Yet since its appearance caused a sensation in Paris over a century ago it has held a unique place in French literature. Today you can buy a copy of it on any railroad newsstand in France.

Perhaps it will at last come to be known here, for the critics who rank Stendhal and Proust so highly have placed Constant unquestioningly beside them. Far more simple and direct than either of these writers, he achieved in *Adolphe* the first psychological novel. The tradition has grown up that the book is a literal account of Constant's love affair with Mme. de Staël. But this affair probably supplied no more than certain helpful psychological details. The book is so emotionally real that one finds difficulty in believing it an imaginative creation. Rebecca West writes of this novel: "*Adolphe* is a book of extreme importance, of great power to excite readers and build itself into the structure of their minds so much that one is unable to believe that it will not be immortal. Its triumph lies in its telling of the truth."

Considered as a psychological novel it might well be called a behaviouristic study written about a hundred years ahead of its time.

III

Due in some measure to the fact that it is used as a text in teaching Spanish, *The Three-Cornered Hat* by Pedro de Alarcón is not utterly unknown in America. It is odd that this should be so, for anything less like a text could hardly be conceived. Rabelais might make a good text for old French and Petronius for late Latin, but were those languages now current it is doubtful if such books would be selected for the schools. Though Alarcón's tale belongs more rightfully with these robust authors, in its textbook capacity it has been hiding its light under a bushel. The story is concerned with the efforts of a pompous Corregidor to seduce the wife of an honest miller. It is an old Spanish folk tale, which Alarcón claims only to have retold. But with the hand of a master he has brought to their full development all the comic elements of the situation. So successful was his wit that his version has several times been used as the basis for a play or opera, and was last presented as a ballet by Diaghelev, with settings by Picasso and music by de Falla. What will be its next metamorphosis is hard to foresee, for a great moving picture concern has just ordered copies of it for consideration. But whatever happens, the original story will remain one of the liveliest and wittiest pieces of entertainment to be found in all literature.

The LITERARY BAZAAR

AUTOGRAPHS

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS DEALER in Original Autograph Letters buys and sells letters of celebrities. Send for price list. WALTER P. BENJAMIN, 578 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City. Publisher The Collector, $1, Established 1887.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES; Any American or English periodical. Special, American Mercury, Volume I to XIV, complete, $20. Magazine Excerpts. Old Prints. Quotations on request. List free. THOMAS M. SALISBURY, 78 East 10th Street, New York.

BOOKBINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs. Exquisite Best Imported Materials. Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period, Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. BENNETT BOOK STUDIOS, INC., 240 West 23rd St., New York City.

BOOKS BOUGHT

FIRST EDITIONS of modern authors, standard sets, bindings, Americana and high grade, second hand books. Correspondence invited. SATYR BOOK SHOP, 1622 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California. GL. 3847.

BOOK PLATES

PERSONAL BOOKPLATES—100 Distinctive—individual designs to select from. We also create exclusive designs. At your bookstore or send 10c. for catalogue. STENZEL PLATES, 420 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS

CATALOGUE OF 100 RARE and Interesting Books just issued. Contains many excessively scarce items. GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

ITALIAN ENTERTAINMENTS. 7 vols., Sm. 8vo. Lim. 26 copies. Waters, translator "Punch Society." Full crushed, hand tooled levant. Illus. two states, Garnier, Hughes. Text on Jap. vellum, $225. BRADLOU HOUSE, 127 University Place, New York.

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS in Limited Editions. Strachey's Elizabeth and Essex, Limited Signed Edition, $27.50. Cabell's The White Robe, Limited Signed Edition, $25.00. Cabell's Music from Behind the Moon, Limited Signed Edition, $25.00. Catalogues Free. SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, in a recent catalogue lists My Lady Nicotine, The Forsyte Saga, The Jungle Books, A Hind Let Loose, many Shaw firsts as well as other less well-known excellent books.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices. Bargain Catalogue, 5 cents (stamps).

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS on Foreign Countries. Picturesque India, 310 photos; Picturesque Austria, 310 photos; Romantic America, 310 photos; Beautiful Albums of National Types, Landscapes, Monuments—each $7.50. B. WESTERMANN CO., INC., 13 West 46th Street, New York City.

GENERAL

PRESERVE RARE BOOKS, letters, MSS., and papers with silk chiffon, a transparent silk, strong as linen, easily applied. Now used by Libraries, Collectors and Dealers. For sample, address ALBERT E. OBERFELDER, 307 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE WORKS OF MENCKEN, Nathan, Hergesheimer, Hamsun, Ibanez, Cather, and others are in The Borzoi Pocket Books. Attractive bindings, artistic end papers, stained tops, excellent paper, large, clear type: 50 titles, each $1.00. ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC., Dept. A8, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

OUT OF PRINT

THAT BOOK YOU WANT. Foyles can supply it. Enormous stock, including out-of-print and rare books. Outline requirements and interests; suitable catalogues then sent free. FOYLES, Charing Cross Road, London, England.

WANTED TO BUY. Books printed in Vermont during or before the 18th century. When submitting list, please state condition, full title, year, date on copyright page and price wanted. Address Box 33, THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

POSTAGE STAMPS

DOLLARS—MANY SLEEPING IN old trunks and boxes; do you know old letters with stamps are worth money? Send them to us registered or insured, and we will tell you their value; we buy old United States and Confederate stamps, preferably on original letters used before 1880; also envelopes with patriotic designs and slogans used during the Civil War, U. S. Civil War Revenues; collections, accumulations, loose or in books at highest prices. WEISKOPF, INC., 505 5th Av., New York City.

COLLECTIONS. 1000 var., $1.00; 2000, $3.00; 3000, $8.00. Large illustrated price list and all information free. Collections, old letters and accumulations bought at highest prices. TIMES SQUARE STAMP CO., 1480 Broadway, New York.

FREE! THE BI-MONTHLY JOURNAL. Our beautifully illustrated stamp magazine. Interesting articles. Unsurpassed values. H. E. HARRIS & CO., Dept. M, 535 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

PRINTING

WE PUBLISH AND MARKET BOOKS of The Unusual Kind. Estimates furnished for large or small printings. Catalogue Mailed on Request. AVONDALE PRESS, 1841 Broadway, New York City.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICISED, edited, revised, and prepared for publication free unless sold. Short or full length poetry or prose sold. Inquiries welcomed. No critical fees. HYDRA BOOK CORP. DEPT. AM, 100–5th Ave., N. Y. C.

RARE BOOKS

MEMOIRS OF CARDINAL DUBOIS—Translated by Ernest Dowson. Intimate revelations of the most important and interesting period of French History. Cardinal DuBois spares neither himself nor his accomplices in fascinating intrigues of Court and Society. 1st American Edition, Ltd. to 1500 sets, 2 vols., 12 full-page illustrations and many decorations, $20.00 set. From your bookseller or direct from ART STUDIO PRESS, 15 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.

A COMPLETE SET of the books of Theodore Dreiser, all firsts, in good shape. Two rare items as yet almost unknown. Owner will consider bids for set, no individual volumes sold. Box 34, THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

THREE NEW CATALOGUES, one of Modern First Editions, one of Modern Sporting Books, and one of Books on Art, may be had on application to J. & E. Bumpus, Ltd., Booksellers to the King, 350 Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS—A catalog of the publications of the English, Continental and American presses for which we are American distributors will be sent upon request. WALTER V. MCKEE, INC., 56 W. 45th St., N. Y.

SHORT-STORY WRITING

PARTICULARS of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing and sample copy of the Writers' Monthly, free. Write today. THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 91, Springfield, Mass.

SUMMER HOMES

FOR LESS THAN YOU WOULD PAY to rent a home in New York, you can buy a summer home in southern Vermont. For only a few hundred dollars one can buy a fine old house in this most charming hill country of New England, dotted with lakes, brooks, and historical houses. Let me send you, free, an illustrated folder. Correspondence invited. HAROLD P. WHITE, Brattleboro, Vermont.

VOLUME XVII NUMBER 67

The American
MERCURY

July 1929

A WHITE MAN IN THE SOUTH

BY G. PEYTON WERTENBAKER

SECTIONAL attention has been shifting slowly, in the past few years, from the Middle West to the South. Ironically enough, the first part of the country to develop socially has been the last to develop economically; and its sudden change from an antiquated, almost feudal outlook to the coarser, mercantile outlook of today has set up some curious conflicts. The worst of these have to do with the so-called Negro problem.

A great deal has been written about that problem, and a great deal more is going to be written. Naturally enough, the emerging Negroes have been prolific publicists in their own defense. Southern white men, as a rule, have not felt any necessity to present their case: it appears to them to be too obvious. They prefer, indeed, to ignore the whole subject, except during the belligerent hours of night and in the proximity of contraband stimulants. Occasionally the less civilized of them, by way of hinting gracefully at their attitude, take some dazed black boy out and string him up. They hardly think about a problem: there are simply certain traditional ways of treating a Negro, and they are preserved in certain familiar and expressive phrases, effectively designed to make thinking unnecessary. One is "A dead nigger is a good nigger."

Yet it remains a fact that white men, at least of the upper class, are usually kind to Negroes in the South. We often say that we are the black man's best friend: of course that's a sentimental exaggeration. But a gentleman who has been served anxiously and deferentially all his life by Negroes, and who owns a good digestion and the means to indulge it, will invariably smile with an air of tolerance when he passes a hat-tipping old black, and speak as heartily as he speaks to his dogs. All his attitude lacks is sympathy and respect—and they, unfortunately, are just what the Negro most wants. No attempt is made to understand what goes on under his black skin. He has a certain programme of behavior: if he is clever and personable he can get away with many deferential liberties. Beyond that, he must be a machine. It isn't safe for him to be anything else.

It must bewilder a Negro to watch a white man's sudden changes in attitude. At the University of Virginia, where I went to college off and on for some years, my fraternity had a janitor called Ed Lewis, a young Negro who had been our servant most of his life and who, we often boasted, was "one of the brothers himself." Ed drank with us whenever we were drinking —he carried a small glass of his own about with him. If we woke up in the morning with a hang-over, Ed could always find a

Coca-Cola bottle half full of whiskey somewhere in the mysterious depths of the house, or give us a cigarette, or bring us a club breakfast at any hour. We talked to him as we talked to each other—almost—and let him lecture us for hours when we didn't go to classes or stayed drunk too many days at a time. But he always called us Mister Bob and Mister Mac, of course. And if it happened to be cold when we got up, and there wasn't any hot water for the showers, we shouted, "God damn it, Ed, if this water isn't hot in five minutes I'm going to beat the hell out of you!" Ed probably didn't mind much. We were like that with each other too—but he couldn't curse back at us, and sometimes I wondered.

That's how the "good nigger" gets along. With most of the blacks in the South it's a different story. I've seen plenty of them get some pretty rough treatment for mighty little reason—not only down here, but up North. Brutality, it seems to me, predominates in the North. I used to cover police court for a newspaper in a Northern town. I saw how the ignorant white man up there treats a Negro. I've seen Negroes brought in half-crazy and sullen—somehow they never get really defiant. The police may beat up white prisoners who aren't satisfactory, but they nearly kill the blacks. A Negro was brought in one night, full of dope, for some trivial crime. The sergeant called the turnkey:

"Search him, Jim." Jim came over and began looking through his pockets. The Negro squirmed sullenly, and said,

"Take your hands off'n me." The turnkey stopped abruptly and glared at him.

"What did you say? You black bastard —!" The turnkey struck him across the face with a heavy ring full of keys. The Negro's face started to bleed. The sergeant came down from behind the desk.

"Hit him again, Jim," said the sergeant. They both pitched on him. Then the captain, hearing the noise, strolled in.

"Ah-ha!" said the captain, with vicious good-humor, "so that's it, eh?" The captain joined the sergeant and the turnkey. They beat the black boy into a cowering mass huddled on the floor. They kicked him until he was unconscious. Finally they carried him away to a cell, leaving a small trail of blood on the floor.

I was only a Southerner and the grandson of a slave-holder, but I felt sick. The turnkey was frightened.

"You don't suppose he's dead?" he said uncertainly. The sergeant grinned scornfully.

"What difference does it make? We'll say we picked him up in a street-fight anyhow."

Down here in the South it's a little different—we're used to Negroes, and cold-blooded about them. We have brutality at times in certain sections too, but only after serious crimes. Our Negroes have no chance to talk back, and we laugh at them and treat them like children while we pack them off periodically to jail. They have no chance to defend their cases, either (a little while in jail, we say, does a nigger good anyhow), but they don't get beaten up. If they are caught for something really bad, they are liable to be strung up without a trial; but even then they are seldom treated with unnecessary cruelty. We are cold and nasty about it: violent treatment isn't necessary, because we're always prepared. Down here, a white man can't be hanged for shooting a Negro.

II

What hurts a black man most, though, is not the treatment he gets in court. The average Negro, like the average white man, is careful not to get into trouble with the police. His life is a sort of jail sentence anyhow. His color shuts him off from any real liberty or social freedom as effectually as prison bars. That is what hurts. All the things we associate with civilization—the comfort, the beauty of surroundings, the intellectual and æsthetic exercise—are virtually denied him if he lives in the South. He lives in a primitive African settlement next door to civilization. If he has intelligence and energy, he can make a certain

amount of money and buy himself some of our luxuries, but that doesn't make him much better off. He might just as well own a car and a set of golf clubs in the jungle as in a Southern city. He might just as well be poet laureate of the Atlanta penitentiary as a black æsthete on a Southern farm.

Every white man of normal intelligence knows all this. And every white man of normal human sympathies is likely to feel troubled about it once in awhile—in those lucid moments of speculation which we are careful not to confuse with business and social hours. When I consider the life a Negro poet or a Negro professor leads down here—a cultivated, intelligent black man with his race troubles added to the usual list of troubles any cultivated and intelligent man comes up against—I get awfully melancholy about it, at least for a little while. But I don't ask him in to dinner. He would probably be twice as profound, twice as stimulating and amusing as my ordinary white dinner companion. But I wouldn't ask him in to dinner all the same.

An acquaintance of mine, an Episcopal clergyman, has travelled about the country for some years in the interests of Negro education in the South. Down here, he meets and talks to Negroes who are professors in colored universities, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen like himself. He addresses them as Mister. In his very lovely home, a relic of the days before the Civil War, his wife and daughters, intelligent women, smile indulgently at radical young visitors like myself, and murmur,

"Doesn't Robbie look quaint when he calls those boys Mister Jackson and Mister Washington?"

They carry pistols when they ride about the country roads. There's just a chance that they may be attacked.

Martyrdom is all very nice, but masters make very poor martyrs. Nobody is going to blame an occasional Negro if he chooses to "give all for the sake of freedom"—although most of them have better sense—but neither is anybody going to praise a white man who sacrifices his caste in the Negro's behalf. So no white man is going to try it. Martyrdom is a means of achieving a vicarious sense of power and importance which is unnecessary to those who have power and importance already. Any white man is any Negro's master to some extent, as our society is organized.

It would be a sort of martyrdom, I suppose, to bother over-much about the black man's burden. Some of us in the South sympathize with the tough break life has given him. If there were anything normal or rational we could do, without the suspicion that we might be making a mistake, we should do it. As it is, we try to treat them as pleasantly and as fairly as conditions will allow. It is not, after all, our business to help him—we struggle enough to help ourselves. We are learning about self-preservation.

III

If we did feel it our duty to lift up the down-trodden darky from the mire, just what could we do about it? Those of us who worry about him at all are a minority. If we broke with the traditional attitude, the majority would break with us. We could not accept the most cultured Negro socially, for in doing so we should cease to be accepted socially ourselves. We might write articles about him, but the sort of people whose opinions we should have to change don't pay any attention to rational arguments. They are brought up on tradition and mass-emotion. It would even be impossible to change our tone of superiority and reserve in dealing with Negroes: they are accustomed to a certain sort of treatment, and anything else they would unconsciously consider a license to behave with embarrassing familiarity—which, indeed, logically it would be.

We can educate them. There are plenty of schools and colleges for Negroes in the South. I doubt whether they are any great aid. Education has never made me, a white

man, any happier. It must make a Negro merely more sensitive about his color, more resentful of the distinctions which he feels, as an educated man, are unjust, and more capable of probing into his mind uselessly for a final answer to the question which he must continually ask himself—why he has been predestined to the life of an outcast. An educated Negro must live in a strange and unhappy world of introspection. The color-complex must overshadow and distort all his attempts to give himself completely to the problems which ordinarily occupy a man's mind. Education is a means of preparing men for our complicated, civilized life. What is the point of educating a man who is, from the beginning, denied any share in that life?

There is still another obstacle confronting the sympathetic white man. He may feel keenly the misfortune of the Negro's situation, but invariably there will be, to balance it, a feeling that nature has arranged the whole matter for some good reason. All of us have been raised from childhood in an atmosphere where the Negro has always played a definite rôle. The idea of changing that rôle for him frightens the deepest foundations of our emotional life. I know it is a prejudice, but it is an inescapable prejudice—it determines our most important actions, those which we take in unexpected moments.

When I was growing up, circumstances rendered it impossible for me to attend a Sunday-school, and my parents were too busy to talk about religion. But I had a Negro mammy, and I lived among Negro servants, like all Southern white children. I never heard about God until it was too late to believe in His divinity. If I had never heard of a Negro either, perhaps I should not have learned to feel about them as I do. But there was no way a Southern boy could escape knowing the proper attitude toward them.

There are, too, plenty of intelligent Southerners who feel keenly that the Negro is an actual menace. They have done what is, perhaps, the most logical thing, and justified their prejudices rather than questioned them. They produce statistics and biological data of every sort to show that miscegenation is an evil, that it is growing, and that it can be stopped. I know very little about all that myself. Most Southerners know less. But it sounds plausible enough, and we aren't taking chances. Miscegenation is the great bogie of all Southerners. Many of them are eager to ship every Negro in the country back to Africa, lest the Nordic blood be imperilled.

Mr. John Powell, the pianist, is a resident of Richmond and a man of first-rate, if eccentric, intelligence. He has been agitating against the Negroes for as long as I have known him. He founded a club of so-called Nordics at the University of Virginia whose members, as they graduate, recruit the ranks of his movement. Once, when I was a student there, I joined the club in a moment of confusion between my attitude toward the Negroes and my admiration for Mr. Powell as a musician. He is continually active at the sessions of the Virginia Legislature, using every means at his disposal (including, I suppose, his piano) to put through one measure after another curtailing the freedom and happiness of the Negroes. Mr. Powell has, however, drawn heavily on Negro folk music in his compositions for the piano and the orchestra. The old time darkies have been, in a sense, his collaborators.

The only reason most of the people in Virginia and the other Southern States are not solidly behind Mr. Powell's bills is that the Negroes seem too thoroughly cowed already to be a menace now or ever. But he has only exaggerated a feeling we all have, some of us more than others. I doubt whether there is a man in the South, however intelligent or humanitarian, who would be willing to give the Negroes equal social or political rights with the white men. We are capable of appreciating their hardships, but we aren't willing to end them at our own expense. We have not enough kinship—at least, not enough public kinship—and not enough troubles shared

with them to justify any sacrifices of the noble and impressive sort. Our sympathy is quite impersonal, and has no reason to be anything else.

We are afraid of Negroes. We don't understand them, and we don't know what would happen if they mixed freely with us. As long as we can keep them in practical servitude we don't have to learn what would happen. And, besides, it is to our economic advantage to keep them in servitude. They do the work we don't like to do, and for minimum wages. Ours is a frankly imperialistic attitude. We feel about them as Egypt felt about the Hebrews, and Rome about the Teutons. There is much to be said for the attitude of the Egyptians and the Romans—and of the Southern white man.

IV

There have been innumerable reasons adduced for the white man's attitude. As I suggested earlier, most of these reasons have come from the Negroes themselves. Sometimes it has been claimed that nothing upholds the white man's boast of superiority but tradition and habit. We have been masters, it is said, from the beginning, and have forgotten that our mastery is based on nothing but the force of arms. We are determined to keep our mastery because it is to our advantage to keep it. . . . To a large extent, this is true.

The white man usually believes that his superiority is natural and obvious. Civilization has carried him so far beyond the Negro in the evolutionary scale that any intermingling is impossible. Miscegenation, at best a slow and doubtful process, would bring out the worst in both races, or at least find an average cultural level below that of the white race to-day. The Negro, lifted from his present servitude, would destroy our civilization. . . . To a large extent, this also is true.

There are modern Negroes, followers of Freud, who advance the interesting idea that sexual jealousy is at the root of the white man's determination to keep the black man down. Our greatest racial preoccupation, they say, is with the fear that blacks will rape, seduce, or merely attract normally our women. We know that Negroes are more primitive, and hence more virile, sexually more attractive. We assume an artificial strength in domineering the Negro, to mask the weakness of our effete, over-civilized bodies. . . . This, probably, is true enough too.

But these answers are not final. Our traditional attitude, for instance, is not unjustified: it is basically economic—and economics has no right or wrong. Against the second argument, that of the white man, it must be remembered that a certain amount of the Negro's more primitive blood might quite conceivably be, in the end, an advantage to our race as it tends to decline. Finally, against the theory of the modern Negro, it can be said that nature—and nature is sex—recognizes any sort of strength which makes for survival; superior mental and cultural equipment (such as the white man may have naturally or by force of circumstances) are as valuable and as attractive in our civilization as the Negro's superior physical equipment.

If all these and other theories are taken together, they sum up to one general principle: that it is a deep instinct in men to recognize both individual and racial differences, to emphasize them, and to magnify them. Whether the differences are important or not, doesn't matter. Where they point to no true superiority, the man with the upper hand will make them seem to indicate his superiority. And, if there are no differences, he will create them. In any case, the effect is the same. Man's biggest spur, in any natural relationship, is his ego, and he is going to keep his ego well-fed at any cost. He will not let any intelligent discussion, any appeal to his sympathies, destroy the need of his ego for differences and superiorities. We brow-beat the Negroes on the same ground that we join the Masons and the various imitations of Masonry. We must be different, whether individually or collectively.

Speaking for my race at large, I know that nothing will ever be done about the Negro problem. We might send all the black men back to Africa, and safeguard our racial integrity while restoring to them their economic freedom. We might put them on reservations, like the Indians. We might even kill them all in lethal chambers, or make them all sterile. These are plausible and possible solutions of the problem, each of which might be supported with good—and bad—arguments. But, aside from the question of their social values, none of these solutions will ever be employed. Things like that don't happen: people—at least, white people—don't get together and make sweeping, rational decisions of that sort. When they do make the decisions, they can't carry them out.

If the Negroes were removed from our social structure, their loss, at least temporarily, would have great and detrimental effects on our economic system throughout the country. Negroes are not only employed as servants. In the North they are a body of labor for the large factories and for innumerable small businesses. They are the chief body of labor for the cotton plantations and the large farms which still constitute the main source of income in the South. A large percentage of the Negroes in this country have small farms and businesses of their own. Considered all together—and there are almost no *totally* idle Negroes, as there are idle, parasitic white men of wealth—the Negroes have a share in the economic life of the nation which is neither negligible nor easy to do without suddenly.

There is, I suppose, no solution to a problem of this sort. It will die a natural death in the end, but it can't be artificially solved. All we can do is to go along as we have gone along before—white men and Negroes both—until a natural re-adjustment takes place. Discussion is harmless enough—intelligent discussion may help both races to keep their tempers and treat each other with a certain amount of understanding. But probably it won't.

Eventually, one of three things probably will happen. Like the Indians, our Negroes may diminish under the pressure of economic need until they disappear almost completely. The survivors may remain as curiosities on reservations in the South, to make rare fortunes in oil and present the President with huge straw hats. But the Negroes, unlike the Indians, have grown up with our economic system, and understand it; many of them are energetic and ambitious. It hardly seems possible that they will die out.

Again, they may become adjusted to a new and more deeply psychological form of slavery—take their place as a lowest stratum of society, and learn to be content there. Like robots, they may lose everything but the animal instinct to work and to obey their masters.

Or, finally, they may keep on struggling up and absorbing our culture until they reach a position where they can genuinely challenge our racial mastery. That will be a new problem, and it will lead either to a compromise, involving justifiable miscegenation, or to a conflict, involving the subjugation all over again of one race or another. Infinite and interesting developments are possible if the Negroes keep on learning and fighting for recognition.

Secretly, I rather hope they will challenge us some day. They will have a right to do it, if they can; and some such struggle may be the very stimulus needed to keep the white race from stagnating in its own comfort. And if the Negroes can take our civilization away from us, they are welcome to it. It isn't worth much, anyhow. That won't be my affair, either as an individual or as a representative of the genus Southern Gentleman. That will be merely the survival of the fittest. And nature, I am convinced, cares very little whether a man's skin is white or black, so long as he can find his meat and keep his women at home.

THE LAW TAKES ITS TOLL

BY ROBERT BLAKE[1]

THE PLACE

The Death House in the Texas State Penitentiary at Huntsville.

THE TIME

A day and night in April, 1929. The dialogue begins eighteen hours before the time set for an execution.

THE PERSONS

NUMBER ONE, *a Mexican sentenced to death.*

NUMBER TWO, *a white man sentenced to death.*

NUMBER FIVE, *a white man sentenced to death.*

NUMBER SIX, *a white man sentenced to die at midnight tonight.*

NUMBER SEVEN, *a white man sentenced to death.*

NUMBER NINE, *a white man sentenced to death, but reprieved because he has gone crazy.*

Prison officials, guards, a priest, Protestant chaplains, newspaper reporters, etc.

There are nine cells in the condemned row, but only six of them are occupied. They are so constructed that no condemned man can see another, but each can hear whatever any of the others says. There is a corridor in front of the cells, and at one end of it is a green door leading into the execution chamber.

SIX—Well, boys, this is my last day.

TWO—No, I think you'll get a stay.

FIVE—Yeah, you'll get a stay all right. No one has ever gone down here without at least one stay. Why should you be an exception?

SIX—Well, just the same, I don't expect it, or the Governor would have given it to me when he gave Two his stay.

FIVE—It'll come at the last minute. He refused to commute your sentence, but he would appoint a sanity commission to investigate your sanity if you had the priest wire him.

TWO—When does the priest come around?

ONE—Oh, he comes whenever you write for him or ask for him.

NINE [*In a loud, wailing voice, idiotically*]—Jo————nes!

SIX [*Humorously*]—I guess maybe I'd better start yelling Jones!

SEVEN—Too late now. You ought to done that long ago.

TWO—Here comes breakfast!

SIX—It had better be a good one. It's to be my last, I guess.

ONE [*The Mexican*]—Oh, you don' know. I think you get stay all right, too.

SIX—Well, by God I'd better! He's given every nigger that ever went down a stay. He's a nigger-lover if he don't.

TWO—Here's the mail.

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE—Give these cigars to Six.

GUARD—Here's some cigars for you.

SIX—Who sent 'em?

GUARD—Some of the guards.

SIX—Hell! That's more than I'll ever smoke!

ONE—Send 'em on down to me!

SIX—Aw, go to Hell! I'm goin' to ask 'em to let me hold your hand tonight, or you can sit on my lap.

ONE—Damn if I will!

SIX—Sure you will, and I'll take you to Hell with me.

ONE—Shut up!

[1] An account of the author, and of the circumstances under which this sketch was written, will be found in Editorial Notes.

NINE [*A horrible howl*]—Jo——nes! Jo—nes! Jo-o-o-o-nes!

SEVEN [*Breaking into verse*]—

The death house is where they come and go;
They linger just a short time
Before they are taken to the electric chair,
Accused of some crime.

ONE—Shut up, you ——!

SIX—Forget that!

SEVEN [*Going on doggedly*]—

I have seen them come, I have seen them go;
I have heard the death warrants read,
And when I see the bright lights go dim—
In the electric chair another soul is dead!

SIX—For Christ's sake, Seven, have a heart!

SEVEN—

When I hear the lonesome hum of the motor
That sends the high voltage to your death,
I have a sad unexplainable sensation
Running through my breast.
What is your feelings when your head is shaved,
And you are dressed out for death—

SIX—I'm going to come back and haunt you, if you don't shut up.

SEVEN [*A poet and proud of it, he refuses to be daunted*]—

When your time grows near—less than one hour—
And you get a reprieve of a little more rest?

SIX—Now you're talking sense.

SEVEN—

Why do they pull a black cap over your face,
And let it remain until you're dead?
Because the high voltage of electricity
Will make your eyes pop out of your head!

When I am speaking of the Midnight Special,
You probably don't understand what I mean;
It's the horrid electric chair of injustice
That burns the blood of human flesh!

But when you're riding the Midnight Special,
You won't ride it for long;
Just hope you'll ride it to Heaven
Where you'll hear the sweetest of songs.

But the trains run in two directions;
One goes to Heaven and one to Hell;
And when you're riding the Midnight Special,
Which train you'll ride is hard to tell.

When the warden tightens the head screws
That fits the copper helmet over your head,
And pulls the lever of injustice—
In one minute you are dead!

NINE—Jo——nes!

GUARD [*Whispering*]—Here is the paper. Read this and don't say anything to Six.

TWO—All right.

He reads: CLEMENCY REFUSED; SLAYER TO DIE FRIDAY; GOVERNOR NOT TO ACT. The Governor will decline to extend clemency for Jack Henderson, under sentence of electrocution for the murder of a twelve-year old girl. . . .

The door leading into the death chamber slams. The motor beyond began to hum. The lights grew dim.

ONE—Hey! Hey! They're testing the Midnight Special for Six.

TWO—That causes cold chills to run up and down my spine.

NINE—Jo——nes! O——h!

SEVEN—

And when I see the bright lights go dim—
In the electric chair, another soul is dead!
Look at those lights go dim!

SIX—Oh, my God!

FIVE—They're playing with that thing. I guess that they'll play with it all day, now, until your stay comes.

SIX—Say! you goddam monkeys, get the hell out of my house! Jeez! That makes me sick.

TWO—I can't stand a whole lot of that. I'd rather be anywheres than here.

ONE—Me too!

SIX—My stomach got a funny sensation then. Kinda burnin' like.

FIVE—The worst is to come yet. Wait until he really gets up tight.

NINE—Jo——nes!

TWO—Fellows, it is no joke, I'd like to be some place else today.

FIVE—You'd have been some place if you hadn't got that stay.

TWO—How well I know it! But, honest, I hate to be here when a man is going to be electrocuted.

FIVE—Aw, you'll get used to it, before long. You'll probably get some more stays and see several more go. We can't all miss it. With the protests that some of us are going to get, we can't all miss it.

SIX—Play that phonograph.

The guard is changed. Lunch is served. Less than twelve hours remain to SIX.

SEVEN—What did you tell them you wanted for dinner, Six?

SIX—I ordered pork chops, fried potatoes, jelly, bread and butter and some milk. Why?

SEVEN—That was plenty.

ONE—You must be goin' on a long trip.

SIX—Yes, I guess I'll get hungry before I get to Hell.

TWO—I don't believe that I could eat.

SIX—You're crazy. I got a chance to get a big feed. I oughta ordered chicken and all the trimmin's.

FIVE—They'd give you anything that you wanted to eat. [*Oracularly*]. Any reasonable request that you would make now would not be refused you.

SIX—You're right about that chair making your stomach turn over, One.

ONE—Hey! Lordy! I know!

SIX—That reporter told me that they expected me to tell 'em the whole story tonight. That's a crazy idea they've got. It wouldn't do me a damn bit of good. Don't think I will. No one needs to know.

ONE—Say, Six, keep everyone out but the State witness. I wouldn't let 'em in if I was you.

SIX—Aw, I don't care who sees it.

ONE—I wouldn't let a nigger in.

SIX—I won't.

NINE—Jo——nes! Jo-o-o-o-nes!

SIX—Anyone want these shoes? Anyone want these socks? Who am I going to give this money to? Well, say something, you damn guys!

ONE—Send dat money on down here!

SIX—I'll send it before they shake me down. I remember when you sent me everything that you had, money and all, when you were gettin' ready to go, and the Governor gave you a stay and I had to give you everything back. I sure did cuss.

ONE—Oh, I send you ever'thing back tomorrow.

SIX—Two, do you want these cigarettes? I've got seven packs.

TWO—Keep 'em, Six, and you can smoke them tomorrow.

SIX—I hope so!

TWO—The Governor will grant you a stay, I'm sure.

SIX—Maybe so. I'm going to have the priest wire him when he comes.

Two o'clock. Three o'clock. An ominous silence reigns over death row. The keys rattle in the door. A stay? No, the chaplain.

SIX—Who is that?

TWO—The chaplain and a guard.

CHAPLAIN—Good evening, boys. How are you today?

The chaplain stands in front of the cell occupied by SIX *and reads a chapter from the Bible; then prays. The guard laughs and jokes with* ONE.

SIX—I have sent for the priest.

CHAPLAIN—He may be here now. I have not seen him, but I heard that he was coming down.

SIX—Well, I want to see him.

The chaplain and guard leave.

SIX—Did you hear that goddam guard laugh while the chaplain was praying?

FIVE—He's dizzy. Don't pay any attention to that.

NINE—Jo——nes! Jo-o-o-nes!

TWO—Six, here comes the warden's secretary with a telegram. Maybe it is a stay.

The warden's secretary sends the telegram to SIX *by the guard on duty in the corridor.*

SIX—Tell 'em I said "Hell no!"

SECRETARY—All right.

SIX—That telegram was from a sheriff of some damn county, wanting to know if he and some justice of the peace who want to come to see me electrocuted can get my permission to do it. If they mess with me, I won't let anyone in that the State will let me keep out.

FIVE—Don't let 'em come!

SIX—You heard me tell him to wire them and say "Hell no," didn't you?

FIVE—What reporters are you going to let in?

SIX—I don't know.

FIVE—Let the boys from the *Press* and *Chronicle* in if they come.

SIX—Yeah, that's a pretty good bunch, I think.

FIVE—They've treated us white.

SIX—You see, they explained everything to me up in the warden's office. They told me that there would be five witnesses for the State and the guards, and that I could have any five that I wanted for my witnesses, but that if I didn't want anyone else, I could keep out all that the State doesn't require.

4 P. M. The priest arrives.

PRIEST—How are you, boys?

The priest has the guard ring for the keys to the cells, and when the keys come he goes into the cell with SIX *and administers the rites of the Catholic Church. The guard is relieved and dinner is served.*

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE—Boss!

GUARD—Yes, right here!

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE—We want to get the measurements for the shroud for Six.

GUARD—Oh! He weighs about a hundred and forty-five and is about six feet tall.

PRIEST—Well, boy, how are you feeling?

TWO—Very well, thank you.

PRIEST—I have saved his soul. It is not possible to save his life or body because the Governor has refused to extend any clemency. I am coming back tonight to deliver Holy Communion to Six. I will stay with him during his last hour. It will calm his nerves and a man needs someone. I always walk to the chair with the man that I prepare for death and deliver the last rites to. That keeps him steady and the guards don't get to touch him.

TWO—That's good.

PRIEST—I will talk to you again tonight. I have to go get my supper now. I'll be back.

ONE—*Que dice*, Six?

SIX—*Nada, señor, nada!*

NINE—Jo——nes!

6 P.M. The guards arrive with the barber and shroud. They are shaving SIX. *He is out of his cell in the corridor.*

SIX—Here are some oranges that I can't take with me.

TWO—Thanks, Six. Say, Six ——

SIX—What d'ya say?

TWO—Stay with 'em, old boy.

SIX—I will. I'll be waiting for you in Hell the fifteenth.

TWO—Forget that!

SIX *is now getting his head shaved.*

SIX—All right, up there, Two. Play that phonograph of yours.

TWO—What do you want to hear?

SIX—Any damn thing, as long as it is music. Say, I'm getting up tight. If something doesn't happen damn quick, I'm going to give up hope.

The clock strikes seven.

SIX—What was that, seven o'clock?

GUARD—Yes.

SIX—Whooie! My time is short! Why in the hell don't you play that phonograph, Two?

NINE—Jo——nes!

SIX *has now bathed and has donned his shroud. A guard cuts a trouser leg from the knee to the cuff. The barber is shaving his leg. There are seven guards in the corridor.*

SIX—One, they are going to fix that chair up for you next.

ONE—Quit singin' those blues aroun' here, suh!

SIX—Aw, hell, I'll be waiting for you.

SIX *has been placed in an empty cell. No furniture, just two blankets to sit on. The death watch has begun. All of the guards are gone but one.*

SIX—I'm sick at my stomach.

Two—I'll send you one of these oranges to eat.

Six—It isn't that, boys, I just hate to go. I didn't know that I hated anything so bad. I hate to leave you boys.

Seven—This old life isn't very good anyway, old boy. Let's just hope that you'll go to a better one. Maybe there's a better place, somewhere.

The guard blows his nose and wipes his eyes with his handkerchief. There are tears in his eyes. He must be human, after all.

Six—Boys, I'm about to the end of my rope. I have stood up pretty good so far, but I can't make it much longer.

Seven—Stay right there, Six!

Nine—Jo——nes!

Six—Well, just stick with me, boys. I'll build an air castle or something to get my mind off of the chair. Let's start that old revolution going, One.

One—Leave me alone, you fellows. I'm prayin' for Six.

Six—Keep up the good work, One! Wish I had a drink of good liquor.

Guard—Boys, I've never been up against this before. It touches me.

Nine—Jo——nes!

Four guards and the assistant warden came in. The assistant warden reads the death warrant.

Assistant Warden—Now, Six, anything that you want to say, you can tell me. Your mother has asked me to get your last words for her.

Six—I'll give them to the priest.

Assistant Warden—Is there anything that you want that I can get for you? If there is, just name it, and I'll do my best to get it for you.

Six—No, I guess not. I did ask for some coffee to come a little later on. Will it come?

Assistant Warden—I'll sure see that you get it. Is there anything else that you want?

Six—No, thank you.

Nine—Jo——nes! O—h!

Assistant Warden—Well, we'll go now and if that coffee doesn't come in a few minutes, ring for me and I'll see that you get it.

The assistant warden and the four guards leave.

Nine—Jo——nes!

A guard and a convict came in with a pot of coffee. The convict serves all of the inmates.

Six—Two, you were lucky to get that thirty-five-day stay, old boy. I wish I had one. Looks like I'd get one stay, anyway.

Two—If it was possible for me to do it, I'd give you half of mine, and we'd both have seventeen and a half days. I wish I could.

Six—Don't try to kid me. You wouldn't do that.

Two—Of course, I have no way to prove it to you. I know that you don't believe me, but just the same, I would do it. I wish it was possible, because I hate to see you go, Six.

Six—I wish you could do it.

Convict—He'd do it, I believe!

Guard—Yep, I believe he would.

The guard and the convict leave with the coffee pot. Another guard and a hospital attendant enter with a bottle of alcohol and take Six *out of his cell. They strap his arms to his side and put him in the barber chair. The hospital attendant washes* Six's *head and leg with the alcohol.*

Six—Boy, howdy! I'd like to have a drink of that.

Hospital Attendant—It is denatured, Six.

Guard—Well, what do you think about it, boy?

Two—Maybe he will get a stay.

Guard—No, I don't think so. I'd bet money that he don't.

Hospital Attendant—I think that he will get a stay. The priest is working on it and has wired the Governor.

The guard and hospital attendant leave and the priest comes in.

Nine—Jo——nes! O——h! Jo——nes!

The priest takes a table, candle and a crucifix into the cell with Six. *He comes out and takes his handbag in.*

SIX—Light me a cigarette, Two. I'm afraid my head will catch on fire with all of this alcohol on it if I strike a match.

TWO—Sure.

The priest comes out of the cell and talks to ONE *in Spanish.*

SEVEN—Well, Six, it looks like you are going. I hate to see you go, but there must be something for you to look forward to. It must be better than this life or it wouldn't be worth much. I don't think that any of us are going to lose much when we go to that chair, for there's bound to be a Heaven and everyone has an opportunity to get right with God.

SIX—Well, I hope there is some place else. I may not have to go tonight, yet.

A man and a woman, who say that they are Pentecostal missionaries, come in with a guard.

PENTECOSTAL WOMAN—When I read of your impending execution, I just had to come to see you and find out if you were saved in God's way.

SIX—Yes, I'm ready, but I'm still hoping until the last minute that my life will be spared.

NINE—Jo——nes!

PENTECOSTAL WOMAN—Oh, I'm so glad that you are ready!

SIX—Well, I'm glad that I'm not leaving a wife and kids. I'm glad that I never married.

PENTECOSTAL MAN—Yes, it is easier where there is no one else concerned but yourself.

NINE—Jo——nes!

PENTECOSTAL WOMAN—What is that?

SIX—That's a crazy man back there. He's harmless. He can't get to you. Well, I hate to leave mother. It hurts her, I know.

PENTECOSTAL WOMAN—It will be so much easier for her to bear knowing that when you went that you were all right with God.

The man and woman leave.

SIX—Light me a cigarette, Two.

Three newspaper reporters enter with a guard and SIX *recounts his crime to them. The reporters leave and* SIX *asks for more coffee.*

TWO—Wonder what time it is, One.

ONE—Must be ten-thirty.

SIX—Say, boys, wouldn't I be tickled to get a thirty-day stay! I have more hopes now than I did two hours ago. I was pretty low then. The warden's secretary sent me word that he would stay by the telephone.

TWO—Yeah, you'll get a stay.

SIX—I still have hopes.

The clock strikes eleven.

SIX—Say, that clock striking makes me feel funny around my middle.

PRIEST—When were you born, and so on?

SIX *gives him his nativity and life's history.*

SIX—I would wire mother if I had the money, but I gave it all to One.

ONE—Here's some.

TWO—I'll pay for it, Six.

PRIEST—No, you boys keep your money. I'll send the wire. What do you want to tell her?

SIX—Tell her that I'm laughing and joking and thinking of her. Tell her that I'm all right and that my thoughts are all of her.

PRIEST—I'll surely do it.

SIX—Do you want these slippers, Two?

TWO—No, thanks, I have a pair.

SIX—Give me some more coffee, Boss, if they's left any. Light me a cigarette, Two.

NINE—Jo——nes!

The priest leaves and the guard changes at eleven-thirty.

SIX [*Singing*]—A little white light will lead you to my blue Heaven. A smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room. . . . [*Stops abruptly.*]

SEVEN—Stay right in there and pitch, Six! That Governor is liable to give you a stay, yet. Maybe he's just letting you get up tight to scare you. You see, the Legislature's in session and he won't go to bed before midnight. He may wire or telephone in here any minute, now.

SIX—Well, the priest wired him and I may get some action on that. If I don't get a stay, though, I'm going to try to set an example for white men here. They say

that a white man has never died here who didn't show weakness. I'm going to show them that I can. I can, all right, I can!

SEVEN—I hate to see you go, but if you do have to go, it is better to take it like a man. Don't weaken.

SIX—I hate to go.

FIVE—Well, if you get one stay, you've got a chance. You won't burn if the Legislature passes that bill abolishing capital punishment. That would have some provision in it commuting all sentences to life imprisonment. Just one stay, and you got a chance to miss burning.

TWO—Here's the keys!

SIX—Who is it?

TWO—The priest.

The priest goes into the cell with SIX *and gives him Holy Communion.*

SIX—I hate to go, but it looks like it's got to be done.

SEVEN—Don't give up hope.

SIX—I still have hopes, but they are getting weak.

Two Protestant chaplains, white and colored, enter. They stand against the wall and watch the priest. The white chaplain reads the Bible and bows his head in silent prayer.

NINE—Jo——nes!

The clock strikes twelve.

SIX—Twelve o'clock!

The guard watches the door.

SIX—Light me a cigarette, Two.

There is a hush, an expectant air. They are all waiting to hear footsteps approaching.

SIX—Let me out with the boys, Boss. I want to tell them all good-bye.

GUARD—I can't do it. I would if I could, but it would be against the rules. I'm sorry.

SIX—Oh, I don't care. 'Sall right. They split my pants leg, and I don't like that. This is a new style, boys. How do you like it? Light me a cigarette, Two. I'm not taking it as hard as I thought I would. I'm nervous, though; I've never had anything to do with electricity before. Wonder how it will feel. I hope it won't take long. Wonder if a fellow knows anything after the first shot hits him. I don't think I will.

FIVE—Aw, a fellow never knows what hits him. It's all over in a few shakes. Brace up!

SIX—You know, it's funny. I was worse at my trial than I am here. I almost broke down there at the trial. I lost fifteen pounds when my trial was going on. Give me some more coffee, Boss. [*The guard brings coffee.*] Ha! Well, here's to the old penitentiary, boys!

Six guards and the assistant warden come in and unlock the cell door.

GUARD—All right, boy, let's go!

Two guards strap his arms to his side. SIX *steadily walks out of his cell with the priest holding his arm.*

SIX—I want to say good-bye to the boys.

ASSISTANT WARDEN—Certainly. Come up here to the front and start back.

SIX *walks in front of* ONE's *cell.*

SIX—Good-bye, Mex. I won't shake hands. That's bad luck.

ONE—Good-bye, Six.

SIX [*As he walks in front of* Two's *cell*]—Give me that cigarette, Two.

TWO *gives* SIX *the cigarette. He has to bend his head almost to his waist to get the cigarette in his mouth.*

SIX—Good-bye, Two.

TWO—Good-bye, Six. Say—stay with them, Six!

SIX—I got 'em. I'll make it now.

FIVE—Good-bye, Six.

SIX—Good-bye, Five. Good-bye, Seven.

NINE—Jo——nes! O——h!

SEVEN—Good-bye, old doctor Six. Stay right in there.

SIX—I think I'm doing about as well as you would do.

SEVEN—I *know* you are!

The guard has some difficulty in unlocking the door to the death chamber. He yanks and rattles the lock.

SIX—Can't get the door open, Seven.

SEVEN—Take those keys and open the door for them, Six.

SIX—I'd stay here until next Christmas be-

fore I'd open that door for 'em. Well, the door is open. I'll say good-bye to everybody again.

Two—Good-bye, Six!

Six—Good-bye, Two!

These lines are written while Six *is being strapped into the chair. The door between the death chamber and the death row is open.*

Six—I hope I am the last one that ever sits in this chair. Tell my mother that my last words were of her.

The lights go dim as we hear the whine of the motor when the switch is turned on.

Two—Oh, my God!

Seven—Old Doctor Six is gone!

The lights go dim twice more. Someone is running along the walk outside.

Two—Who's that?

One—Oh, that's reporters. They hurry to 'phone the paper.

Five—They're giving him the juice again. Wonder what they're trying to do, cook him?

One—He stay in there longer than that nigger.

Nine—Jo——nes!

Two—I won't be able to sleep for a week!

Five—I'm going to sleep now. You'll be able to sleep all right. Forget about it.

Seven—Good-night, boys.

One—I can't sleep, either, Two.

Nine—Jo——nes! Jo-o-o-o-o-o-nes!

THE ART OF DRINK ON THE BORDER

BY OWEN P. WHITE

As I look back into the old-time wetness of Texas and New Mexico as I must if I am to discuss the state of the drinking industry down there today, I find much that, though melancholy, is interesting and enlightening. At least it is interesting to me, for I was born in El Paso, took my first drink in Old Man Earhart's Palace Saloon, and later on, as I grew older, frequently strayed across the boundary and into the bar-rooms of New Mexico. Thus the whole region, to me, is filled with memories, and most of them are fragrant.

In those days the leading citizens of all the rising communities in both States were bravely struggling with a difficult liquor problem. But it involved no obscene entanglements with ministerial alliances, hatchet-waving women, anti-saloon leagues, or gun-toting pulpit thumpers. On the contrary, what the leading citizens demanded was simply more and better saloons, and more and quicker bartenders.

I can clearly remember the joy with which every male of drinking age looked forward to the opening of a new saloon anywhere within ten miles of him. An occasion of this kind was always a gala one. Cow-men, sheep-men, doctors, lawyers, merchants, miners, bankers and gamblers all tilted the bottle for one another and entered merrily into a booze-histing contest, the results of which had a large bearing on the business of the community. The banker, for example, encountering all of his customers well lit, and hence honest, could make up his mind, better than at any other time, what to do about their notes. The prospective father, having the entire medical fraternity of the town paraded before him, all under a full head of steam, could judge the ability of each medico by his carrying capacity, and so decide which one to hire for the impending function. The litigant likewise, with the whole bar lined up at the bar, and mellow to the point of oratory, could select a lawyer to his liking. Even the average citizen, in the market perhaps for a thing as large as a trainload of cattle or as small as a white lawn cravat, was influenced by the way the cow-man or the haberdasher stood up under his liquor, and bestowed patronage accordingly.

Nor, on such glad nights as these, were the ladies ever left out. Of course they were blondined wenches who did their advertising from, and exhibited their drinking abilities in the wine-rooms in the rear, but it was always inspiring to note the easy familiarity with which the most outstanding of the men—men after whom I was constantly told to pattern my young life—called them by their first names, and even, as the night wore on, showered them with caresses.

Thus, back in the old days in Texas and New Mexico when rum was a king and not a demon, a capacity to carry liquor was the gage of leadership. Abstention was surely not—not by a long shot. The total abstainer, unless he happened to be a preacher or an invalid, had about as much chance to win the applause of the town, and its patronage, or its votes, as did the town drunkard. These two, the teetotaler and the drunkard, were decidedly unpopular characters. The former was either a reformed edition of the latter or an incurable

crank, while the latter, although he did serve a useful purpose as a warning to the rising generation of drinkers, was merely a poor brother who had the sympathy of all men and the respect of none. Whenever whiskey killed off an inebriate, or God in His infinite mercy relieved a suffering community of the presence of a teetotaler, there was never, so far as I can recall, any great outpouring of grief. The relatives of the deceased merely planted their loved one, and forgot him. But just let cirrhosis of the liver or a gun-fight terminate the career of a lusty drinker, and everything would be different. The fire department would turn out; so would the police force; so would everybody, and with one voice the entire population would sadly affirm that the town had lost a good man. In most cases it had. A man had to be good, both physically and mentally, to so much as hold his own, and as for attaining supremacy, well, let the history of Texas record the answer. It shows that the grand old men who made the State, and who are now pictured in popular biographies as outstanding examples of its simple, stalwart, honest, American manhood, were all brawny fellows who took their liquor straight and lots of it. The weaklings fell by the wayside.

In this respect, in that whiskey either made or unmade the leading citizens, the drinking industry, at its apogee, was as constructive in New Mexico as it was in Texas. In another important respect, however, there was a decided difference, which, if we are to understand the horrors of the present day, we must look into.

II

Ever since New Mexico had come under the benign rule of *Tío Samuel* it had been enjoying a blessing which was denied to Texas. That blessing was Federal Prohibition. There were a great many Indians living on, and also off, the reservations in the Territory, and it was against the Federal law to sell fire-water to these noble redmen, because under its influence they always wanted to scalp their benefactors. As the result of this restriction, New Mexico, as time went on, naturally fell heir to the usual blessings. Bootleggers lurked behind every cactus, there was a *cantina* at every cross-roads, the Indian traders, who had sworn not to sell the stuff, got rich in the business, and in brief there was so much vile liquor in the Territory that a man could swim his horse in it clear from the Rio Grande to the Colorado line.

Nor was this all. The noble red-men themselves, being fully as human and law-abiding as Congressmen, and far more versatile, had ways and means of their own whereby they could, and did, circumvent the philanthropic designs of the Great White Father in Washington. The most interesting was the manufacture of a hell-and-hair-raising beverage called *tezuin* or *tezuino*. This stuff—and as I write the recipe for it, and extol its virtues, I pray that the dissemination of such knowledge will not cause New York society to rush pell-mell to New Mexico—was made as follows: A thin layer of corn was spread out on the ground; a thin layer of dirt, about a half inch thick, was spread over that, and then for three or four days, enough in that hot sun, the surface of the plot was kept moist. At the end of that time the corn, which had begun to sprout, was raked out of the dirt, washed off, mixed with honey or sugar and water, and thereafter the mash only needed to be kept fairly warm in order that a violent fermentation should ensue. Thus, in a few days, the Indians would produce a corn beer with a mighty wallop. But it was never until after they had doctored it with the juice of the *peyote* that they considered it fit to drink.

The juice of the *peyote* is a powerful incitement to amour. In order that they might get the full benefit of it, and also of the alcohol in the beer, the Indians, men and women both, would always abstain from food for twenty-four hours before starting a debauch. The results can be im-

agined. It was much like Palm Beach. Everybody got tight, and it was a wise brave who knew his own squaw. By the end of the week, for the virtues of the *peyote* endure for at least that long, families would all be so badly mixed that nothing except a good, free-for-all fight would serve to untangle them. The fight therefore was always had, the ladies always participated, several braves were generally bumped off, and thus did Prohibition in New Mexico operate for the uplift of the aborigines.

The situation was not at all pleasing to the leading citizens of the Territory, who were also its leading drinkers. They were white men, of course, and as far as their personal wants were concerned they had nothing to worry about. They could, they did—and they still do—get all the whiskey their legitimate requirements called for, but being kindly men their sympathies naturally went out to the rest of the people: to the down-trodden 85% composed of Mexicans and Indians, who had to drink either their own devilish decoctions, or the even worse stuff brewed by bootleggers the night before. In either case calamity resulted, because under the influence of the bootleggers' whiskey the Mexicans went on rampages almost as vivid as those indulged in by the Indians when they primed themselves on their own mixtures. New Mexico therefore was a turbulent country, and until the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment there was apparently nothing that anybody could do about it. It simply oozed alcohol at every pore, and thus, for a few minutes we shall leave it while we step across the line and take a glance at what has been going on of late in Texas.

For many years the drinking industry in the Lone Star State, creating great men as it went, more than held its own. Every town had an adequate number of saloons; every saloon had an adequate number of customers, and across practically every bar the liquor served was good liquor. Red whiskey, because it was a stepping-stone to eminence, was without doubt the king of all the local beverages, but, as time wagged on and the State university grew, its students (I was one of them), under the leadership of some of the old-time professors, who had acquired their tastes in Europe, began to clamor for beer. So several large, well-equipped breweries began to produce it.

Thus, by about 1897, the alcoholic status of Texas was exactly the reverse of that of New Mexico. In Texas the booze was all good, the business of distributing it was in the hands of competent and worthy parties, and so likewise was the business of consuming it. Everybody was happy. The university students got stewed along with their professors, more legislation was enacted in the Austin bar-rooms than up in the old State House, and Texans were everywhere respected as men of large capacity. Then, out of a clear sky, broke a great calamity. W. C. Brann, the caustic editor of the *Iconoclast*, who had for some time been trying to pin the badge of dishonest fatherhood on to the lapel of a Baptist deacon's coat, was foully slain in Waco. A Baptist got him. There ensued a vast uproar, but no lynching followed, and presently the slayer was at large. This failure of justice inspired the Baptist brethren to a *coup d'état*. They decided to seize the State. The militant Methodists, dry to a man, gave ready aid, and soon the deed was done.

At first Texas went dry only in a few spots. In those spots the Noble Experiment proved the usual success. Shifty-eyed, unwashed bootleggers, who peddled poison under cover of darkness, appeared in the land, to take the place of the clean, white-clad bartenders who had openly sold honest goods. This change, as may be expected, was very pleasing to the deacons. Under the old system a sanctified brother simply couldn't drink, for in order to get liquor he had to go into a sinful saloon after it. But now—well now, it was happily different. He could traffic with a bootlegger, keep a bottle hid out in the barn, and get lit every afternoon if he wanted to. It was a new and delightful form of Christian endeavor. The

deacons who lived in the dry spots soon became the envy of those in the wet counties, and the inevitable happened. County after county went on the wagon; tax-paying saloons everywhere closed their doors; God-fearing, child-rearing liquor dealers moved out of the State, and moving in to supplant them came a vast herd of crooks. Thus the drinking habits of the good people of Texas, along with a good many of the good people themselves, went straight to hell. Rum, formerly a crowned king, became a demon—and then along came national Prohibition.

III

The decided difference in the way Texas and New Mexico have reacted to the Federal dry laws is, in my opinion, largely due to the fact that they don't worship the same God.

In Texas the presiding Deity, as everyone knows, is the Old Testament Jehovah, whose Hell is still hot for any sinner who presumes to question the Virgin birth, the interior amplitude of a whale, the divine right of slaughter inherent in His agents, or the edicts of Andy Volstead.

In New Mexico, where the God of the Romish church sits high in His Heaven, neither Hell nor Andy cut any ice whatever. Why should they? Hell, to the average Mexican is of no importance because, even if he goes there, which he expects to do, his descendants can and will pray him out. As for the Hon. Andy,—"*pues*," with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders, "*que me importa ese pendejo?*" "What does that pusillanimous guy mean to me?" The answer to the question is: "Absolutely nothing at all." Thus in New Mexico the people, whose God is in no way opposed to *good* liquor, are entirely indifferent, at this day and date, to the operations of the Volstead Act, and yet, as they will frankly tell you, Prohibition, as they have seen fit to apply it to their own sore spots, has greatly benefited them, and so they continue to vote dry and drink wet.

But in so doing the people of New Mexico, most of whom are of course Mexicans, are not hypocrites. Go back, look at the deplorable condition in which we left the State's drinking industry at the close of a preceding paragraph, and you will understand what I mean. The general situation then, and the booze, were both so bad that nobody, not even New Mexico's leading men, who were also its leading drinkers (and they still are), could do anything to remedy matters. The Methodists, by securing the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, turned the trick for them. At once all astute New Mexicans, knowing a good thing when they saw it, hopped on to the Federal Dry Law. They dissected it, held fast to its beneficial features, threw the rest in the can, and got busy. They worked faster even than the Baptists of Texas. In no time at all, using the weapon provided by the Methodists, the New Mexico Catholics brought about a great reformation. They closed up all dens, dives and brothels in the Commonwealth, ran the wicked bootleggers, who had been making poison, across the line into Texas and into the arms of the Baptists, and then, unlike the Nordics of the Old South who loaded up on election day and staggered to the polls to vote against allowing a nigger to take a swig of gin, they turned over all distilling and bootlegging privileges to substantial, honorable citizens who could be depended upon to make and sell *good* liquor.

The result of this sane application of an insane law is that everybody in New Mexico, from the Santa Fé Solons down to the Sierra county goat-herders, has the permission of everybody else to drink as early and as often as he wants to. There are but two requirements: the liquor a man drinks must be good liquor, and he must raise no hell in the process of drinking it. Lately I revisited the scenes of many of my youthful debaucheries and talked the thing over with old friends. They are all enthusiastic drinkers and at the same time they are all in favor of their own method of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment. That method,

to be sure, is not the one prescribed by Andrew Volstead. But it is the one laid down by the God of the Catholic church, and as He does not say "Thou shalt not" to the ragged *pelado* every time he (the *pelado*) has a thirst, it is not necessary for him to reduce his spiritual morale to the vanishing point whenever he quenches it.

On the other hand, the Catholic clergy, and all the devout men and women of the church, raised glad halleluias over the opportunity afforded them by national Prohibition to clean up the State. They did clean it up, and if one may judge by what they did to Al Smith at the recent election, they are determined to keep it clean. They were told that if Al Smith went into the White House all their old-time bootleggers and dive-keepers would move back from Texas and that settled it. Valencia county, for instance, where 95% of the voters are natives, and hence Catholics, expressed the sentiment of the State. In that county Hoover beat Al at the ratio of 4½ to 1. It was the same everywhere. The New Mexico Mexicans are in favor of their own method of handling the liquor business.

That method, of course, requires the passage of State laws, but those laws are tinged with sound reasoning. Until the last session of the New Mexico Legislature there was a liquor law in force, the last clause of which contained the wholesome provision that nothing in any of the preceding clauses should be so construed as to make the fact that a man had in his possession, or was transporting, *one quart* of liquor, admissible as evidence against him.

"Now why in the world," I asked a senatorial friend who had voted for the law, "did you put in that last clause?"

"Because," he answered with a grin, "in this State, where a man can get another bottle any time he wants it, one quart is enough for him to carry around. You don't think, do you, that we are going to put any legislation across that is going to keep anybody from getting his liquor?"

"No," I replied, "I don't think you are, and that's why I can't understand this new law that you fellows are going to pass. It's got teeth in it a mile long; it repeals that one quart privilege, and altogether it looks to me as if you were all losing your nerve."

"Not a bit of it," said the legislator. "That new law won't make a particle of difference to anybody. It won't stand up because it's contrary to the provisions of our State constitution, but we're passing it anyhow, and I'm going to vote for it, on account of our platform pledges. But you ought to know, you lived here long enough to know, that passing a law in this State and enforcing it are two entirely different things."

"I see," I answered, "and so I suppose what I ought to do now is go and talk Law Enforcement with one of your judges."

The senator said he reckoned that would be a good idea and so I drifted over and visited another old friend, who, by the way, is one of the most influential politicians in the State, and also the most active judge. He said: "Of course I take a drink whenever I want one—and that's pretty often, if the liquor's good—and I have no objection to any other man doing the same. Drinking is not the thing that the laws of this State, or the Catholic Church—which has helped wonderfully in the last few years—are after. We don't care if a man drinks. That's *his* business. What we are opposed to is the old condition of vice and debauchery. We've cleaned that up. This town of Santa Fé, for example, with its forty or fifty well known bootleggers, who peddle pretty good stuff at a pretty high price, is a lot better off than it used to be when it supported twenty-five saloons."

"But these bootleggers," I inquired, "does everybody know them? Do you know them?"

"Of course I know them. So do the *padres*, so do all the people. They are our own boys, and as long as they behave themselves, and handle reliable stuff, they are not going to be bothered. The people don't want them bothered, but at the same

time there are laws on the books that'll make it plenty hot for them in case they go wrong. Only last week, for instance, I sent three men from San Juan county to the penitentiary. I did this gladly because those men had been selling whiskey to minors."

"And there are no speak-easies in New Mexico?"

"Not a one that I know of."

"How about night-clubs and cabarets?"

"Hell!" said the judge. "Those places! They're nothing but sophisticated editions of our old-time honky-tonks. We won't tolerate them. They may go all right with the inebriates of New York and Washington, but here in New Mexico they've been out of style for fifteen years."

Thus, with a God above it who has sternly registered His disapproval of the Volstead amendment to His decalogue, New Mexico today is a clean, happy, wholesome land whose drinking industry, with rum once more established as king, is on a sound basis. But what about Texas?

IV

Well—and because I was born there I am almost tempted to say this with flowers—in Texas the situation is entirely different. Over there the Baptist Jehovah and His salaried agents are ranting around something awful; the lusty old-timers, their prayers interrupted every now and then by the popping of the corks down in their cellars, are praying frantically; well-muzzled newspaper men who drink fervently are lying the same way; at almost every cross-roads the brother who runs the filling-station is disposing of more gin than gas; and high above everything, above the alcoholic hilarity of the Dallas and Fort Worth flappers, the yip-yip-yipping of the San Angelo cow-boys and the lugubrious wailing of the sanctified sisters, resounds the merry, merry cackle of the Demon Rum.

For in Texas rum is still a demon. His agents are everywhere; shrines for the dispensation of his blessings are more numerous than meat-markets, and, because I recently investigated the quality of some of those blessings, I am moved to remark, with the poet: "I wonder what those rascals buy one-half so rotten as the stuff they sell?" The point is that they sell it. They sell lots of it. They make it today and they sell it tomorrow.

Right there, for example, in the saintly town of Dallas, the Vatican City, as you might call it, of the Baptist church, the cow-made millionaires pay an exorbitant price for, and get drunk on, a grade of rot-gut at which the aforementioned goat-herders of Sierra county, New Mexico, would turn up their noses in disgust. In fact, and I state this on the very highest authority, the drinking industry of the State of Texas, under its present Baptist management, has now sunk to such a low level that many men who were once known to hundreds of bartenders as qualified judges of good whiskey are today known to as many bootleggers as inveterate guzzlers of chock beer.

If you don't know what chock beer is you can go into Texas cellars and find out. It is an infernal concoction made up of so much black strap molasses, so many gallons of water, a few cakes of yeast and all of the old left-over chunks of corn pone the good deacon can find around the kitchen. This mixture sets for 21 days (for that reason the darkies call it Old Hen), and is then bottled. After that it sets a few more days and is ready to be absorbed into the system. Is it any wonder that revival meetings in Texas are hilarious occasions? I recall one whereat a sinner who was full of chock beer was led to the mourners' bench, and when he was asked by one of the praying brethren if he couldn't feel Christ in his soul, let out a whoop. "Yes, yes, praise God," he shouted. "I've got Christ in my soul and Hell in my stomach!"

That's Texas today. The whole State is like unto the poor old sinner at the mourners' bench. In its endeavor to imbibe an unholy mixture, composed of more or less

equal parts of booze and bunk, it has created a partnership between the Baptist Jehovah and His agents on the one hand and the bootleggers on the other, with the result that into the coffers of both there is now pouring a constantly increasing stream of shekels. The bootleggers get theirs by keeping the centers of faith saturated with poison, while Jehovah and His agents, who, way back in 1897, turned the State over to the demon rum, collect for their services on the basis of their alleged opposition to the said demon. They both get by too. In the more thickly populated areas there is more bad liquor to the square inch than is to be found anywhere else that I know of in the United States. And also, right there in those same areas, at the last election Jehovah and His hosts, including the bootleggers, all marched up to the polls and voted dry.

Why did they do this? The answer is fundamental. The Baptists of Texas are not going to allow the control of the drinking industry of their great State to pass over into the hands of Catholics. That would be too disastrous for words, for it would then be no sin for a man to take a drink. Thus Jehovah's agents could no longer stand in their pulpits, look their congregations square in the eye, and truthfully accuse 81¾% of them of being headed for Hell because of their violation of the Eleventh Commandment.

GROVER THE MAGNIFICENT

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

UNTIL the Hon. Grover Aloysius Whalen was lured from Wanamaker's, where his sartorial elegance caused many a despairing floor-walker to meditate upon suicide, the quarters of the Police Commissioner of New York had all the depressing qualities—and most of the smells—of a station-house squad-room. The walls were a dirty gray, and in spots the paint was beginning to peel from the ceiling. A faint odor of disinfectant drifted up from the cell-block in the cellar, the police officer on duty as door-man viewed all callers with a suspicious eye, and the only concession to comfort was a collection of capacious brass cuspidors. These were located at strategic points both in the outside office and in the sanctum of the Commissioner. It was hard for one's mind to dwell on higher things while waiting for an audience.

But on a historic morning last December there arrived at Police Headquarters a still-youthful, affable gentleman known to all the crowned heads of Europe as Chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Receptions to Distinguished Guests, and instantly there were renovations and reforms. This Mr. Whalen had already, to quote his official biographer, given "the best of his young manhood to the service of his city and country." Back in 1917 he had assisted in electing the immortal John F. Hylan, then an obscure Brooklyn county judge, to the Mayoralty of New York, and thereafter he had himself filled numerous city offices with distinction. And then he had gone into business, to gain a competence for his growing family. Now, however, like Cincinnatus, he had been summoned from his life of quiet opulence. Mayor Jimmy Walker (for whom he had shelved Hylan in 1925) had begged him to assume command of the Police Department. The murder of the eminent gambler Arnold Rothstein, the Mayor no doubt explained, was exceedingly embarrassing to a city administration facing an election in less than a year. The newspapers had been demanding action. So would Grover please do something—if not solve the murder, then at least divert public opinion to other matters? Mr. Whalen thereupon took the oath of office while the flashlights popped—and public attention has been diverted ever since.

"We want action," he said promptly, "and we'll get it. We have an important clue on the Rothstein killing, and it would not be surprising if arrests were made very soon."

The new Commissioner, however, did not concentrate his agile intelligence upon this troublesome crime until he had given thought to the surroundings in which he was to labor. Doubtless he had visited Headquarters in the past, and knew the gloomy worst. At all events, on the first day of his incumbency, he was followed into the building by huskies bearing an equestrian statue of Napoleon, an inkwell of antique bronze, and a pottery lamp with a parchment shade. Then came others with potted plants, one or two excellent etchings, and a framed picture of Mrs. Whalen and the children. The final touch was Mr. Whalen's own mahogany desk, without which he is never quite at his best. Busily and happily, the Commissioner arranged these personal nick-nacks and was soon

sitting back in comfort. Then his eye fell on the brass spittoon which had faithfully served his predecessors. He shuddered slightly; pressed a button.

"Take it out, take it out!" he ordered. "I've no use for that thing."

But it was not until he had gone to Palm Beach a few weeks afterward, for a vacation, that the real work of prettying his office was accomplished. The once discouraged walls of the outer rooms were now a delicate cream. The common waiting-room had been altered into three reception rooms: one for the members of the force, a better one for newspaper reporters, and a third, the most splendid of all, for important visitors. Here, now, are voluptuous chairs and copies of the more refined magazines. A police captain with impeccable social gifts is at the desk. Soft carpets cover the floors, and the cuspidors, retained to protect the rugs, are of a quiet gun-metal instead of brass. They are also very much smaller.

Similarly, in the Commissioner's own office, skilled decorators have worked miracles. One scraped the woodwork and uncovered excellent panelling. Another tinted the ceiling. A third polished the lighting fixtures. Mr. Whalen's desk has been burnished to a higher luster and behind it now stand two flags: one of the nation and the other of the city he has served so well. A lighter touch is provided by a smiling photograph of Mayor Jimmy. Instead of the cuspidor, a brass coal scuttle stands by the desk, and the odor of lysol from the cellar has been vanquished by the sweet perfume of cut flowers.

But the most startling change at Police Headquarters to-day is the Commissioner himself. No matter how long the Rothstein slayers may remain at liberty, no matter how many other crimes may tantalize the judicious, he is always smiling, always welcoming visitors with the easy elegance that greeted a Prince of Wales upon his arrival down the Bay. Grover continues, in fact, to serve as the city's official welcomer, and he is still the best-dressed man in town. The elevation of Jimmy Walker to the Mayoralty was hailed by the convivial of Manhattan with joy. He was charming, sophisticated, gay, and filled with wisecracks. He had once been a Broadway songwriter, and he looked like a Broadway actor. Now Grover, in the high office of Police Commissioner, completes the picture. Jimmy wears his clothes, immaculate as they are, after the manner of a light comedian. Grover is more correct, more dignified. He is the hero of the show, the tenor who sings a ballade in the second act.

Both are delights to the eye.

II

Some men achieve greatness by cunning or industry, or by engaging press agents. Grover Whalen, although he has long had his personal public relations counsel, rode to fame on a winning smile, irreproachable manners, and a meticulous attention to his wardrobe. A lesser man would have failed. He would have been called a dude, an inconsequential clothes-horse. The fact that elegance won him respectful attention instead of sneers is proof, in itself, that he has ability. He knew, however, that ability was not enough to insure rapid progress on the rocky road to success. To be the center of the picture without being too conspicuous, to be noticeable without being gaudy: such must have been his early ideal. And he was successful from the start. It is recorded that Mrs. Whalen was first attracted to him because, alone among the young men of her acquaintance, he always wore a flower in his button-hole. In the early Fall of 1917, when he first came to public notice as a Hylan booster, some reporter wrote that he was "a well-built young man with an engaging smile," and added that he was faultlessly garbed.

Although he came of a moderately prosperous family, Grover had his own way to make in life. "This remarkable man,"—I am again quoting from the biographical sketch which is handed to visitors at Police Headquarters—was born on the lower East Side of New York, on June 2, 1886.

That was the day on which President Grover Cleveland married Miss Frances Folsom, and in recognition of the happy event the boy was called Grover. The biographer then goes on to describe his lineage:

> Michael H. Whalen [his father] was for twenty years commander of the Peter Cooper Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and was in the general contracting and engineering business. It is probable that much of his son's talent in this line was inherited from his father. Esther (de Nee) Whalen was of French-Canadian descent, and evidently from this line Grover A. Whalen inherited the graces of good manners and tactful courtesy which are so charming in his personality, and have made for him so many friends.

The first name of the infant was a concession to the father's rugged loyalty to the Democratic party. But the beautiful French-Canadian girl who was Grover's mother, and who had settled down in New York as the wife of an Irish contractor, saw more in her handsome son than a mere Democrat. Even when he was in the cradle, it would seem, she dreamed that one day he would be courtly, graceful and debonair, and so, for his middle name, she chose the fancy Aloysius. Nor was she disappointed. He grew up to be obedient, affectionate and polite. He recalls to-day, as supreme commander of the police, that he did not share the usual small-boy enmity toward them. He never joined the hoodlums who yelled "Yah! Cop!", and then dashed around the corner while a fat patrolman lumbered and wheezed, all in vain, to catch them.

But let no one suppose that the lad was soft. He learned to fight with his fists, and he has long been a competent amateur boxer. His father's business was prosperous enough to insure a decent house and adequate meals. There were, however, no superfluous luxuries. Grover received most of his education in the public schools. He learned how to work, and is proud of it. Soon after becoming Police Commissioner, he said:

> I have always been hard. I have always worked hard. As a boy, when my father was down on the East Side, when we wanted coal I used to carry it in at fifty cents a ton, the same as was paid to men who might have been hired. We worked, always. We had to work, and that made us hard.
>
> The reporters who have enjoyed capitalizing whatever social graces I may possess [here the Police Commissioner smiled in deprecation] never knew that I was spending fourteen hours a day or more at my work. Those who worked with me knew.

The process of glorifying the youthful Grover, simplified by his inborn gifts, sent him to a military school for a time. There he acquired the rigid carriage, the square shoulders, and the ability to keep the back of his neck against his collar which have been commented upon at so many public orgies. The law had been selected as his career, and the choice was excellent. He would have made a splendid trial lawyer. He has plausibility, and a talent for public speaking which suffers only from a tendency toward involved syntax. But he was forced to leave the New York Law School at the age of twenty, when his father died. The care of the family fell upon his shoulders, and he took a desk in the office of the paternal contracting company.

This was in 1906, and Grover must have then looked very much as he does to-day. All of the legends of the Fountain of Youth come true in him; at forty-three he might be in his thirties. His skin is clear and firm. His head is large, oval, and set firmly on his heavy shoulders. He is about five feet, ten inches tall and there is not an ounce of fat to his 175 pounds. But all these assets pale beside his black, patent-leather hair, his clear Irish blue eyes, and the dazzling white teeth set off by the black mustache which perches on his upper lip.

The perfection which is Grover's does not come without seeking, and the fact that he is still young, lean and hard is due to the careful attention he gives to physical fitness. This was so in 1913, when he courted and won the pretty daughter of a Washington Square banker. It is so to-day. He may dine out, and usually does, six nights a week, but he does not jeopardize his health with the dreadful fare of the public banquet. He eats at home before he goes. He can raise a cocktail to his lips with infinite grandeur, but he never drinks it: he has no

interest in liquor of any variety. Neither does he smoke. No matter how heavy the cares of public office or private business, he manages to find time for exercise. Lately, he has gone in for horse-back riding and may be seen every Sunday morning on the bridle paths in Central Park. Then, indeed, he is a figure of a man! His habit is of the latest cut. His seat is superb, and his canter around the reservoir is watched with awe by the populace. Again, he is ever gracious. He will politely pull in his mount should a citizen ask for permission to snap his picture, and he often adds a human touch by persuading some gaping little girl to pose with him. The tot is furnished with a lump of sugar and feeds it to the charger.

III

It is inconceivable that Grover could have been allowed to waste his fragrance on private life—a fact which he must have early appreciated, for in 1916 he organized a Business Men's Civic League, "the sole purpose of which was civic betterment." A year later, illogically to the minds of some, he started its reform programme by having it endorse Hylan for Mayor. Hylan was swept into office on the blunders committed by the late John Purroy Mitchel, and Whalen gradually became the Pooh Bah of his administration. For a time he was secretary to the Mayor, but this was too easy. Within a few years he was—all at the same time—Commissioner of Plant and Structures, chairman of the Board of Purchase, member of the New York State Bridge and Tunnel Commission, and secretary of the Mayor's Committee on Home-coming Troops. The official biographer describes his complicated position as follows:

> In the development of every community, city and State there are outstanding men whose service is so interwoven with the history of the place that the annals of one is (*sic*) identical with the other. No one can study the history of Greater New York and omit the history of one of her most remarkable sons, Grover A. Whalen.

Only an idiot would dream of doing so; it would be impossible were his period to include the years from 1917 to 1929. Grover soon demonstrated that he was no butterfly clad in bright raiment, but a very demon for work. He was at his office in the Municipal Building before the most ambitious clerk; he stayed there until the shadows had lengthened across City Hall Park, and the streets were emptied of home-rushing thousands. And when flapper stenographers in his innumerable departments were caught powdering their noses in the city's time, he issued a pronunciamento against clock-watching and summoned several of the maidens for a lecture. It was not for nothing that he had, as a lad, toted coal at fifty cents a ton.

Like Herbert Hoover in the days when he was Secretary of Commerce, he often cast acquisitive eyes upon the departments of his fellow officials. When a laboratory was established to test liquor under the old State enforcement act, now no more, he annexed it with its appropriation of $40,000 a year, although the Police Commissioner, at that time the noted Dick Enright, had counted upon having this easy money to spend.

When a Board of Purchase was started, he grabbed it, too; although the choleric Comptroller Craig had planned it for his own. This was not greed nor even thirst for power. It was simply proof that no multitude of duties could ever quite equal the hustling Commissioner's inexhaustible energy. Time hung heavy on his hands when he was simply the boss of the city ferries, the bridges, the busses, and the municipal garage.

One recalls him, cool and smiling, at prolonged meetings of the Board of Estimate at the City Hall. There was always a gardenia, a carnation or a rose in his button-hole. He usually wore a morning coat. And he stood, a picture of nonchalant ease and self-assurance, with his arm across the dais, while item after item on the calendar was reeled off. When some matter touching his own varied activities came up, he was always ready with the facts. He held forth briefly and amiably, speaking in a voice

that was a shade high-pitched in contrast to the rumble of the average city official.

His manner never failed to irritate the red-faced, apple-bald Comptroller, and a feud existed between Mayor Hylan's favorite and the city's financial officer. "Give Whalen the air!" pleaded Mr. Craig at more than one meeting. "He stole a car belonging to the Finance Department!" he once bellowed, and told of a motor which had vanished into the Municipal Garage—operated by Whalen—never to be seen again. Grover always grinned at these attacks, but the Comptroller had the last laugh. He vetoed plans for a $42,000,000 bridge across the East River, a bridge very dear to Grover, since it was to have run smack to the doors of the Wanamaker store. The Commissioner of Plant and Structures already greatly admired the late Mr. Rodman Wanamaker.

There was ample imagination in the man's make-up. He could always find time to sit back and dream dreams of the days when New York would have double-decked streets, express highways, mammoth ferry boats, dozens of bridges across both rivers—all no doubt, under the personal management of the Commissioner of Plant and Structures. And he did what he could, also, to make the city more beautiful. He ordered uniforms, not unlike those worn by admirals in the Navy, for the captains and mates of the municipal ferries. He obtained funds for a fleet of twenty-five snappy municipal taxicabs to be used by minor officials, and had them equipped with liveried chauffeurs and decorated with the city seal. Being a realist, and knowing the nature of city officials, he posted a card in each of the cabs. It read:

GENTLEMEN, WHEN SEATED, ALWAYS KEEP THEIR FEET ON THE FLOOR

There have been few stranger bedfellows than John Hylan and Grover Whalen, and yet the alliance was a happy one while it lasted. Whalen's glittering polish only emphasized Hylan's rôle as the Poor Man's Friend, the People's Mayor, or, to use a phrase which Grover himself conceived, the Abraham Lincoln of his day. Both had strong stomachs.

Their split in 1925 has been attributed by political gossips to disagreement on a vital point; whether Hylan made Whalen or *vice versa*. It is also said that Whalen, being politically ambitious, hoped to succeed his chief at the City Hall, and grew discouraged when it became obvious that Hylan sought a third term. It was then that he resigned to become general manager of the mammoth Wanamaker store. Probably there is a degree of truth in each of these theories, but the friction went deeper. Whalen had grown in ability and importance since 1917, whereas Hylan had expanded only in his own imagination.

If Hylan looks back on those years, with all their glories, he must acknowledge that Whalen was very faithful, and that his loyalty did not swerve until Tammany Hall planned to nominate Jimmy Walker. Certainly among his treasured memories must be a party held in the Department of Plant and Structures just before Christmas in 1923. The Mayor had been out of the city because of bad health, and the jollification was in the nature of a Welcome Home. Fortunately for the historians who will one day study the Whalen era, an eyewitness account has been preserved in the departmental archives:

> The white marble corridor had been transformed by lattices and lights into an avenue of color. In the reception room was a deep-set fire-place with the Yule log aglow and a brightly decked Christmas tree. The Commissioner's office and conference room were made attractive by blue decorations and hangings with richly shaded lights.
>
> Mayor Hylan was the guest of honor. When he entered, a trumpet sounded attention, and the municipal ferry-boat captains, in full uniform, came to salute as the Mayor passed through the long decorated corridor to the Commissioner's office. The Mayor was escorted by a hundred hostesses and ushers and by Mrs. Hylan and Commissioner and Mrs. Whalen.

After this impressive ceremony, Miss Elizabeth F. Kehoe, a talented assistant secretary, read a poem called "The Scroll." It began:

The words that I speak from this
  Scroll are the multiplied voice
Of a branch of this City's great work-
  Shop, who greatly rejoice
That, as with our hearts we greet
  Christmas so joyful and fair,
So we hail the return of our Beloved
  Chief, John F. Hylan, our Mayor.

IV

Whether or not Grover has a political future, now that he has achieved the exalted rank of Police Commissioner, it is certain that he has a life job as official welcomer for New York. It is in that delicate office that his pictorial qualities have reached their highest point: reporters attempting to describe him in action have always floundered for words. Once one said that he was a remnant of the dear, dead days when "the dull plumaged male bird of to-day wore bright feathers, when the burgomasters sported elaborate stocks, frilled shirts, brocaded waistcoats and silken pantaloons and stockings." Another sighed that "a mere glimpse of him is as restorative as an afternoon in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." In this capacity Grover has grown from a lesser city official to an international institution. In reward for his courtly labors, he now wears the following decorations: Royal Victorian Order (Great Britain), Order of Simon Bolivar (Venezuela), Officier d'Instruction Publique and Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur (France), Red Cross (Germany), Commander-in-Chief of the Order of the Crown (Rumania).

The Mayor's Committee on Receptions to Distinguished Guests is the permanent outgrowth of the band of patriots, headed by William Randolph Hearst, who went down the bay after the war and sadly told the returning troops that Prohibition had been accomplished during their absence. Grover was nominally secretary of the committee, but really he was the whole thing. It was he who stood on the bridge of the municipal yacht *Macom*, with his top hat shining in the sunlight and his cane twirling merrily. And when Mr. Wanamaker was made chairman of the permanent committee it was still Grover who ran the show. The first distinguished visitors to these shores carried back glowing accounts of this smiling functionary, and soon celebrities ignored the Statue of Liberty and the skyline to look for him. Today, a reception without him would be unthinkable.

This is because he has mastered all the nuances of his art. He knows that the Prince of Wales rates a top hat, but that Ruth Elder, the lovely aviatrix who landed near the Azores, was entitled to no more than a derby. After Lindbergh, Byrd, Chamberlin, Levine and other transoceanic fliers had been received, the air was filled with others seeking similar glory. When the star of all celebrities, the beauteous Queen of Rumania, was about to land, the Official Welcomer recognized an occasion which demanded a masterpiece. Nothing must mar the ceremony, and so he promulgated an official bulletin setting forth the proper costume: frock coats, striped trousers, gray cravats, gray spats, black shoes, silk hats and lacquer canes. His instructions were followed to the letter, and the committee, as it stood at attention on the *Macom*, looked for all the world like a bevy of chorus men about to burst out into "Queenie, We Love You!"

But I grow facetious and unfair. It is easy to smile at such antics, but the truth is that Grover Whalen has a real flair for ceremonial, and has shown an occasional touch that is sheer genius. Not all the visitors who rate a welcome are popular idols. Anyone could get crowds and huzzahs for first-class royalty. But Grover has been asked to turn out the populace for such figures as 115 British advertising men; "His Worship," Mrs. Lucia M. Foster-Welch, Lord Mayor of Southampton; Mrs. Clementine Corson (who swam the channel for her children); the President of Venezuela; the Belgian Debt Refunding Commission; the President of Haiti; the Duke de Alba of Spain; and Walter Hoover, champion sculler. Under the auspices of

any other town welcomer, the receptions accorded such as these might have been lacking in spontaneity and uproar. But Grover was equal to the problem; he took shrewd advantage of the fact that lower Broadway, during the hours from noon until two o'clock in the afternoon, is always jammed with people bound for lunch. When there was danger of a flop, he would bring his guests, with motorcycle policemen screeching their sirens, to the Battery during this period. They would be whirled up Broadway to the City Hall through lanes of office workers and stenographers, and the boys and girls always rose to the occasion. The visitors' appreciation of America soared immediately. What intelligent, well-informed people these supposed barbarians were!

At a public dinner in 1921, Commissioner Whalen had the pleasant task of paying tribute to Rodman Wanamaker, who had long been a patron of the Hylan administration. He did it in well-chosen words:

> He is one of the greatest men God ever put on the face of the earth. If an artist wished to do Mr. Wanamaker justice, he would require the assistance of all of the other great modern artists. An orator would require the combined eloquence of all the other great modern orators.

Feeling this way about Mr. Wanamaker, it was natural that Grover should go to the Wanamaker store when the future of his family caused him to leave the city's service. To say, however, that he retired to private life would be inaccurate. His old work as glad-hander went on, and when Mr. Wanamaker became the angel of the Byrd flight to France, he was placed in charge of the preparations at Roosevelt field.

For two months, beginning in the early Spring of 1927, he was in command at the field, and he made that disordered, greasy place blossom like a lingerie salon at the store. A GHQ was swiftly established. Mahogany desks were moved in, and chintz curtains appeared at the windows. There were flowers, alluring stenographers, competent clerks. Multigraph machines belched forth press releases describing the progress of the expedition. Telephones and telegraph wires were provided so that the reporters could flash their offices the moment the *America* left for Le Bourget.

Irreverent mechanics, it is true, viewed the ballyhoo with some distrust. There was a distressing moment, one day, when Bernt Balchen, Commander Byrd's hard-boiled Scandinavian pilot, wandered into Grover's immaculate office in search of some tools he had left there shortly before. His comments were loud and pungent when he learned that an underling had found the dirty objects marring the surface of Whalen's desk, and tossed them out of a window. Grover took the hint. The next day he appeared on the field wearing leather riding boots and a flannel shirt, open at the neck. He mingled with the soiled workmen and discussed propeller thrust, wing loads and wind drift with them.

On the afternoon of May 21, the *America* was to be christened with two bottles of water obtained at great expense from the exact spot on the Delaware river where General Washington posed for the familiar painting. A crowd gathered around the ship, but its heart was not in the ceremony. For at that moment, everyone knew, Lindbergh was either in the sea or approaching Paris. He had slipped out into the fog just before eight o'clock the previous morning.

The bottles of holy water were poised for the christening when, from the hangars, came a shout, "Lindbergh has landed at Le Bourget!" The crowd forgot the *America*, and the reporters dashed for telephones to make certain that their offices had the news. It was a cruel blow but Commander Byrd and Grover Whalen showed their sportsmanship. They swiftly transformed the occasion into a celebration over Lindbergh's exploit and cables of congratulation were immediately despatched.

If Grover's smile became a little fixed and strained during the days that followed, it was surely not remarkable. He had to watch Clarence Chamberlin and Charles

Levine take off for Germany, and still the *America* remained on the ground. But when, at last, it got under way, he let himself go. Estimating the hour when the plane would land in Paris, he prepared a collation of rejoicing for those at the field. Waiters from Park avenue were on hand. French chefs assembled astonishing victuals. But no word came from the other side, save that Paris was swept by fog and rain and that the *America* must be flying blind somewhere above the city. The chefs grew impatient when their handiwork seemed in danger of being kept too long. A false report started a premature celebration which had to be halted. Finally came word that the ship had cracked up off the French coast.

V

It took nerve to accept the post of Police Commissioner, particularly with an unsolved and sensational murder case on hand. Whalen is familiar enough with New York politics to know that it has been the graveyard of many an aspiring publicist. But if he had apprehensions regarding his chances of success, he gave not the slightest sign of it. Within a week he had fired inspectors, promoted others, transferred scores of subordinates, and started, as new commissioners invariably do, a relentless crusade against crime. There was, he told the apprehensive officials summoned to his office the first afternoon, "a lot of law in a nightstick."

He said he would back them up in "whatever means they found necessary in dealing with gangsters and thugs," and that he thereby served notice "to every underworld character that New York is an unhealthy place in which to remain." He was at his office from dawn to dusk, and then, after making an address at some dinner, he muffled himself in an overcoat and prowled, *à la* Theodore Roosevelt in the '90's, through the streets until early morning. He found everything just dandy; except when some literal minded cops refused to search an unidentified holdup victim until, as the law required, the coroner had examined the body.

"Do it anyway," he snapped. "Don't let red tape stand in the way of solving a crime."

The tempo became even more furious after the first week. "Every man with a criminal record is public property!" Grover thundered. "Bring them in!" So began raids while the headlines flared, and into Police Headquarters rumbled the Black Marias with vagrants, park bums, panhandlers—and a few criminals. The new Commissioner was elated when 160 derelicts were collected a day or so before Christmas, and publicly praised the city magistrates who held them in jail over the holiday. Later, when most of them were discharged for lack of evidence, he complained that some of the courts failed to dispense justice "from the point of view of the Police Department." He next gave his attention to the speak-easies which infest and adorn the town. These must be closed, he said, but hastened to explain that the punitive expeditions would be limited to those selling impure booze. While the town applauded, strong-arm squads began raids with axes, and even Lindbergh was crowded off the front pages.

Grover's success as a public figure has been due to his showmanship, to his perception that no act can be prolonged for any length of time. When the dragnets became wearisome, he started a revolutionary plan for traffic control in the theatrical district. And meanwhile the Rothstein case dropped back into the mysterious realm of unsolved crimes, along with the Elwell murder, the Dot King killing and the rest. It flared up for a moment, in March, when a gentleman known as Fatty Walsh, who had been Rothstein's pay-off man, was shot in a Florida hotel. Reporters demanded that Grover explain the significance of this. He had not the faintest idea what it meant, but he was not dismayed. He drew from his desk a plan for amendments to the penal code giving enormous new powers to

the police. Under them, the definition of a suspicious person was so expanded that everyone save Bishop Manning and Calvin Coolidge faced arrest. During the editorial uproar over this, the Rothstein case was again forgotten. Then Grover announced that it was too late in the legislative session to press his amendments.

It is too early to pass judgment on his fitness for the office he now holds. Perhaps, in time, he will follow the advice of the New York *World* to "go somewhere and think." Having done so, he may retract his contention that "nowhere in the law books is there anything about the rights of criminals." He will cease, also, his public endorsement of third-degree methods. Indeed, there are signs that he already grows more tame—now that the unfortunate Rothstein affair has finally slipped from the public mind. He still makes an average of six speeches a day, but he talks less wildly.

My own guess is that Grover will be better than the average police head New York has known. He has one trait which will win the confidence of the men on the force: he is generous. Like his chief, Jimmy Walker, he prefers to believe good of his fellow men. He will be slow to punish and quick to reward. And this means a lot to the poor cops who pound the pavements, and are the backbone of any police department. It seems to me that they are certain of a square deal. For among all the functions of the Police Commissioner, Grover will probably find his greatest enjoyment in pinning on medals, giving citations, and making speeches relating the bravery of the men under his command.

EDITORIAL

One hears little, of late, of the old urging that young Americans of condition go in for politics. Its chief exponent, in former days, was Roosevelt *der Grosse*, and perhaps his own sorry adventures as a public servant have been mainly responsible for its decline. For years he slaved for God and the flag with desperate zeal, butchering Spaniards and infidels, summoning wives to their physiological duty, and pursuing malefactors up and down the land. Half Tomás de Torquemada and half William Jennings Bryan, with Tartarin of Tarascon lurking somehow between, he entertained the country magnificently, and seemed destined to go down into history as one of the tribal heroes of the Crô-American people: he was himself, it appeared, the chief and shining proof that politics offered all the chances for Service that he said it did. But then, in his later middle years, something happened to him, and his finish was obscure, ignominious and full of lamentation. The folks he had saved from dragons and basilisks simply tired of him, as they so recently tired of Coolidge, and as they now tire of Lindbergh. He found himself supplanted by a pedagogue made up like the Anti-Saloon League killjoy of the cartoonists—a figure, by his red-blooded and phallic philosophy, both villainous and ridiculous. He passed from life like a rowdy schoolboy, blowing spitballs at the teacher.

Worse, his career, viewed with the detachment of the coroner's jury, began to seem vain in achievement as well as inglorious in reward. What, after all, had he accomplished, with his ample patrimony, his passionate energy, his cowboy hardening, and his Harvard polish? What had he done that any graduate of a city machine might not have done? Not much. The malefactors, coming out of their holes, turned out to be fatter and more enterprising than ever before. The infamy of birth control was spreading everywhere. Progressivism had retreated to the cow States, and was the monopoly of statesmen with strange haircuts. Pacifism was on its legs again. And the Grand Old Party, choking the nation with its stench, was preparing for such obscenities as it had never attempted before. The paladin of reform, in those last sad days, was no more; there remained only the incurable jobseeker, grabbing votes wherever they offered. The career of that other backslider, Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, was scarcely more depressing—in fact, it was rather less so. Penrose, coming out of Harvard too, started higher and fell further, but as he slid downward he took a sardonic sense of humor with it. He was a walking exposition of what politics could do to a young American gentleman, and he seemed to enjoy it.

But that any other young gentleman should follow him is no longer advised. The dream of a perfumed and denaturized politics, with the gentry edging out the muldoons, has been definitely abandoned. It is now obvious to everyone that the game, as it is played according to the American rules, is not for tender souls. What it needs primarily is toughness, and that toughness must be resistant to inward remonstrance as well as to outward assault. In brief, the aspirant must be willing to sacrifice anything for votes, including honor. He cannot hope for elective office unless he is. The process of getting it is no longer a process of battling for ideas and defending principles; it is a process of concealing ideas and evading principles. By that route the three most recent Presidents

of the United States got to the chair of Washington and Jefferson, and by the same route their successors hereafter will follow them.

The art political, as it flourishes among us, is the art of the cuttlefish. Its great master was Dr. Coolidge, and the essence of his technique was silence—the voluptuous silence of a cow in a sunny pasture. He lifted himself from the cracker-barrel to the throne by offending no one, and he offended no one by saying nothing. It was a magnificent *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory that democracy is government by free discussion—that the people rule themselves by taking counsel together. The only counsel that Coolidge ever took was with traders able to deliver votes, and the only counsel that he ever offered was unintelligible.

His successor carries the thing a step further. No one, to this day, knows what his political faith and allegiance are. He came into the field, not offering principles, but shopping for votes, and he took them wherever he could get them, and on any convenient terms. Whether they came from the Anti-Saloon League, the Ku Klux Klan, the black vote brokers of the South, the Methodist bishops, the Pennsylvania cossacks, or the survivors of the Ohio Gang, it was all one. It was a parliament of all the talents that lifted him to the purple, and it became at once a parliament of all the virtues. Today the Baptist and Methodist brethren are in and out of the White House, and their fantastic scheme to tear the Bill of Rights to tatters is a Noble Experiment. The vote brokers, turned white, operate in the anterooms, with lines of applicants stretching in all directions. The Pennsylvania cossacks continue to hold the Treasury, and the Ohio Gang feels a freshening of heart. In the House the assembled men of mark cheer and make a carnival when a policeman assassinates a bootlegger. In the Senate the old sham, Charlie Curtis, occupies the woolsack, and Jim Watson is the mold of honor on the floor.

II

I often wonder how service in the Senate strikes the few relatively independent and self-respecting men who survive there today. Most of that small company went out as the Methodist tide came in, but four or five linger on, waiting for the inevitable ax. It must be a gaudy experience for them to shake hands with their colleagues: frauds thrown in by the Klan, boozy serfs of the Anti-Saloon League, bogus Liberals with banker backing, shady lawyers turned statesmen, graduates of crooked State machines, mountebanks and corn-doctors of a dozen unutterable varieties, cheap and trashy fellows, neck-benders, dodgers. There are not twenty-five men in the ninety-six who know what common decency is, or would understand it if they were told. They got where they are by being limber, and they must ever increase in limberness to stay. Does the Anti-Saloon League knock them about like wretches in a chain-gang? Then don't blame the dry mullahs for giving them what they cry for. If there were no Anti-Saloon League, they would be bowing and scraping to the brewers, as they did aforetime. Do they tremble today before the Power Trust? Then don't forget how they used to tremble before bald Sam Gompers.

In such men the human spirit sinks to its lowest depths. Honor is nothing to them, not even a name; they crave only honors, and the shabbier the better. For every cheap privilege and prerogative they are eager, and of it they are jealous, but of decency they know nothing. They were silent about the Klan when it was flogging and burning, and they are silent about the swineries of the Prohibition blacklegs today. They, or their like, did their best to save Fall and Daugherty; they will do their best for the Falls and Daughertys of tomorrow. Office is their one thought—to hold their present office, to grab a better one, to be safe in even a worse one. When, by God's will, one of them is chased out of his Senate pew by a worse charlatan,

with better talents for bending the neck, then there is a place for him on some useless public commission, with salary enough to keep him in liquor; or he proceeds to practise "law" in the cloakrooms or before some jobholder who is uneasily aware that he may some day come back.

Such is the Senate of the United States in the year 1929. I surely whisper no scandal about it. What I have said of it has been said in substance on its own floor, by members revolting against its craven imbecility. It is, under the American system of government, the depository and sanctuary of the national statecraft. It is the last refuge of free speech among us, and hence, in theory, of free men. It is, as they say, the best club in the land. But it is a club in which members of any delicacy, approaching most of their fellows, are forced to hold their noses.

III

In other directions the tale is the same. Has anyone ever thought to canvass realistically the Governors of the forty-eight States? Certainly it would be shocking, even in the jungles of Africa, to find a worse gang of First Chiefs. One of them, now happily retired, was saved from the hoosegow only by the Statute of Limitations. Another, lately impeached, was an astrologer, and consulted the stars whenever matters of state confronted him. Yet another, also recently departed, has been publicly accused of counterfeiting. A fourth, still in office, believes in phrenology, and decides the guilt and fate of condemned criminals by feeling their bumps. A fifth has been charged with conspiring to have an opponent assassinated. A sixth, with a lynching facing him, deliberately resigned the victim to the mob. Two or three more are former hirelings of the Anti-Saloon League. At least six are high goblins in the Klan. I pass over such heroes of malignant Babbittry as Young of California and the late Fuller of Massachusetts, and such extravagant fanatics as the late Pinchot of Pennsylvania. And I pass over mere drunkards and ignoramuses.

Why should any young man of education and substance, eager for an honorable career in the world, aspire to thrust himself into such company? Of what honor is it to be a Senator of the United States, when the Senator at the next desk takes orders from Methodist bishops and the one on the other side got his place by knuckling to the Klan? Who wants to be a Governor when a third of them are rogues and another third idiots? I suppose these questions have been asked by more than one young man, and that the answers help to explain the increasing ignobility of our politics. Among men, as in trade, the bad coin drives out the good. As the career of politics becomes less and less appetizing to young men of sound qualities and honorable traditions, it also becomes more and more impossible. It tends inevitably to become a monopoly of the dubious, the unfit and the preposterous. In the last general election one of the candidates for President was a man who was either too cowardly or too cunning to discuss any of the dominant issues rationally, and the other was a man who discussed them in bad English. Were both, even so, better than the man the winner succeeded? Well, let us see who comes next. My prediction is that the time is upon us when even such fabulous asses as Bryan, examined in retrospect, will seem to have been almost statesmen, and, what is more amazing, almost gentlemen.

Young men, to be sure, still go into politics. They crowd up from below, pushing the old mountebanks over the precipice and into oblivion. But I think it would be a sad error to mistake them for the sort of young men who were summoned to the field by Roosevelt. They are hard-boiled fellows, and under no illusions. They have learned the capital lesson that the government they live under, whether in the States or in the nation, is owned and operated by base and scurvy men, and that if they would have a hand in it they must learn how to be base and scurvy too.

H. L. M.

GOLIATH AND HIS DAVIDS

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

PANICKY reformers, loud-mouthed lawyers, go-getting promoters and muddle-headed statesmen have so thoroughly tangled the reins of public utility control that the possibility of sensible regulation of the industries that light our homes, run our factories and our transportation, and transmit our conversation is in danger of disappearing. No men fear this more than the men whom regulation is popularly supposed to gall the most—the public utility magnates.

In the face of all sorts of opposition the electric power industry of America has grown to immense proportions. In the twenty-six years since 1902, according to Census Bureau figures, its annual revenues have jumped from $80,000,000 to $1,900,000,000, the investment in it from $483,000,000 to $10,300,000,000, and the annual kilowatt hours of production from 2,500,000,000 to 83,100,000,000. Nothing has produced this development but the growth of public demand for electricity: every new form of use for power which human ingenuity can devise is swiftly seized upon by a public that cannot get enough of it. Yet we are told that whenever we push a button, make ice cubes for highballs, put a bottle of beer in the refrigerator or grill a pair of kidneys we are only strengthening the arm of the power Goliath for the blow with which he will one day slay us. The immensity and efficiency of his business, though it was produced by the increasing scope of our own wants, is thus viewed with vast alarm by multitudes of earnest persons.

If it be true that no industry is more suspected or feared than the public utility industry, it is also true that no industry is more fearful of its masters. It is full of frightened men whose ears twitch like scared deer at the bang of the morning newspaper against the front door. No industry is so carefully scrutinized. At its faintest gesture of defiance or defense, press, public and officialdom leap upon it with *x*-ray and scalpel. Every day it must stick out its tongue and tell what it has had for supper. In the sadly troubled state of mind induced by this situation it casts about for help.

Not infrequently we hear the question, "What chance has the public in a legal battle with a public utility which can employ staffs of high-priced experts to overwhelm the public's handful of defenders?" The question has some reason in it, for, in addition to regiments of engineers, administrators and workmen, the public utility industry maintains large staffs of lawyers, accountants, statisticians, publicists and financial experts who keep in constant trim to serve as shock troops in battles in the public arena. Yet, formidable as these staffs appear, their value is questionable, for their weapons, the law, logic and figures, are often shattered in the clash with orators and politicians who, while shy on technical knowledge, have a sound understanding of the sort of stuff that gets printed. Nevertheless they are maintained, and frequently at great cost, all of which is charged to operating expenses and hence gets into the rate and is paid by the public. There is irony in this, for it is presumably in the public interest that the hue and cry has been raised about the breakdown of regulation,

which has produced the seemingly inextricable tangle in regulatory laws, which in turn is responsible for the hiring of high-priced experts and technicians.

Nothing could be more important to the American people in dollars and cents and in personal comfort than honestly operated and regulated public utilities, since electric service is now placed in the homes of 70% of the people, and every fifth person in the United States is a direct customer of the power magnates. Yet, despite the demagogic Pinchot of Pennsylvania, the hopeful Norris of Nebraska and the indomitable Walsh of Montana, the people as a whole are strangely backward about demanding reforms in public utility regulation. Some statesmen and newspapers cry that regulation has broken down; other newspapers and some supporters of utilities declare that it has not. Some regulatory public officials agree with one side; some agree with the other. The utilities themselves, bewildered, don't know whether they are being properly controlled or not, but wish somebody would hurry up and control them, because they had far rather be controlled by the public than owned by it, and the spectre of public ownership keeps lurking behind the arras.

Meantime, wildcatting holding company promoters dash in and out of the holes in the regulatory defense, gaining a yard here and a down there, pursued by State and Federal commissions, with the courts sometimes tackling them and at other times acting as interference for them, and with everybody in about the state of mind of the center-rush who grabbed the fumbled ball and then mistook his own goal posts for the enemy's. This situation will probably get worse before it gets better. And when the people do at last arise and demand sensible and efficient control, they will probably do it, not to save themselves from the power monster, but to protect their investments in his success, for nearly 5,000,000 of them are already holders of public utility securities and more are buying daily.

II

Public utility regulation begins at home—that is, it is first the responsibility of the States, because most of the power is generated and transmitted within State borders. But it is in State regulation, unluckily, that the most lamentable signs of regulatory weakness appear. Regulation is supposed to be the job of Public Service Commissions. Public Service Commission control succeeded the old corrupt forms of legislative control a quarter of a century ago, when amiable gentlemen with little black bags that chinked when accidentally dropped on the floor persuaded legislators to leave undone those things which they ought to have done, and *vice versa*. The people sought by establishing Public Service Commissions to achieve fearless, intelligent regulation of the rates, finances, and general conduct of the necessary public utilities. The first commission in the United States seems to have been the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities, established in 1864. Many commissions created later, especially in the Middle West, were given jurisdiction only over steam railroads, for railroad problems were the only utility problems then existent. Today every one of the forty-eight States, except Delaware, has a Public Service Commission. But many of them present sorry evidence of the public's incapacity to look after its interests intelligently.

In seven States, Florida, Iowa, Kentucky, Minnesota, Mississippi, South Dakota and Texas, the commissions have no jurisdiction over the two most important items of rates and service. The citizens of these States use electric light and power, gas, street cars and telephones like the rest of us, but regulation exists not at all or is woefully incomplete. Kentucky is beginning to think about the matter; the next Legislature probably will be asked to create a genuine public utility and water power control agency. In Texas hot battles rage between the large cities, which regulate their own utilities (or own them)

and thus don't want State regulation, and the small communities where private utilities are unregulated. Legislation is proposed for a Public Service Commission to regulate utilities in unincorporated towns of 2,000 or less, and to have no jurisdiction over municipally owned plants. The other five States continue to let rates and service take care of themselves or put them up to the Legislatures.

In sixteen States public utilities can keep their accounts on their cuffs if they like; there is no regulation of accounting systems. Twenty-six States permit the issuance of securities entirely without regulation (except for the occasional working of a Blue Sky Act), and have no control of capitalization. In twenty-seven States utilities may merge or consolidate as much as they please and the public can do nothing. In twenty-three States they can extend or initiate service in their races for new territory, and no one can control them.

Obviously, then, the movement for effective regulation should begin in the States, but the people appear slow, not only to make the present regulatory laws complete, but to go after competent men to administer them. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois are among the few States that pay their utility commissioners decent salaries. In New York each one gets the respectable sum of $15,000 a year; in Pennsylvania, $10,000, with $500 additional for the chairman; in New Jersey, $12,000. California pays $8,000 a year. The other States range from $2,000 to $5,000 a year, with an occasional $6,000 or $7,000 a year chairman. Yet all these men are expected to be big enough to control and regulate in the public interest corporations worth millions of dollars and, in some States, hundreds of millions; and not a few really are, despite their modest pay.

State Commissions, of course, even if properly equipped and empowered, can regulate only intrastate business, but this is the most important part of the whole, since most utility service is and always will be intrastate. Yet, if much intrastate regulation is weak or stupid, as it surely is, what is to be said of the regulation of interstate utility service, which is growing by leaps and bounds? If the States cannot control their own local power companies, what chance have the plain people to grapple with Superpower?

Superpower is the name given to a supposed Power Trust, formed by the consolidation or merger of many local power and light companies. Many utility men think of Superpower as almost heaven-sent; it will, they believe, comfort the fatherless and the widow and deliver the slave from bondage. On the other hand, such reformers as Gifford Pinchot see it as a scheme of incredible boldness designed to rob the poor. Whatever the ultimate fate of Superpower, there is no doubt that the rapid growth during the last decade of the electrical industry and the resulting integration of small generating stations and transmission and distributing systems into big single operating units is one of the amazing phenomena of the time.

These big units, controlling many operating companies, are known as holding companies. A holding company gathers under one wing many small operating companies all over a single State or in several neighboring States. It buys the properties, or acquires the voting stock in them, or enters into leases or management contracts with them. The Federal Trade Commission, in 1927, reported that holding companies already controlled 75% of the American electric power industry, and that more than four-fifths of the total was controlled by eight groups. These figures were for 1924. Since then, it is reported, 80 major holding companies have acquired 800 more operating companies and 55 minor holding companies. Mr. Pinchot in his brochure, "The Power Monopoly—Its Makeup and Menace," gives the number of holding companies, as of June 30, 1927, as 166, in addition to 31 investment companies allied with the power interests, and 85 entirely independent companies.

Including 4,196 operating companies which he declares are controlled in some way by the holding companies, he finds 4,362 light and power corporations in the electrical power industry. Thus, since even the big dogs are still constantly snatching each other's bones, it cannot yet be said that they constitute one immense force, with a sinister singleness of purpose. They are still competing for the patronage that fairly clamors to be served, and so long as such competition exists the term Power Trust will not mean much.

This is not the place to go into the merits or demerits of the Superpower or holding company system, except in so far as questions of public control are involved. Even public regulatory authorities admit that the holding company scheme has produced more efficient management, reduced capital charges, produced greater output and afforded greater security against breakdown of service. It has also produced the important phenomenon of customer ownership of public utility securities. This widespread customer ownership is the outgrowth of post-war prosperity, plus the judicial tendency to protect public utility properties from confiscation, plus the growth of mergers and consolidations. The public is participating heavily in public utility profits, and so fewer people than in the past are eager to see the utilities in trouble.

It is the suspected tendency of Superpower to slip the public halter and seek the backing of the courts for doing so that alarms earnest defenders of the public weal. Indeed, appeals to the courts by public utilities always wring shrieks from the watchmen on the walls, and it is on such occasions as we shall see further on, that one hears most loudly the wail that regulation has broken down. Unfortunately for the public welfare (and for the welfare of the utilities, too), these clamors against appeals to the courts detract attention from gaps in public utility control that are far more real and far easier to repair.

III

What are some of the soluble problems? As we have seen, most electric utility service is intrastate and always will be; and intrastate service is or can be controlled by the State Commissions. Interstate service, while only a minor part of all the service furnished, sets up a knottier puzzle. It is the problem of controlling service furnished across the borders of neighboring States.

This service is of two sorts: (1) power brought into a State from another State by the corporation and sold direct to its customers; (2) power sold by a corporation in one State to another corporation in another State and then resold to consumers. Over interstate transactions of the first sort it has been held that the States may maintain regulation and control, since no change of ownership of the power takes place prior to its delivery to the consumer. Over interstate transactions of the second sort, the Federal government has sole jurisdiction through the Federal Power Commission and neither of the two States concerned has any jurisdiction.

That looks simple enough, but it is complicated by this fact: that under Section 20 of the Federal Water Power Act, the Federal Power Commission has jurisdiction only over interstate power businesses which have obtained licenses from it, and is limited even then to cases where the States directly concerned lack proper Public Service Commissions of their own. Thus, a light and power corporation engaging in interstate business without a license from the Federal Power Commission, or between States without commissions having regulatory power, can proceed about its business virtually without regulation, or at most to an accompaniment of shouts and clamors from official sources that the birthright of the people is being stolen, and with resultant litigation, involving appeals, reversals, and reversals of reversals, all protracted and costly to everybody.

These interstate transactions are made possible by holding companies owning and controlling operating companies in different States. It may be said, and often is, that if the consumer gets good service and gets it at a reasonable price, which can be fixed by the State Commission, that is all that should concern him. But the damage is sometimes done before the rates are fixed. Exorbitant prices are offered by promoters of mergers for operating properties, and, unless the State Commission is smart enough to see the coon in the woodpile and deny the merger until a more reasonable price is fixed, the transaction may be completed, and a demand made for rates based upon the inflated price, with service suffering while the battle goes on.

Such gaps in the regulation of inter-State commerce in power might be filled by legislation, but, as usual, hot words, political hopes, the desire of public men to pose as crusaders, the touchiness of utility men, the clamoring of an uninformed or hostile press, and the insistence of public ownership fanatics upon dragging their pet cure-all into the limelight all combine to make it difficult to pursue the strait and narrow path to sound and effective laws. Moreover, it is so much easier to keep on attacking the regulatory system in small salients than it is to round it up and capture it in a drive along its whole formidable and complex front.

The cry that regulation has broken down is always heard loudest when a public utility appeals to the courts from a decision of a Public Service Commission. The theory is apparently held that the utilities should abide by the decisions of the commissions, either out of respect to the feelings of the commissioners, or as an exhibition of tact and good taste. But the utilities, having the right to appeal to the courts, prefer to exercise it boldly, though it is often questioned, even among utility men, whether, in view of the hullabaloo that always follows, it is a wise thing always to do so. The utility appeals, for example, when the commission in response to an application for an increase in rates refuses to grant the increase. A public uproar is then inevitable, but it is no louder than the uproar which would have followed if an increase had been granted.

It has been seriously suggested by a New York City alderman that the utilities be kept out of the courts by legislation. In Massachusetts the Department of Utilities itself, one of the best and most powerful of the State regulatory bodies, has for the past two years been proposing a "contractual relationship" between utilities and the State, whereby the companies would agree to abide by the rulings of the department without appeal to the courts. These serious proposals to deny to an important industrial group that protection of the judicial branch of the government which is guaranteed to all citizens show how far our utility troubles have been permitted to go. Many utility men regard this proposed denial as more menacing than public ownership, in spite of the lawyers' dismissal of it as preposterous.

The appeal problem has been noticed in the Uniform Public Utilities Act, another of the efforts of the States to overcome by conference and suggestion the chaos and conflict in State laws that Congress cannot or will not overcome by national legislation. The Uniform Utilities Act was adopted in July, 1928, by the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws and approved later by the American Bar Association. Naturally, these bodies look with horror upon any suggestion that any free American citizen be denied recourse to the courts. The uniform act provides in Section 47 (a), that "any party to any proceedings before the commission may file a petition in the Supreme Court asking for a review of the commission's orders therein," and the following footnote seems to anticipate all efforts to bar utilities from the courts:

> Of course, if the findings of the commission on questions of fact violate constitutional rights, these findings are subject to review and no statu-

tory enactment can provide otherwise. In rate cases when the question of confiscation is raised the Supreme Court has held that the parties always have the right to the independent judgment of the court on both the law and the facts.

The claim that the corporation's property is being "confiscated" is most often the ground of an appeal to the courts from a commission's decision. By fixing rates so low that they do not produce enough revenue for depreciation reserves, operating expenses, fixed charges and dividends, the commission takes the company's property "without due process of law," and thus violates its constitutional rights. The constitutional precept here invoked is, of course, the Fourteenth Amendment, passed primarily to secure the rights of citizenship and property to the colored brother. Now it is called upon to back up the utilities' insistence that their property be valued on the basis of the cost of reproducing it at the time of valuation, and to support the theory that a company's earnings should not be less than 8% of the valuation figure. These questions of valuation and rate of return produce more appeals to the courts, both by utilities and by commissions, than anything else. But not only is the sanction by a court of the utility viewpoint hailed as "another breakdown" for regulation, but the very act of appealing is hailed in the same way. Indeed, the Governor of New York, in promulgating last March his plan for power development on the St. Lawrence river, expressly took the whole project out of the hands of his Public Service Commission, and spoke of "the belief held by many" that regulating powers of the commission have been impaired through Federal court decisions which "have to a large extent nullified the protection originally intended for the consumer." Here again is seen the idea that protection of the consumer involves denying to the class of industries known as public utilities the right to the equal protection of the laws.

Obviously, it is in order that rates for gas and electricity, street car fare and telephone service may be kept below the point at which the courts, bound to consider the question of confiscation, would fix them, that men like the Governor of New York desire either public ownership or some system of control that will bar the utilities from the courts. This is equivalent to saying that questions of confiscation, reproduction cost, replacement value, going value, good will, and so on should not enter into utility rate-making, although they enter into the prices charged for every other product sold to consumers by every other sort of industry, not one of which is limited to any return whatever, but may earn 800% if it can get it.

Sometimes it is urged that the utilities' appeals to the courts do not always help them anyway and that hence there is nothing to squawk about. Henry C. Spurr, a utility statistician and publicist, has declared that out of 470 appeals from commission decisions between 1914 and 1923, the commissions were sustained by the courts 285 times, and reversed only 185 times. Further examining these figures, he finds that of the 185 reversals, 145 were against the contentions of the corporations. Appeals, from 1923 to 1928, 490 in number, show, he declares, that in 418 cases the courts favored the commissions rather than the utilities.

IV

After all, rates are the consumer's ultimate test of the effectiveness of public regulation, so it is interesting to examine rate trends under commission regulation. It is undoubtedly true that if there had been no State commissions during the war and post-war periods most of the public utilities in the country would have gone bankrupt. Costs of operation were mounting; wages were jumping, but not fast enough to suit the workers. The commissions came to the rescue of the utilities by granting them increases in rates, paying no attention to popular outcries. The commissioners defended this policy by declar-

ing that if they had not had the power and had not acted as they did, the utilities would have had to wait for legislative action, and if refused relief in that quarter, would have had to go to the courts, perhaps all the way to the Supreme Court of the United States, whose dockets would have become incredibly congested. In the meantime, many corporations would have gone into receiverships, which would have produced inevitable rate raises accompanied by bad service.

Whether this argument is sound or not, it is certain that the unpopularity of commission regulation dates from the rate-raising years between 1916 and 1921. Since then, according to Mr. Spurr's statistics, rates have declined. Various State commissions have reported to him on the subject. In California the reductions totalled $3,392,458 from December 15, 1927, to June 30, 1928. In Maryland the Public Service Commission makes a conservative estimate of between $13,000,000 and $14,000,000 reductions in gas and electric rates since July 1, 1923. In Indiana reductions during the past five years have exceeded $6,000,000. In Michigan, for the same period, they are said to have saved consumers $14,597,388. In New York the savings have aggregated $17,500,000. The list can be lengthened, says Mr. Spurr. Virtually all these reductions, it appears, were made possible by negotiation between the commissions and the companies, without litigation, delay, or public expense. Would the reductions have been made had there been no commissions? The commissioners presume to doubt it; although cases of a utility's coming in and suggesting a reduction in its rates are not unheard of. Often in such instances, there are howls from some quarters because the reductions offered are not larger. Then the commissions are required to hold hearings and incur expenses to see whether or not larger reductions are possible.

All this bears on the point made by those who argue that regulation has not only not broken down, but is really working wonders. The commissions, of course, have much to do beside adjusting rates, pursuing slippery holding companies and fighting off bad dreams about Superpower. For every action noticed by a newspaper, a commission does thousands of odd jobs that the public never hears of. Its telephones buzz all day with calls from street car riders, telephone users and owners of gas ranges, electric toasters, library lamps and radios, demanding justice, though it mean the hanging of a utility president to the nearest lamp post. Its mail men groan every day under loads of petitions demanding the people's rights. It must give audience to delegations of earnest men and women from neighborhood associations. It must be constantly inspecting the power stations, transmission lines, car tracks, balance sheets and account books of all the utilities in its jurisdiction. Groups of embattled housewives with broad ribbons across their bosoms and fire in their eyes must be bowed to with courtesy and heard with patience.

The Public Service Commissions are small, compact bodies, capable, it would seem, when manned by courageous and intelligent men, supported by competent staffs of experts, of doing a fine job of protection when the rights of the people are in danger. Yet, beyond a doubt, they have fallen into evil repute. What could take their places? The Governor of New York, in respect to the St. Lawrence river project, proposed a board of five trustees, appointed by him with the consent of the Senate, to run the proposed State-owned dam and hydro-electric plant, and even to distribute the current if no satisfactory deal could be made with a private distributing company. But the State Legislature turned him down. Obviously, no such piecemeal control of separate and isolated operations could possibly be successful on a State-wide scale.

Would Public Service Commissions lend readier ears to the public if they were elected instead of appointed? The answer is that many of the State commissions

already are elected; moreover, it appears from the Spurr statistics hereinbefore presented, on court reversals of commission decisions, that such decisions have more often taken the public's than the utility's side. Would a return to the old-time legislative control be advisable? This involved, in the old days, heavy expenditures by the utilities for corruption funds. Unless Legislatures have changed mightily in the last twenty years, the same expenses would have to be incurred again, with little resulting benefit to the public. The utilities would involuntarily be plunged up to their ears in politics.

What about public ownership? Volumes have been written and millions of hot words uttered about it, but its popularity in the United States may be gauged by a glance at the trend in publicly owned light and power plants in recent years. Of all the electricity generated by electric light and power enterprises in the United States in 1926, only 4¼% was produced in municipal plants, and one-fifth of this was generated by the Hetch-Hetchy plant owned by the city of San Francisco and sold in bulk to a private company. Excluding this, the proportion drops to 3½%. Since 1922 the municipal systems have shrunk both in number of systems and number of communities served. The 1922 Census showed 2,581 municipal systems serving 2,940 communities; the 1927 estimate showed 2,030 municipal systems serving 2,250 communities. For some years to come, it seems likely, the Hoover rather than the LaFollette theory of ownership will prevail with the American people.

Many commissioners themselves appear to agree that the soundest route to effective utility regulation lies through strengthening the existing system of State commissions, backed up, in cases where interstate commerce is involved, by strong Federal laws which would also provide effective control over holding companies. Mr. Merrill, the Federal Power Commissioner, has suggested, and there are many State commissioners to back him up, that State commissions might be authorized to act with the Federal government both in the matter of securities issued by holding companies, seeing to it that there are actual assets behind these securities, and in the matter of the rates charged by local companies where interstate questions are involved. This, they declare, could be arranged very simply by recognizing the State commissions as Federal agencies to find values for the local companies, owned or controlled by out-of-state holding companies, which values would fix the basis for security issues by the holding companies; and to examine such books, contracts and other papers of the out-of-state holding companies as relate to the local companies, and to fix rates as they now fix them where no interstate questions are involved.

The means of achieving all this lies in the hands of the sovereign people who, unfortunately, seem to be so busy with other affairs that they cannot be bothered. A clarion call on the subject from President Hoover was expected in his inaugural address, but it did not come. He was for regulation, yes; but he gave no hint of any suspicion on his part that regulation had broken down, or even that it was a formidable and perplexing question anywhere in the country.

The matter will be taken up and settled, as I have suggested, when the troubles of regulation begin to make themselves manifest on such an increasing scale in the American household that personal comfort is threatened. By that time, if things continue as they are going, every fifth, or fourth, or third person in the United States will not only be a direct customer of the public utility industry, but an owner of its securities as well, and the rolling phrases, protection of the consumer and rights of the people, will not mean at all the same things our public champions profess to believe they mean today. For then the public's income from its heaviest investment may be threatened too.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

BLACK Mobile makes the final leap to culture, as recorded in the department of Colored Notes in the celebrated *Press* of that great town:

> The beautiful Gomez auditorium was transformed into a queer and yet beautiful scene last night for the Ravens' annual ball. The theme was "The Volga Boatman." The members wore the native costume of old Russia. The girls favored with the first dance made a pretty picture attired in the native garb also and seated in a movable boat with their dance partners on the side. The first dance favors were strings of pearls. The gay guests tripped to the strains of the Pope orchestra until a wee hour. Punch was served during the evening.

ARIZONA

CASE history for Dr. Freud, as set down by a reader of the illustrious Phoenix *Evening Gazette:*

> For the past twenty years, ever since a startling change came into my life, I have been seeing the most remarkable things everywhere, titanic beings both in the sky and earth, scenes in the heavens that might outrival descriptions of any visions heretofore recorded, monstrous dragons and serpents and little serpents here and there doing all sorts of queer things from running themselves along a staff that I might be carrying to showing themselves gobbling hundreds of humans at one snap of their mighty jaws. I have seen so many of these things everywhere that I have come to the conclusion after twenty years of such experience that they are not visions but absolute reality, and the deduction has come to me that a lot of earthly favors are extended to certain ones through their intentional aiding such monsters to gain their bellies' full of choice human flesh.
>
> Just the other day here I had a vision you might call it of a huge grey serpent shooting itself up along one of your big chimneys. This is a favorite way of theirs of showing themselves along a log or stick or up along a chimney or tree or something. This fellow must have been at least three feet in diameter and most beautifully shaded in its bluish silvery grey coating. I have seen these serpents even forty feet in diameter. There is a saying that the columns in some buildings designate the size of the serpents under them and as I used to live in a home with great three foot pillars in front of it I can truthfully say that I saw in that home a serpent's wavering body through its halls fully that size and it was the most beautifully colored thing and patterned thing I ever saw.
>
> The other day here down town I happened to pick up a tiny young bird that had dropped from its nest and was trying to aid it back into the tree. I have often helped these dear little things in this way. As I was holding my little friend in my hand my head was drawn heavenward and there as if already planned I saw two huge birds flying through the air and looking down at me and at the same time I heard a voice saying, "It's friendly." These birds flew pretty high and their wings looked to me in spread certainly to be about 200 feet. Of course I cannot positively assert this but this is the statement that I wish to make. It seems for some reason or other the birds were testing me. I have been tested by everything and even in the forest as I wandered along I would stumble now and then upon a dear little tiny serpent and all the time I would feel the eyes of the monster dragons watching to see what I would do to such innocence.
>
> You may laugh and say what you please but this world is being tested by things that have the power to make themselves invisible to human eyes and they may be the many things spoken of in the beginning of the Bible as being invisible. Most of the eyes of this world are so bound anyhow that they cannot see things and many haven't time to study out things but I think this world would be better if everything knew the truth especially about the hidden monsters and their allies that are forever feeding upon the image of God, which we call the human race.
>
> A.

ARKANSAS

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner*, of Little Rock, rediscovers two new sins:

> I very much prefer long hair but can not understand why the brethren are so set against bobbed hair and they never say one word against the hair being plaited. Plaited hair is as much condemned as having the head SHORN. (There is a difference between BOBBED hair and SHORN hair). Then being adorned with jewelry is also condemned but the dear brethren seem to forget all about this most expensive jewelry fashion and jump on to the one foolish fashion that a poor girl can afford. I am not endorsing any of it. I think the girls, as well as the rest of us, should avoid the appearance of evil and do our

best not to offend even the least of the saints and all should certainly avoid all forms of worldliness, yet why do the preachers tear their shirts off their backs over bobbed hair and yet they never cheep about having the long hair braided or plaited and never a word about the expensive fashion of wearing jewelry?

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles makes another imperishable gift to American culture:

LOVE ONLY ME!

New Magic Perfume Creation! All the Rage in Hollywood!

Let LOVE ONLY ME help bring you success in Love and Social Affairs. Let LOVE ONLY ME help you win and hold the affection of your sweetheart. LOVE ONLY ME is an enchanting, mystic, powerful aroma, designed to captivate all who come within its circle. Old and young, rich and poor, surrender to its charm and magic. Our DOUBLE STRENGTH $3 size, which will last many months, *Specially Reduced to Only*..... $1.00

SEND NO MONEY

Pay postman $1.90 plus 19c mailing charges on arrival. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Full instructions for use and "Secrets of Winning the One You Love" sent FREE. Order NOW, so when you see the ONE YOU LOVE and they ask what is that wonderful aroma, you can say, LOVE ONLY ME.

PRINCESS CO.,
1266 Crenshaw Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The rewards of a San Francisco worthy, as reported by the *Bulletin:*

F. S. Proctor, veteran employee of Charles Brown & Sons, is back to work today with a big smile and happy feeling of satisfaction that loyalty pays big rewards. For last Saturday at the annual dinner-dance of the firm Proctor was presented with a service button denoting thirty-three years of service with the concern. The button was presented by S. W. Newman, president of Charles Brown & Sons, who lauded Proctor for his loyalty and efforts in behalf of the firm. More than 100 employees attended the affair, which was held at Marquard's Redwood Grove.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Exercise in logic by the Hon. John J. Tigert, B.A., M.A.(Oxon), LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, as flung to the world by the celebrated *American Baptist:*

The principal considerations which govern my belief [in personal immortality] are as follows:

1. The universal yearning of all men in all times and in all places for life after death.
2. The overwhelming consensus of opinion among thinkers, philosophers and writers.
3. The apparent possibility of all organic forms to perpetuate themselves in form and principle indefinitely.
4. The impossibility of an intelligent explanation of the cosmos without postulating a Creator. Charles Darwin admitted the impossibility of explaining the development of life and the origin of species unless certain fundamental types are assumed to have been created by the Creator. Immortality follows as a corollary from the existence of God.
5. An unchanging faith which has persisted with me from early childhood.
6. The testimony of Jesus Christ and the historical evidence of His resurrection.

FLORIDA

From the Tampa *Morning Tribune:*

"If Jesus were a citizen of Tampa," said Dr. Walt Holcomb, speaker at the Tampa Rotary luncheon, "a committee of the Rotary Club would wait upon Him and ask Him to become a member—because Rotary is founded upon Service, and Jesus was the greatest examplar of service. And Jesus would join your club for that same reason."

GEORGIA

Literary exercises in the rising town of Baxley, as reported by the Jacksonville, Fla., *Times-Union:*

The A. H. Moon Literary Society of the Baxley High-school assembled Friday and a delightful programme was rendered. The society was called to order by President John West. Chaplain service was held by Chaplain Elizabeth Shaw. The following programme was rendered: Debate, "Resolved, that the hydrant is more beneficial than the pump."

ILLINOIS

Scientific announcement circulated in the great city of Chicago:

Be lucky. Drive the Evil Spirits from your Home. Kill the jinks for good. Our Lucky VAN VAN Oil and Lucky Salts are used by many for good luck in their home and in winning in love, games and everything. Why not you? The fragrant odor of Van Van Oil and the drawing power of the Lucky Sprinkling Salts will delight you. When used according to our Secret Directions they are believed to yield a mysterious and powerful influence, bringing Good Luck to the user in everything.

GET YOURS TODAY

Don't delay. Make things come your way. Follow our Free Magic Directions and notice the change. On arrival, pay postman only $1.98 for this complete Lucky Outfit, the Seven Secrets to Health and our Big Book of Lucky numbers. Guaranteed to please or money refunded.

J. C. STEVENS CO.,
4212 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago

FROM the *Daily Illini*, student organ of the University of Illinois:

> Dr. Coleman R. Griffith, director of psychological research in athletics, will speak to the members of the Undergraduate League of Wesley Foundation at the weekly meeting in Henderson Hall. Dr. Griffith's subject will be "The Religious Life of a Jellyfish."

KANSAS

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the grand old town of Concordia:

> Hoping to rid himself of a persistent life insurance agent, Walter Cyr, a young farmer, left a goodbye note to friends and then disappeared. For three days he was sought in the vicinity of his farm home by hundreds of men and finally was located on a straw stack. When searchers approached he swallowed poison. Cyr said he had wandered about the countryside for 72 hours attempting to nerve himself to suicide. He asserted he knew no other way to escape the attention of the insurance man.

KENTUCKY

MUSICAL note in the celebrated *American Baptist* of Louisville:

> The chorus gave three beautiful numbers, the first being an occapella.

EULOGY upon a Christian immortal in the *Central Methodist* of the same illustrious town:

> Who was William J. Bryan? And what did he stand for? Is he dead or still alive? The agonies of death and horrors of Hell loom as hideous monsters to sadden the heart and mar the bliss of man. However, hope sees a star beyond the vale. That gentle spirit entered the twilight of a glorious dawn with visions of a glittering star and eternal rest. . . . He cast a pebble on the ocean of time, carrying ripples fraught with incense and wholesome perfumes. Purity will garnish his memory and homage shall follow with trophies of divine honor. . . . That great mind was ever fraught with a pure cargo. He has heard from his Master the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast fought a good fight, thou hast earnestly contended for the faith once delivered unto the saints, for thou art victor over the devil and his emissaries. Reserved for thee is a crown of life and a palm of victory."
>
> For a moment, let's lose sight of creeds, politics and prejudice and take cognizance of Bryan, the man, and frankly say, we have lost the greatest man of this boasted nation or of the field of Christendom. . . . Let him rest in peace and one with no taint of modernism cast the first stone of calumny at that sublime character.

MAINE

THE pains of patriotism in Portland, as reported by the correspondent of the eminent Boston *Herald:*

> Although suffering from acute appendicitis so badly that an opiate had to be administered to enable him to undergo the proceedings, Abram Rosen, 60, a former local tailor, today achieved his ambition to become a United States citizen in District Court. Three hours later surgeons deemed immediate operation necessary at the hospital to which he was rushed after he took the oath of allegiance. This was performed and was apparently successful.

MARYLAND

THE progress of the Noble Experiment in the Free State, as revealed by an act passed by the recent Legislature and signed by the Hon. A. C. Ritchie, Governor and Captain-General:

> 43. When any person, body politic or corporate shall propose to sell or barter, or dispose of, or offer for sale anything mentioned in the preceding Section, *except spirituous or fermented liquors*, he shall apply to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for the county in which he proposes to carry on such selling or bartering, or disposing of goods, wares, chattels or merchandise; or if he proposes to carry on such selling or bartering, or disposing of goods, wares, chattels or merchandise in the City of Baltimore, to the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for a license therefor; and a license to offer for sale issued by said Clerk of Court of Common Pleas or by the Clerk of the Circuit Court for any county shall be good and sufficient as a license to offer for sale in every part of the State; provided, that such license shall not authorize the holder thereof to open or carry on any store or fixed place of business for such selling or offering for sale in any place other than in the place of business designated in said license and in the application therefor, it being intended hereby that a separate trader's license shall be obtained for each store or fixed place of business; *but no license to trade or to sell spirituous or fermented liquors shall be issued by any Clerk of a Court to a feme covert, or to any person under the age of twenty-one years, without the special order of a judge of said Court;* and no judge shall give such special order to issue such license *to sell spirituous or fermented liquors to a feme covert, or person under the age of twenty-one years, unless upon the recommendation of at least ten respectable freeholders residents of the ward or district wherein said license would be operative;* and whenever any license shall be issued to a feme covert or minor, the said feme covert or person under the age of twenty-one years shall be responsible for all contracts made in the prosecution of such business under such license and shall be liable to be sued therefor in any of the Courts of this State; and the said feme covert may be sued or indicted and prosecuted

in case of a violation by her of the license law of this State, or in case she should keep a disorderly house, as if she were a feme sole; and if judgment be obtained against her on any contract, execution shall or may issue in the ordinary way to affect her separate estate; provided, however, that such responsibility shall in no manner affect or impair the responsibility of the parent of such infant under existing laws.

MASSACHUSETTS

CONTRIBUTION to the intellectual history of America from Boston:

William Cardinal O'Connell, dean of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, believes that behind the Einsteinian speculation on space and time there lurks the "ghastly apparition of atheism."

The Cardinal so expressed himself here yesterday in a communion breakfast address before the New England Province of Catholic Clubs of America, in which he stressed the necessity of religious faith and assailed the "pseudo-intellectuals."

"I mean," he said, "that while I do not wish to accuse Einstein at present of deliberately wishing to destroy the Christian faith and the Christian basis of life, I half suspect that if we wait a little longer he unquestionably will reveal himself in this attitude. In a word, the outcome of this doubt and befogged speculation about time and space is a cloak beneath which lies the ghastly apparition of atheism."

CULTURAL news from Harvard, as reported by the illustrious Boston *Post:*

The two Harvard musical marathoners, who will strive to outlisten each other in the sitting and listening endurance contest to be staged in a music store on Holyoke street, Cambridge, will swing into action at 3 o'clock this afternoon, when a well-known theatrical star will start them off with a wave of a Crimson banner. The students will then clamber into the windows of the shop, and the fantastic struggle, the first of its kind, will get under way. The two students will seat themselves in opposite windows, each with a victrola and more than 2000 records, and, save for brief intervals, when they will be permitted to withdraw for a few moments, they will listen continually to tunes until one of the two faints, dies, falls asleep, or becomes insane. The two boys have agreed that the contest can be ended by no other cause than one of these.

MICHIGAN

THE REV. DR. PAUL ARNOLD PETERSON, a favorite Presbyterian divine of Pontiac, as reported by the United Press:

Golf is second only to Christianity, and is its greatest ally in the development of the highest standard of American manhood and womanhood.

MISSOURI

THE worship of God in Kansas City, as reported by the illustrious *Star* thereof:

"Ice and Sand."
"This Hard-Boiled Age."
"Radio Christians."
"The Modern Babel."
"Victim and Victor."
"Blossom Time in the Desert."
"Men of Sorrows."
"Heart Searching."
"How to Be Happy Though a Church Member."
"Mockers at Sin."

Did you think they were movie titles, you poor heathen? Well, they were titles of sermons preached in Kansas City yesterday.

PUBLIC notice in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

Highwaymen—Holdup men, please note: This is to notify you that I do not carry on my person the receipts of my various theatres. They are locked in time lock safes and taken to the bank in an armored car. I am tired of being held up.

(Signed) FRED WEHRENBERG.

NORTH CAROLINA

PUBLIC manifesto in the *Moore County News* of Carthage:

We, the undersigned gentlemen confined in the Moore county jail, wish to congratulate Mr. A. W. Lambert, the jailer, on his excellent service and management of this concern.

B. CAGLE, *Hallison.*
DEWEY ALLRED, *Hemp.*
JAS. ROBELON, *New York.*
P. J. LAVELLE, *Boston.*
CHARLIE C. FRY, *Pinehurst.*

OKLAHOMA

WANT advertisement in the Oklahoma City *Times:*

MINISTER—Age 60; retiring from pastoral work: must have employment. Competent and in good health; can qualify as local or traveling salesman; bird store or pet stock business; restaurant manager; hotel clerk, or shipping clerk. Good mixer; able organizer. What have you for a man of ability and a clean record? C. A. Watkins, Okeene, Okla., Box 135.

OREGON

MEDICAL news in the *Yaquina Bay News*, published at Newport:

Rabbits' feet and horseshoes must take a back seat. O. V. Hurt, of Waldport, who visited Newport in company with Mrs. Hurt, their daughter, Mrs. Frank Johnson and Mr. Johnson, of Tidewater, wears a bracelet of copper

wires around his right wrist and a similar anklet around his left ankle for the purpose of warding off rheumatism. Vic says the charm works as he has tried it for a number of years. A woman in the lobby of the Hotel Abby addressed the Waldport politician and told him that she was a specialist and advised him to carry a potato in his pocket for the same purpose.

SOUTH CAROLINA

UNTACTFUL words in the celebrated *Southern Christian Advocate*, of Greenville:

Brother Davis did not make any loud profession, but his heart beat true to the highest things in life. Though not a constant church attendant, he ever made arrangements for his family to be there.

TENNESSEE

WARNING to the people of the Baptist Holy Land in the celebrated *Commercial-Appeal* of Memphis:

Be on your guard when a Ph.D. is around. In nine cases out of ten they are infected with the germ of rationalism, and that acts on faith exactly like the cut worms act on my beans, or some insect that spoils miladay's beautiful roses. Some of our educational institutions need to be sprayed with a theological Bordeaux mixture to kill off the infidel microbes that are fatal to religion.

TEXAS

DEVASTATING argument against atheism in the Colorado *Record:*

A brilliant infidel discoursed on the lack of evidence for the existence of a God. I showed him a cocoanut—showed him two thin places on its end—and asked him what they were for, and he said: "One is to readily get the milk out, and the other is to let the air in so the milk will come out."

"Who do you suppose fixed all the cocoanuts that way?"

He did not answer, but went away in a brown study.

PUBLIC notice in the same eminent journal:

My lands on Lone Wolf creek are posted. Hunting, fishing, swimming, petting and baptizing parties keep out.

C. H. EARNEST.

THE Dallas *News* prints a footnote on the Hoover prosperity:

A Negro who found a wrapped sandwich in a garbage can Tuesday afternoon is being treated at Parkland Hospital for food poisoning. Representatives of the company manufacturing the sandwiches said that rejected sandwiches were thrown into the garbage cans for hogs and that Negroes frequently raided the cans for food.

VIRGINIA

FROM the catalogue of the Union Theological Seminary, chief educational glory of Richmond:

305. ANTHROPOLOGY. Man's estate of Holiness and the covenant of works, the fall and original sin, the effects of Adam's Fall on his posterity according to Pelagians, Lower Arminians, Wesleyans and Calvinists, depravity defined and proved according to the Scriptures, objections to the arguments for depravity considered, objections to the imputation of guilt considered and answered, various theories of imputation considered.

Prescribed for degree and English students, Middle year, three hours a week, April-May, one unity. *Dr. Johnson.*

A CUSTOMER of the renowned *Times-Dispatch* of Richmond announces his escape from the fires:

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Would you permit me space in your "Voice of the People" columns? For I have some real news to tell you all.

You know me, no—you think you once knew me, but not now. I am a new man. Yes, a new and better man. I have seen the light. I am really converted. I now have the faith. I can believe. Yes: I can believe anything. It matters not how mysterious or miraculous. I believe it all.

You know when you have faith you don't doubt anything. You just accept. To doubt is what I used to do, I wanted to know. Now I don't care to know anything. For I am so happy in my belief that I feel like a little child.

I am certain I am going to be saved. For I have the word and it is so glorious. I believe Christ died for me and as I have faith I want to go to Heaven whether there is any Heaven or not. I am so happy I can lie right down and roll over and over, jump up and shout, sing, cry and pray. Yes, pray. Pray for anything and if I prayed long, loud and hard enough I might move a mountain.

But my soul is saved, I am sure of that. I have faith and I believe the Comforter knows all about me. So I can't get into Hell if I tried. Oh! ain't it wonderful to know God? And that He is the father of Jesus who willingly died for my sake? I wish every one else would get religion, the same old kind and believe as I do. Then there would not be so many creeds and denominations and just one church.

I wish you to tell my friends and enemies to cease calling me an infidel and evolutionist, for I am not. No, not any more. I am now safe, high and dry and expect to sleep in the bosom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus the Christ.

This is a true miracle and I insist upon every one believing it and have faith just like I now have. Hallelujah to the angels in Heaven and all the spirits, haunts, spooks and ghosts on earth!

I am saved at last. Amen.

Richmond, Va. C. E. STONE.

THE PHRYGIAN CAP

BY IDWAL JONES

THE first quarter of an hour the workmen droned and whistled to themselves in vacuity, for their minds were still befogged with sleep, though the sun slanted in brightly through the high windows. Old Eliphalet, boss of the punch-and-die gang, tying on his apron as he looked out over the pond, warbled in his falsetto, "Take back the heart thou gavest," as he had done every morning for sixty years.

Then hammers smote on chisels and beat metal plates, with a sound as of gongs. The air became stormy with the flapping of pulley-belts, and the machines that began to drum in mounting discordance. Castings revolved under tools that gnawed into them and rasped off curling, blue-hot chips that bounced angrily on the floor like cobras. The automatic turret-lathes clicked, and the millers brayed sonorously, like bassoons in a coronach of remorse.

This was the song of Glasbury, and in it the voices of men had a small part. It had not changed in years, in decades, not much since the days of old Brand Wampole and the Civil War. The song of Eliphalet had not changed, nor the words of Emerson Dwight, the floor-sweeper:

"Move, move your feet."

He was less a man than a lean, grotesque bird, with humped back. He brushed and brushed, with hooded eyes never lifted from the floor. Punctually at seven he clattered his wheelbarrow down the aisle to gather up the chips and dust. Then, before the sun got high, he watered the box of flowers at the open window where Birger Hatch, the foreman of them all, sat on the rostrum. This was the only window that was open, for it had been law since the time of Wampole that the others be kept closed and spiked. The pond could conceal too much. A workman once, outraged at a reprimand, hurled a machete through the glass. You could still see the scar in the window frame.

There was no nonsense about Birger Hatch. They used to say of him that he was born a hard man, devoid of feeling. This was not quite true. He was sensitive enough to be capable of rages, and he had in him that love of perfection which in some Puritan natures borders on religious fervor.

He had learned his trade under the blows of Brand Wampole, founder of Glasbury Works, and the designer of the big gun with which Grant crumbled the Confederate flank at Shiloh. The commanding voice on that field, Glasbury believed, was Wampole's, speaking by proxy with that throat of iron. His last act when he retired was to lay a hand on Birger, in apostolic benediction, and declare him foreman.

Wampole founded the tradition of Glasbury. The men carried it on, the elders being the repository of legends, and Birger the titular head. Since the Civil War Glasbury has made tools, gun parts, rifling machinery and a fine line of machetes for the South American trade. The Wampole machete, designed by Birger himself, and worth a ton of cocoanuts in Brazil, is unmatched to this day. It has the heft of a scimitar, a blade that rings like a bell, and a lignum-vitæ handle bound in brass. Old Sebastiano Flores, dictator of the Argentine, bought a shipload of them,

and sent Birger a decoration and a score of red Phrygian hats as souvenirs. I believe the Argentine coat-of-arms is crowned with the like. Birger always wore one in the shop. He had his vanity.

Because perfection was so close to his heart he discharged at least one workman a month. First he read the complaint of the sub-boss, then banged his hairy fist on the table and shouted for Dwight to fetch the culprit to the rostrum. Swollen like a turkey-cock, with red wattles on his head, he transfixed the wretch with an eye as merciless and bright as a steel drill.

"Let me see your hands!"

The superior tones of his voice penetrated to the uttermost corners of the shop. Old men strained their ears to hear the words, and they trembled, because it might come their turn next. The best of intentions will not keep a man's hands from failing him, sometimes.

"Call those the hands of a mechanic? A fellow with hands like that is fit only to drive an ice wagon or swing a manure fork. Better look around and see if you can find another job. There's no place for you in my shop."

To Birger Hatch a man who spoilt a piece of work had committed an infamy against Glasbury, and to forgive him would be sacrilege. Few men, in the face of these insults, did not leave at once, overwhelmed and mortified. You appreciated the snarling wit of Birger, and the heavy lance-thrust with which he killed.

Sometimes Dwight grumbled to Eliphalet: "That fellow had the makin's of a real Glasbury man in him. Hadn't ought ter fire him for a nickel's worth of brass. That ain't doin' right by the shop, nohow, Eli."

"There's nobody claims it is," muttered Eliphalet, wiping a trickle of tobacco-juice from his chin. "Wampole would have given him another chance."

Birger kinged it over the shop, delegating powers to none. He was an upstanding and masterful man, and his direct suzerainty was a tribute to it, filling even the rebellious old hands with pride, and impressing the newcomers, who soon learned what the old hands had always known—the greatness of the Works and its importance in the scheme of the universe. Of his own priority in the scheme, he had no doubts whatever.

Of Glasbury village, a New England factory settlement so dreary that not even Spring could disguise its hard ugliness, we had no reason to be proud. The way of escape was to be apprenticed early at the Works, and became part of its intense and disciplinary life. The Works was the brood mother of all the male children.

At six her throaty call admonished them to get out of bed. Her second hurried them through breakfast. Then they all began to file towards her, and in Winter they trudged through the snow in darkness, carrying lanterns. The laborers went first, then the apprentices; the men who worked the machines; the bench hands, who chipped and filed to a hair; and lastly, the punch-and-die makers, who wore collars and had on their backs greenish tail-coats that had first done service for years in church-going. Before the last, warning call, they had passed through the door and dropped their numbered brass checks into the timekeeper's box.

However early they came, there was always Birger ahead of them, sitting at his table on the rostrum, from which he could survey them as they entered. The Works bred nearly all her children alike—but this one had grown apart, aloof and monstrous. Birger we respected as a genius, and hated as a tyrant. To some of the older mechanics he gave a faint nod. It was dreadful for the young to see him up there. They passed him with a sinking of the heart. In his black duster, with eye-sockets filled with exaltation, and teeth gleaming sardonically through a beard that was horizontal, as in Coptic bas-reliefs, he looked like a Brother Provincial of some order that was dark and fanatic in the extreme.

Before him, two old brass valves framed his bibles: Rose's "Machine Shop Practice"; Schweitzer's "Calibration of Guns," and Bent's "Horology." He did not read them much, for he had long outgrown book knowledge. They were just there to swear by. Behind this barricade, he sat formidable and lowering, watch in hand. With the last yawp of the whistle he rose. The day had begun.

II

With hands clasped behind him, he moved about in the thick of the machines. Sometimes he stood motionless, head bowed forward, appraising the sound with an ear as keen as a concert-master's. A rise or fall in the symphony, the shriek of a tool chattering on a chilled patch of steel, and his head rose, moved, nodded and fell again, like that of a sagacious mastiff in a world of significant sounds. It was in vibration and clangor that he was the most at ease. It was in the midst of this uproar, a background to his thoughts, that the sub-bosses came up to him. It was here that he received men with letters of introduction from foremen of other shops. Before he read them he held the missives overlong between thumb and forefinger.

"Men has got to work in *this* shop," he would shout with testiness, as if he had just been contradicted on that point. "Put their mind to it and do a good job. Speed—and—accuracy. D'you hear?"

"Yes, Sir."

"It's a pretty fair shop where you came from, good at tools and clock-finger punches. And I don't ask why you left it. But in this shop there's no man spoils work. That is, he don't a second time, because he's gone. Hey, Eliphalet! Take this man and see what he can do."

Eliphalet led him off, scanning his face, thumbs and the spring of his walk. But it was Birger himself who ascertained what it was the man could do. When the newcomer came by with a tool he had just ground, Birger judged it in one covert glance for the proper rake, angle, lip and clearance. It had to be ground to the table of tools for cutting brass, copper, bronze, steel and cast iron, that hung, a framed blueprint, on the wall near the rostrum. That was the way with him. He so distrusted the human equation that you had even to grease your machine according to formula. Machines, like men, are perverse things, and have to be coddled and dosed according to temperament. His eyes were sharp, but they were not in the back of his head. His very severity bred a cunning among the workmen, and they played tricks on him when he was looking the other way.

"The best we can do," Birger used to tell Eliphalet, "is pick them as near perfect as we know how."

"Wampole was easier on the men than seems the way nowadays," the boss would demur. "There was that difference. He brought them up by hand."

Birger's teeth gleamed through his beard. "This is the most efficient shop in Connecticut," he affirmed. "No work is spoiled here."

Eliphalet would then open his mouth to make some retort, then shut it, as if he had changed his mind.

There was in Birger, for all that he was a Zeus with inwards of clockwork, a touch of the romantic. He actually believed in perfection. He had also an ear for music. Late at night, every other Monday, he dressed himself in broadcloth, left his room above the hotel, and went by the back way to the depraved quarter of Glasbury, a dark alley along which prowled the young bloods of the village and visiting sailors, who struck matches to read the numbers above the doors. He marched down to Polish Kate's, a shady saloon that had in it a barkeeper, Ottokar by name, who knew how to wrestle magically with a piano.

Business was always slack on Monday nights, slack at the bar and slack with the girls, and Ottokar banged royally on the keyboard in the parlor upstairs, where

Birger sat stiffly in a red plush chair between two rubber plants. Polish Kate herself, drawing on a cigar, brought in the beer for the girls and all the visitors, for the great boss paid for the drinks that night.

"That polonaise by Chopin over again, Ottokar," he would ask, "and thumb the black keys kind of heavy." Or, "Give us that fanfare from 'Saul,' like the bands played at Wampole's funeral."

The drinking and the concert kept up until five o'clock, with rowdiness in the parlor, scrimmages in the hall, and Ottokar pressing out the music with juicy, cantabile touch, and Birger, leaning forward, eyeing the keys hungrily, afraid to lose a note.

But before seven, there was Birger, alert and ferocious on his rostrum, watching the men as they came up the slope to the door. Well for them if they smoked heavily on their pipes. To Birger that argued they had eaten a solid breakfast, and must therefore have turned in betimes and slept well. He knew altogether too much of their private affairs. Even in the matter of grocers' bills and rows with the landlord, he knew more than pleased them. It was bad enough to be bullied in the shop without being spied on outside. Eliphalet once made a protest against it.

"This is the most efficient shop in New England," said the tyrant, baring his teeth at him. "A man who works here has got to mind his step at home."

That dictum rankled in the heart of every man in the shop. Emerson Dwight, when he heard it, spat through the gaps in his front teeth, and rubbed his hands with invisible waste.

"'What happened to Morgan?'" he mumbled to himself, shuffling up and down the aisle with his broom. "Ask the Freemasons how they done away with him. They ain't nobody that can spy on me."

Marvellous was the efficiency system, and after the War Birger improved it in many little ways. There was the innovation of the bonus, an inspiration, no less. Three dollars was paid to any man whose word led to another being cast out for spoiling work. For all that the file marks were coarser, and the old Glasbury love of finish was gone, the speed had kept up, and the record was there. The shop hammered out under its roof the ten thousand bayonets for the Ontario Fusiliers. It made the dies for Brittania-ware cutlery, and slew Nuremberg. It made for Guzman Hijos of Honduras seven carloads of Wampole machetes.

Sonorous and driving was the voice of Birger all those years while the world revolved about Glasbury. And not a man had been discharged. He should have been satisfied. But he grew more tyrannical than before. There was bitterness in the shop, and muttering, for men whose craft was their religion had been hurt by the strain. The bosses seemed shifty-eyed.

"There's queer things happen here at night," the floor-sweeper muttered to the apprentices. "But don't you pay no attention to them—nor to nobody except Eliphalet, Uncle Barker and Clock-Finger Pomeroy. There's the mechanics for you. Watch them, and you'll learn something. Glasbury was a good shop once, but old Birger—he's 'most killed it."

No one gave heed to him, for though he was one of the Wampole men and a survivor of the golden days when Glasbury was full of great mechanics, he was looked upon as half-cracked. And age was telling on him.

III

Latterly, whenever Dwight trundled his barrow past the rostrum, he straightened his back and tried to move warily, for his knees were beginning to sag. Birger, who might be sitting at his window-box and looking out over the pond, would invariably turn his head to watch him. Then one day Birger roared like a lion, and the floor-sweeper dropped the handles of his barrow as the tyrant bore heavily down on him.

"What's in there—huh? Just a box upside down with a pinch of dust and old iron to make the load look like it weighed a ton, that right?"

Dwight held out his paws in supplication.

"That war they had, it's sort of told on me, Mr. Hatch. But I been workin' here since Wampole's time."

"Emerson Dwight," said Birger, with his teeth shining through his beard, "it's time you left here, then. You go around and get your pay."

The floor-sweeper did not move. "Glasbury is bigger than any one man," he said, lowering his hands. "Aye, bigger than Wampole himself. There's no one can sweep floors for sixty years at Glasbury Works and not know that."

But the next morning he was gone. Men gathered in the yard, they talked in low voices, and it was agreed that Birger had overreached himself that time. Eliphalet and Clock-Finger Pomeroy counseled a round-robin. The punch-and-die boss knifed out a circle of cardboard, wrote on it, and the disc passed from hand to hand until it was black with names. After Birger had eaten his luncheon, and was traditionally supposed to be in better humor, Eliphalet mounted the rostrum and gave him the petition.

"There's old hands speaking for Emerson Dwight, Mr. Hatch. Some of them worked for Wampole."

Birger stretched out his arm and with a capable thumb shot up the window. He spun out the round-robin. It hovered in mid-air, then dropped into the pond. For two minutes he looked full at Eliphalet. Then his lips moved.

"This is the one efficient shop in Connecticut," he said.

He believed it. Others believed it. Not for nothing was Glasbury famous. When the Chairman of the Board made his annual visit at the end of August he always brought along with him ambassadors from distant firms, to show them why Glasbury stocks remained at the wartime quotation of 275. They made notes and departed uplifted. On these visits Birger marched through the shop with them, a clean red cap on his head, and with a flower in the lapel of his Sunday coat. He marched along with stomach and beard thrust out in complacence, and a smile that was ingratiating and affable.

"You keep the help too busy ever to wash those windows, don't you, Mr. Hatch?" joked the Chairman of the Board, on one occasion. He pointed with his umbrella to the translucent panes draped with cobwebs.

"They're kept damn well spiked, Sir, that's the chief thing."

It was Birger's smile that affected the workmen with a malaise, as they turned to watch the august parade go up and down the aisle. Their lips drew up, and some of them grinned and spat like cats. Eliphalet, file in hand, peered over his spectacles at the foreman, then shifted his quid.

"Treats us like we was dirt under his feet, that's what. And there's Wampole men here, as good as him if they only had the chance."

The rest of that Winter and the Spring, the entire shop was in a low heat of rebellion. Birger was as well informed of its psychic disturbance as if every filament in his challenging beard were an antenna. The shop had its secret cunning and its strength, but he was still the master. He paced with martial tread, bullying all the way down the aisle, and even when the red wattles of his cap were not visible, the rumble of his manly voice announced that his dread presence was not far off.

When Summer came, Dwight was to be seen, resting on the weir gate of the pond, just across from the shop. He lived only a stone's throw from it, alone in the ruinous house that had been his father's. He sat hunched up and gazing at the lichened wall of the shop and its line of high windows. At the only one that was open, Birger reposed in his easy-chair before the table on the rostrum. Every time he turned

around for a breath of the cool breeze, there was the wraith looking up at him with large and reflective eyes. Dwight sat there all day, meditating. If it rained, he hoisted an umbrella and kept on watch. Sometimes Birger released a diabolical grin at him, or else pulled down the window with a report like a pistol-shot. It got on the tyrant's nerves. In the morning Dwight was still there, as if waiting for him.

Perhaps he sat there all night. Certain it was that he stayed there until the last of the overtime workers had gone home, and the pond, broken into patches by light falling down from the shop, was whole and black again. Passers-by on the bridge could tell he was there by the glow of his pipe that was like a firefly. His body kept company with the frogs booming in the reeds, but his heart was in the shop and his thoughts were of the great mechanics with whom he had toiled in the golden days of Wampole. It was known that at times he let himself in with a key. He had the obsession that one of the windows might be left open, and that Birger might discover it.

"Say, that pond must be full of trout," the word went about the shop in August. "Dwight's fishing."

That was an old joke in Glasbury, for the pond harbored nothing but pollywogs. But there was Dwight, under a huge straw hat, dabbling a hook and line into the water. It was very amusing. Birger, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, gazed down at him now and then, and his beard quivered with inward mirth. We all remembered it well. The comedy was so excessive that we might have known it augured tragedy.

The month was very hot, and the unventilated shop was stifling.

"I never felt such heat, not since I was a boy," Eliphalet grumbled one day, mopping his forehead. "You'd think the world was drying up. Seen the pond today? It's dropped two feet if it has dropped an inch."

"There's no man can stand it here," said Clock-Finger Pomeroy, dripping sweat at his vise. He poked with a file at the bottom of the window, and pried it up a few inches. The air cut refreshingly through the aperture. Uncle Barker, at the next vise, bent forward and likewise raised a window. It was curious how easily they gave, as if the spikes no longer held in the wormy wood of the sill. He gulped, beatified, the illicit stream of fresh air that flattened his snowy beard to his chest. But they were old Wampole men, recalcitrant, and a little more privileged than the rest, so their defiance was not so shocking.

It was true about the pond. It had sunk considerably, and day after day it dropped, so that by the end of August it was shallower by at least eight feet. At noontime the workmen used to lean over the bridge and speculate on the phenomenon. They laid it to the great heat. Even Birger used to peer down and marvel, for nothing of the sort had happened since he came to Glasbury as an apprentice. As for Dwight, the drop troubled him not at all, and he kept on dabbling his hook and line into the water.

IV

Then came the day when the Chairman was due with the committee on his annual visit. The machines had been cleaned of grease, the floors scrubbed with lye, and Birger came in late, for he had to dress in his Sunday clothes, buy a flower for his lapel, and have his red cap ironed by the hotel chambermaid. The tension was greater than ordinary. At noontime few of the mechanics stayed in the shop at all; they reached for their hats and went home. The lunch-house in the yard was empty of customers. They had suddenly rushed out to join the throng gathered on the bridge. They were staring into the pond, or where the pond had been, for the mud at the bottom was visible.

They did not move, as if they had been paralyzed by the awfulness of some event. The ravine was heaped full of horrid surprises. In the ooze bristled steel shafts,

like sub-aqueous monsters. Against them leaned machine-frames, discs weighing tons, all dripping with liquid rust. Piled directly under the line of high windows was a formidable tangle of castings, pulleys, tubes and scrap-iron. There were heaps of copper and brass ruined in the machining; decayed barrels bursting with small parts, spoiled machetes and bayonets, and a thick sowing of dies, punches and broken tools, leg deep. It was a sunken fortune, this detritus of years; the accumulated shame of harassed men, and the hidden disgrace of Glasbury. The exposure was as hideous an affront to the senses as an upturning of dead men's bones. At the edge of the pond stood Dwight, looking down upon it with indifference, and yet with a mild, professional eye.

"There's some people," Eliphalet said on the bridge, to no one in particular, "there's some people that didn't know it was there all the time."

"Well," drawled Clock-Finger Pomeroy, "there was no one wanted to talk about it." Then he became mute and looked up at the shop. Other heads turned in that direction.

There at the open window, above the box of flowers, stood Birger, in his black Sunday coat, rigid, and with arms down. He was like a soldier at court-martial. His jutting beard looked darker, but that was because the blood had been drained from his face. His eyes were fixed in a corrosive stare at Emerson Dwight far below. With his sardonic grin he looked like a death's-head crowned with a Phrygian cap. Men turned away their eyes so they might not see the terrible heartbreak framed in that window.

It was Uncle Barker—the only one who remained at his vise that noontime—who told us later that Birger turned, glanced at his watch, as if to ascertain how long it would be before the committee came, then sat at his table and wrote for several minutes on a sheet of paper.

"After that," said Uncle Barker, "he left. Marched out straight. Chest out, head back, like he was you or me."

It was not the bullet he fired into his chest that afternoon that killed Birger Hatch. I would say that what destroyed him was the thing he had created and that had killed others. There is no gainsaying he was a great man, but what Glasbury stood for was greater. It was an Ark that had overthrown its Dagon. There are things built of the spirit that hands may not touch.

The funeral was very fine, with three bands blowing sad fanfares from "Saul" all the way to the graveyard. With that music in their ears, the village people felt that Birger Hatch had been another Wampole, but the old men of Glasbury Works knew better.

The next morning, the hands filed into the shop again, with faces grey in the dawn. First, the laborers, then, in order named, as had been the way for decades: the apprentices, the machine workers, the bench hands, and the punch-and-die makers with their respectable greenish tail-coats. On the rostrum sat Eliphalet, the new foreman, wearing a Sunday vest and shirt as a token of respect for his office.

Uncle Barker, swaying between contempt and awe, gazed at him.

"There's no call to leave that pond like that," he finally said, in a querulous voice. "I tell ye, Eli, it's enough to make a man sick to think of what's down there without having to look at it."

Then came a clattering down the aisle, and Emerson Dwight appeared, pushing his chips-and-dust barrow before him. Eliphalet followed his progress down the shop, then absently whistled through "Take Back the Heart Thou Gavest."

He nodded at Uncle Barker. "That's right. We'll fix up a round-robin, and ask Emerson to close that weir gate."

But it turned out not to be necessary, for the water was already flowing in, and by night the pond was as it had always been.

JEHOVAH OF THE TAR HEELS

BY W. J. CASH

About the Hon. Furnifold McLendel Simmons, LL.D., senior United States Senator from North Carolina, there is nothing reminiscent of either God or the traditional Southern Senator. Yet for thirty years he has successfully played God in his native province, and he has retained his seat in the Senate longer than any party colleague now sitting in that one-time august body.

In him one discovers nothing of the flashing eye, the craggy mien, the Bryanesque shine which one instinctively associates with the Lord God Jehovah and the Senator from the South. Nevertheless, the man's deeds, in the aggregate, are worthy of the stateliest Neanderthaler who ever cooled his heels on a Capitol Hill desk, worthy even of Jehovah in His most waggish moments, as reported by the Hebrew historians. Indeed, I gravely doubt that in all the gallery of illustrious rogues who have graced the Senate in the past, nor even in Omnipotence Itself, could one find a talent capable of measuring up to what begins to emerge as Simmons' salient achievement. Only a Gargantua, it seems to me, could ever have risen to that gigantic yardstick. It is a sad commentary on something—what, I don't know—that the man himself is humorless, and hence without power to savor the Rabelaisian quality of his handiwork. For all that, the fact remains that his *chef-d'œuvre* is of a piece with the immortal buffoon's filching of the bells of Our Lady of Paris to make a necklace for his mare.

The record of Simmons' career makes one of the saltiest chapters in the history of American politics; it is a devastating exposé of the essential sottishness of democracy. For the plain and horrible fact is that he is a *Republican*, and has always been a Republican by every rational test. For thirty years, sitting as a Democrat, he has served Republican causes and the Republican lamas with all the power that has been his in the Senate and in North Carolina—with all the very power that he arrived at and has maintained by captaining the Democratic party in his State, by making himself the hero and veritable God of Hosts of its Democrats, to be worshipped blindly and drunkenly, and obeyed without question. And in Democratic livery, with the dazed butts of his genius gaping on, he has now slain the revolt which at last raised its head by lopping 50,000 from the Democratic host to create what amounts to a third party, and has intrenched himself in a well-nigh impregnable position by reducing the remaining Democrats to a choice between his mastery or that of the Republicans. Thereby, quite incidentally but inevitably, he has brought about what no avowed Republican has ever been able to bring about: he has lifted the Republican party in the State to fighting equality with its foe, and set North Carolina on a path that, according to every omen, must lead finally to Republican rule. That is the Simmons masterpiece.

So long ago as 1912 it was clear to his contemporaries in the Senate, and to all the nation with the exception of his infatuated, nigger-haunted constituency, that he was a Republican. The Democrats were then at the height of the Progressive Liberalism which was to end with the War for Humanity. The Republicans, taking the

other direction, had kicked the smelly Liberalism of Roosevelt downstairs and embarked on the reaction which was to flower in the Ohio Gang. It was a time of charming forthrightness. Sweetness and light had not yet been hatched. *Collier's*, under the editorship of Norman Hapgood, thundered against the Interests. The People were the Masses. The flaming rapier of their righteousness was, in theory, the Democratic party. The money-kings were, *ipso facto*, the money-hogs, the enemies of the People, to be put down with fire and sword. Their bodyguard was the Republican party. The battle-line, dividing the sheep from the damned, was drawn clearly and precisely on the tariff.

In 1908 the Democratic platform declared for the free entry of lumber. Simmons, a year later, repudiated that position on the Senate floor by defending the prohibitive duty imposed by the Payne-Aldrich bill and by voting for it on roll-call. He defended his action on the ground that he was serving the interests of his own State. But the lumber interests of North Carolina, at that time, consisted only of half a dozen large companies. The total number of people even remotely interested in the trade was not 15% of the population. Moreover, the Democratic campaign had been conducted in the western section of the State with particular emphasis on the assurance of cheap lumber. But Simmons voted for the Payne-Aldrich lumber schedule—and against the expulsion of William Lorimer, the Stone Age predecessor of Bill Vare and Frank Smith, whose election was charged to bribery of the Illinois Legislature by the lumber interests.

When Aldrich increased the duty on coal 60% and set the barons gurgling hosannas, Simmons dutifully voted with him, after first voting against a proposed reduction of 40%. He prayed protection for the beleaguered cotton-seed oil manufacturers. He championed the downtrodden American pineapple. He spoke and voted for higher duties on building materials (other than lumber) and carpenter's tools. And he voted for Aldrich's enormously increased duty on iron ore, darling of the Steel Trust. Mark Sullivan, in *Collier's* for September 28, 1912, illuminated his votes with brutal directness:

> Not only did Simmons vote for a high tariff on lumber; he addressed the Senate in favor of it: "I am ready, with him and with any other man on either side of the chamber, to extend the same treatment to every product embraced in this bill; I do not care in what section of the country it is located." There you have it. That is exactly how every high tariff bill has been passed—"You vote for my lumber; I'll vote for your steel." Senator Simmons has put into a single sentence the whole philosophy and mechanism of logrolling.

A little earlier, Gilson Gardner was writing:

> Senator Penrose is following the footsteps of his predecessor, Mr. Aldrich, in trading across the party line when it comes to protecting the high tariff schedules. The other day, when the Pennsylvania Senator reported his suggested revision of the wool schedule, he held a little informal meeting in the Senate lobby with Senator Simmons of North Carolina. The writer stood by and heard this conversation:
>
> SIMMONS—What do you want us to do? Do you need any votes?
>
> PENROSE—No, I think I can put it over; you fellows vote for your own bill.
>
> SIMMONS—You don't need any of our votes then?
>
> PENROSE—No. . . . I'll take a chance on putting it over and then I'll fix it up in conference.

Throughout this period, the pet hate of the Democrats was the ocean mail subsidy. To them it showed the hand of Big Business in the public till. Contrariwise, in the late years of the Taft reign, the proposed tariff reciprocity agreement with Canada, sanctified as it was by Democratic tradition from Jackson onward, became their pet passion. Simmons twice addressed the Senate and voted in behalf of mail subsidy bills, and he was one of three Democratic Senators voting against reciprocity. He came to the end of the extra session of 1911 with a record of having sided with the Republicans in nineteen of a total of forty-three votes.

In 1912, he found his seat contested by Governor W. W. Kitchin, shaggy, eloquent, fire-eating, as reminiscent of the traditional Southern Senator as Simmons is not. Revolt menaced, with Kitchin and

his campaign manager, Frank McNinch—who was afterward to glorify God as chairman of the State Anti-Smith Committee—ringing the changes on the charge that Simmons was a Republican. McNinch is a praying, grandiloquent fellow from the godly town of Charlotte, much given to such Scriptural injunctions as "To your tents, O Israel!" and passionately addicted to Great Moral Ideas. He daily occupied pages in the State newspapers with advertisements of the Simmons record on tariff, mail subsidy, and reciprocity.

The Democratic party of the whole nation was demanding Simmons' scalp. Mark Sullivan, writing in *Collier's* on September 28, 1912, cited the activities of Gorman and Brice, Democrats, against the Wilson tariff bill of 1894, quoted Cleveland's famous phrase, "the deadly blight of treason," and proceeded to lay on with the knout:

> Once more . . . the Democratic party is approaching another "hour of might." . . . Again in its hour of triumph the party is going to be threatened by the blight of treason. Again it is going to find its Gorman and its Brice. The Gorman of the coming year will be Simmons of North Carolina—unless the people of North Carolina vote to keep him at home.

Said Bryan, in his *Commoner*, October 11, 1912:

> Senator Simmons asks the people of North Carolina for reëlection. He ought to be defeated. . . . He would do very well as a representative of the standpat Republican party.

The Helena (Montana) *Independent* minced no words:

> Simmons is the same kind of Democrat that Aldrich, Penrose, Crane and Smoot are Republicans—a rank Protectionist—in league with the Interests, against the people, and ever willing to trade anything and everything in the Senate to gratify the greed of the grafters.

Harper's Weekly, the Baltimore *Sun*, the New York *World*, the Indianapolis *News*, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, the New Orleans *States*, the Dallas *News*, the Chattanooga *News*, the Columbia *State*, and scores of other Democratic organs joined the chorus. But Simmons won—and his victory was dramatic evidence of the unshakable worship of his constituency.

That worship has always mystified outsiders. There is, I repeat, nothing in Simmons reminiscent of the traditional Southern Senator, nothing of the leonine and sweating statesman torture-marked by Service, nothing of the vaudeville talent that delights the yokel. Eloquence? Three-fourths of his audience walked out on him when he spoke at Raleigh last November on the eve of election. Yet that same audience had cheered him madly when he appeared on the platform. Personal charm? He might be any bookkeeper, any village banker or sexton. He is totally undistinguished in appearance save for an almost oriental slant to his eyes, save for the petulant downward curve at the corners of his mouth. One gains an impression of a small boy about to cry. Perhaps that is the ultimate secret of his strength—infantilism, the immeasurable, implacable *wanting* of a child. If so, it is an infantilism supported by an extraordinarily shrewd mind.

II

His is the story of a realist, moved only by self-interest, knowing exactly what he wants, and playing upon zanies and romantics to attain his ends. His deeds are those of a scientist who has measured exactly the potentialities in the ferment of hate and fear in the minds of cowherds and cotton-mill peons on the one hand, and the bitter nostalgia for lost glories in the master class of the *ancien régime* on the other. His method has been the time-honored one of using the red herring. The tools with which he has attained and held his godhood have been the Nigger and the Cotton Mill. Lately, however, he has replaced the Nigger with Great Moral Ideas.

It is necessary to understand that he came upon the stage in a period of transition. Reconstruction, the Nigger in Politics, was flaring for the last time. The Cleveland panic had swept the Farmers' Alliance from the Democratic party into the Populist camp, from which it had slipped swiftly into the Republican fold

through the process of Fusion. A Republican Governor, backed by a Republican Assembly, to make certain the Republican hold on the State, began the systematic enrollment of Negro voters, rained honors upon them, being particularly lavish in the creation of black magistrates. Indignation swept the State. Violence broke out. At Wilmington, a Negro editor, having cast aspersions on the virtue of the white female, was ordered to leave town; when he declined, a mob destroyed his printing plant. Rioting followed, with the net result that many blacks—the number is curiously indefinite—were killed and thrown into the Cape Fear river.

In that red hour Simmons, who had already shown his capacity as a local machine-boss, was made chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee. A Democratic convention, dominated by him, adopted a White Supremacy platform. On the heels of it, Red Shirt Clubs, modelled on the Ku Klux Klan of thirty years before but differing from that organization in the absence of masks, night forays and violence, sprang up overnight to deflate the new-found glory of the black brother with ominous parades. On election day the coon shivered at home behind closed shutters and the Democrats swept back to power.

It was in fact the end of the blackamoor as a menace to the ascendancy of the Goth. The Republican party, convinced of the futility of attempting to rise on the shoulders of the Ethiop, was to turn its back on him and spend the next thirty years, in sackcloth and ashes, at the bitter task of rehabilitating itself in the esteem of the outraged Nordics. But Simmons had emerged as the hero of the conflict; in the popular mind, he was the Little Giant of New Bern who, single-handed, had slain the dragon of Nigger Rule. In point of fact, it was the life-long contention of Claude Kitchin, leader of the House Democrats under Wilson, that he himself drew the White Supremacy platform. And former Governor Cameron Morrison claimed in the Smith campaign that it was he who spawned the Red Shirt scheme. That is as it may be. What matters here is that Simmons got all the glory, and used it to elbow aside more gaudy fellows and snatch the Senatorial toga. Once in power, he found the Nigger a weapon ready to his hand to keep him there.

III

He had grown up in the old river town of New Bern against the background of Reconstruction, and understood the morbid concern of his people with the menace of the black. Old bogeys live long in conservative communities; ghosts sway alike the merely ignorant and the backward-yearning romantic—the two classes which embrace the mass of North Carolinians. The shadow of the blackamoor was to be as haunting in the next thirty years as the blue-gummed fact of him had been in the previous thirty. Accordingly, Simmons made the Nigger his major theme. For thirty years, mounted on the Democratic ass, he rode forth, in fanfare of trumpets, to ghostly jousts which cheering thousands counted real.

The medium through which he fed the flame of this niggerphobia was the so-called Simmons machine, which reached to the headwaters of every Little Buffalo and Sandy Run in North Carolina, into every alley of every Factorytown. It carefully planted as axiomatic in the people's mind the belief that its overthrow meant inevitable subjection to their ex-lackeys. *L'état c'est moi* was the Simmons dictum; he was the symbol of White Supremacy; topple him, it toppled. "The Senator thinks——" became the rule of conduct for every loyal Democrat.

But if the machine made possible the feeding of his constituency's niggerphobia and the consequent consolidation of his power, his very identification with the White Supremacy mummery made possible, in turn, the elaboration and perfection of the machine. Power was used to advance power. Every Democratic politician came

to be embraced within the machine; any attempt to operate outside it began to be political suicide. It named Governors, passed on all appointments, framed all legislative programmes; Simmons was merciless in destroying those who opposed him; to those who served him well he gave commensurate rewards. Impatient souls sometimes rebelled, but only to rue their madness. Kitchin and McNinch tried it in 1912; it ended Kitchin's career and McNinch required fifteen years to crawl back.

The old boy's diversion of attention from his record has been manfully aided by the newspapers of the State. The most powerful of these is the hymn-singing Charlotte *Observer*. Behind them lies the Southern Power Company. This huge corporation, darling of the late Buck Duke, once a blood-brother to Blackbeard but now canonized in North Carolina, along with Dr. Wilson and Walter Hines Page of the Bended Knee, is generally credited with being the power behind all Simmons' activities. Certainly, his record of smoothing the political pathway for its grabbing of water-power sites in North Carolina, of consistent voting with the Power Lobby in the Senate, and of opposition to the Power Trust inquiry indicates a close alliance, at least. The advertising club of the company keeps the newspapers quiet.

Ergo, Simmons' deeds have never been reported in the State; correspondents sent to Washington, dull pates for the most part, have exuded only adoration for the Presence; if a humorous oaf risked blasphemy, he was fired. McNinch, it is true, advertised the record in 1912, but he confined his efforts to the larger dailies, unread in the rural districts; the bucolic gazettes wisely preferred to copy editorials from the same dailies which pictured the Senator as the bleeding Christ of the farmers, and so the attacks were quickly forgotten as campaign thunder.

Ironically enough, as the Republicans passed out in sorrow, the stage was being set for a drama which was to sweep the State steadily Republican-ward. Cotton-mills were rising upon the land; North Carolina was at the beginning of the era which was to lift her from turpentine and razorbacks to the forerank of Kiwanis. The gentry were losing their ascendancy to coarser, more virile spirits; the Cannons, Reynoldses, and Dukes were emerging as the new masters of a new order. With them, Simmons, with canny judgment, promptly aligned himself; and in that alliance is probably to be found the explanation of his interior Republicanism. For these hairy fellows, who eventually were to give tone to the whole life of the State, were, naturally enough, Republican in their philosophy and yearnings, though for many years they were to find it imperative to hide that fact under a bland Democratic front. They wanted tariff protection—and Simmons saw that they got it. And so, in nigger-haunted North Carolina, the bumpkin and the clod began to complain to God about the rising cost of houses, wool clothing, ploughs, coal and food, and meanwhile the Senator explained to the Senate that his tariff activities were actuated by a passion to bolster the wages of the cotton-mill serfs! The cynical regard in which his colleagues hold his nominal Democracy was patent in the organization of the last Senate when, despite his clear title to the post, they declined to make him minority leader, choosing Joe Robinson instead.

But if he was clearly a Republican by 1912, that is not to say that he nursed dreams of lifting the party to power in North Carolina and of himself going over to it. No sword-eating Colonel of the old South, suh, ever breathed more sulphurous hate for Damned Radicals than he did in his public bulls. For thirty years, under his leadership, Republicans were nobodies who emerged from nowhere on election day to cast apologetic votes and fade swiftly into nowhere again; Republicans were the ex-barkeeps who tended post-offices; Republicans were brass-armored come-ons who had bartered their souls for

"a handful of silver . . . a riband." It was more than politics; it involved social standing. Hell was a condition in which one associated, perforce, with Republicans; so one propitiated Jehovah—and Simmons. *The Democratic ticket from constable to President;* that was the Simmons law. One defied it at peril; one lost caste; one was suspected of consorting with niggers; one was even likely to find one's banker regretful but firm. The decline of more than one solid bourgeois family to the cotton-mills can be traced to a flouting of it.

For years, the Republicans of the State took the old boy at his word, and repaid his hate with interest, but then word of his knightly conduct on distant fields gradually seeped in to give them pause, and by 1912 thousands of them were expressing their admiration by voting for him in Democratic primaries—indeed, Governor Kitchin charged that Simmons was nominated over him purely through their votes—, confident, I suspect, that they read on the Senator's face a ribald wink—that was not there.

I say it was not there; of that, of course, I cannot be sure. But he sprang from slave-owning stock and so was born to the Democratic party; he accepted his destiny, moulded it to his personality, and was, I think, thoroughly loyal in the sense of being willing to destroy the enemy, even though that enemy was fashioned in his own image. His genius is purely objective; self-analysis is no part of him. He would, I suppose, resent angrily the suggestion that he is Republican in all but name.

They were probably bitter and honest tears he wept in the Senate last Fall when he charged that foes at home were seeking to destroy him. They were. *Ergo*, it is highly likely that the lifting up of the Republican party necessarily involved in his activities in the 1928 campaign was merely incidental to his hard choice between loyalty and self-protection.

For, from 1920 to 1928, the Simmons power had been decaying. Max Gardner, the present Governor, had been quietly building up a rival machine. In 1920 he had almost snatched the gubernatorial nomination from the Simmons candidate, Cameron Morrison; and, so powerful was his following that the machine found it prudent to come to a tacit agreement with him, whereby, if he would stump the State for Morrison in the campaign against the Republicans, he might have the nomination unopposed in 1928. That was a confession of weakness; no other rebel had ever brought the machine to terms. Gardner had the backing of the strong Webb-Hoey clique, which has dominated Democratic politics in the Ninth Congressional District for twenty-five years. Moreover, he was young, magnetic, and eloquent. Simmons was old, past seventy; it was whispered in the State that he was in his dotage, and had become a mere tool in the hands of his ambitious secretary, Frank Hampton. The machine itself was disintegrating.

Gardner himself probably hopes to go to the Senate at some not too distant date. In the meantime, he would like to send his connection, Clyde R. Hoey, a former Congressman, to Washington to succeed Senator Overman, who is scheduled to retire at the end of his present term. Cameron Morrison also aspires to that seat. In the eastern section—rigid custom assigns a Senator each to the east and west—divers hopefuls, prior to 1928, had been loudly assuming that Simmons would retire in 1931, and leave the way clear for their ambitions. All these gentry, east and west, had shown a lamentable tendency to take matters into their own hands. That was distressing, more particularly since Frank McNinch, whose humble services had so far atoned for past derelictions that he had won a place close to the Senator's heart, also aspired, somewhat secretly, to the Simmons toga, and since Hampton, trained for years, had been anointed as the Senator's chosen successor.

That was the situation when Al Smith loomed over the skyline and the pastors began to whet their bowie-knives.

IV

Early in 1928, Rodney Dutcher, a Washington correspondent, published a story to the effect that it was rumored in the capital that Simmons was presently to emerge as captain of the Smith forces in the South. The Senator replied merely that he was not the father of the rumor. In North Carolina it was whispered that he was angling for the vice-presidential place on the ticket with Al, a prize which was to go to his old enemy, Joe Robinson. It may have been. At any rate, when, about that time, Frank McNinch, at Charlotte, began to fulminate against Al and the Pope's ring, he was ignominiously muzzled.

But, whatever the truth of all this, Simmons, by mid-Summer, had made up his mind to take the bull by the horns, for before the apparition of Smith his Democratic enemies at home were hiding their heads in the sand and ardently saying nothing. Very well, he would end that. And so, to the whooping ecstasy of the political parsons, he announced that Al was ineligible, since his candidacy would inevitably raise Great Moral Issues, that he could never achieve the nomination, and that he (Simmons himself) would lead the righteous at Armageddon. That last promise he did not keep, for by the time the convention opened, it was clear that Smith was master, so Simmons contented himself with sulking at his home in New Bern.

Nevertheless, he had achieved his main purpose; his pronouncement against Al had maneuvered his foes from under cover, since they could no longer pretend ignorance concerning the designs of the Pope, and forced them, in order to appease the clamorings of the holy men, into joinimg him in opposing Smith's nomination on the ground of Great Moral Issues. Moreover, a *tour de force*, in which fleets of cruising automobiles swamped the precinct primaries, with Anti-Smith voters to win him control of the State's delegation to Houston, had given him the inestimable psychological advantage of apparently establishing that the people of North Carolina were overwhelmingly opposed to Smith—a proposition open to grave doubt, as a matter of fact, since a poll taken by the pious Charlotte *Observer* a month before had shown Smith a two-to-one favorite and since the parsons themselves had only dreamed of capturing a half of the delegation.

Now, just as his enemies, returning from Houston, were unlimbering their preliminary ballyhoo for Candidate Al, he struck again, this time below the belt. It was the thing they had told themselves ten thousand times could never happen. Was it not Simmons who had taught them to lisp "from constable to President"? Perish the thought! The Senator would never desert! But he did desert, announcing simply that, though he would support the State ticket, he would not vote for Smith.

It was a master-stroke. Far from bringing down on his head the odium which is the portion of the turncoat, it definitely established him in the North Carolina mythology as a Man of Honor who placed Principle above Party, identified him forever with the rising philosophy of Great Moral Ideas, and increased his stature from that of a mere hero to that of a legendary figure, a tribal god. More, it just as definitely established his foes within the Democratic party as a snide lot of time-servers and bench-warmers, placing Party above Principle, opposing Great Moral Ideas, and, potentially if not actually, in the hire of the Pope and the Rum Ring, which everybody below the Potomac knows to be one and the same.

The upshot was a majority in North Carolina for Dr. Hoover of 60,000 votes. The Democratic majority is ordinarily 80,000.

One may not say that the State would not have gone Republican in any case; that is a matter for dispute; religious hate is an imponderable. Certainly, however, if it had gone Republican with Simmons supporting Smith, it would have done so by a narrow

margin. Moreover, and this is more significant, that margin would have represented an unorganized rabble, definitely on the defensive and eager enough to be swallowed up by the Democratic party again. What Simmons did was to clearly establish the ascendancy of Great Moral Ideas over party ties, demolish the ghost of the Nigger, inspire timid parsons with a lust for blood, and lend courage to faint-hearted voters by his example. His greatest achievement was to supply leadership, to weld the rabble into a compact, cohesive body, no longer on the defensive, no longer apologetic, but swaggering and shouting its moral superiority—to create a party, that is.

To be sure, in doing that he relinquished control of the regular Democratic party to his foes, but it was a party reduced to a size with its ancient antagonist, the Republican party. Today they face each other in the State, these two, the Republicans and the Democrats, the Republicans greasy-mouthed, shining-eyed, the Democrats gaunt, distinctly unhappy. Between them stand the 50,000—a minimum figure—of the pure in heart, the so-called Hoover-Democrats. The name is a misnomer; actually they are neither Democrats nor Republicans, and Dr. Hoover has less than nothing to do with them. Simply, they are Simmons men, shock troops of the Lord, whose Bayard the Senator is. At his command, they will vote *en bloc* either the Democratic or Republican ticket. The Senator's foes dreamed of war with him—they got it, with a vengeance. They sought mastery of the Democratic party; they have it. His is the balance of power.

In point of fact, the odds are that the Democrats will be favored by that balance. The Senator, indeed, already makes the fact plain. Naturally, he would prefer it that way; would like, when the end comes, to lie in state in all the pomp and circumstance of public mourning as a Democratic chieftain. As I write, the Democrats, like the burghers of Paris when Gargantua lifted the bells from Our Lady, have no choice save to send their sophisters to wait, cap in hand, for audience. Terms will come high; they will contemplate much genuflection, much bending of the pregnant knee, the crucifixion of the dreams of the staunchest white hopes of the party. The test will come in 1930, when the Senator stands for reëlection. He will demand the nomination without opposition; if he is opposed, he will almost certainly win, since the Republicans openly announce their intention of invading the Democratic primaries to support him, and, if he wins, his revenge will be exacted with rack and wheel. If the Republicans are barred and he is cheated of the nomination, he will, according to his supporters, run as an independent; in that case, the Republicans promise to withhold a candidate of their own and give him their support, which will mean his election. Possibly, of course, this Republican promise merely hides an intention to run in a candidate of their own at the last moment and take advantage of the Democratic dissension to seize power for themselves. But in no case is the outlook happy for the Democrats.

How complete is the Senator's power is well shown by two incidents in the politics of the State. The first of these deals with the fate of a bill in the General Assembly of this year. It was an innocent-seeming bill, providing simply that a voter participating in a primary of any party must take an oath to support that party in the ensuing election. In fact, it was aimed at Simmons; it served notice on him that he would not be allowed to capture the nomination through Republican votes; it thumbed the Democratic nose at him. Well, it died—smothered, not by brazen-faced Republicans, not by cadaverous Jesuit-swatters and convent-burners, but by impeccable Democrats.

The second incident concerned the ruling of the State's Attorney-General that, under the law, McNinch, as chairman of the Anti-Smith Committee, must file a report of his receipts and expenditures in his cam-

paign against the Pope. This, too, was a gesture of hate, designed to discredit McNinch and Simmons by establishing the financing of the Anti-Smith campaign by the Southern Power Company, which had obvious fish to fry. As to the truth of that charge I cannot say here, beyond the observation that the committee seemed untroubled by poverty, for McNinch defied the ruling and added insult to injury by publicly taunting his foes. Not a hand has been raised to force an accounting from him, nor, indeed, has the matter been so much as cheeped since.

The breach in the party, I believe, is too wide ever to be closed. Simmons will fling his bridges across it for the service of his ambitions and those of McNinch and Hampton, but I doubt that reunion will be forthcoming. His position would be too vulnerable, once he lost the support of his present following, a remarkably cohesive one, made up of professional sword-swallowers and congenital morons, all violently enamoured of Great Moral Ideas, the Parsons and the Senator, and conscious, to a man, of acute antagonism toward the regular Democratic forces. Indeed, in view of that last, I doubt that even Simmons, if he desired it, could restore the bells to the towers of Our Lady, for the pure in heart seem destined to merge eventually with the Republican party and thereby establish the latter's control of the State.

Spiritually, and often enough in fact, they are the descendants of the Know Nothings of the '50's, a group which was strong in the State. Hate for Catholicism is their inheritance. They have been held in the Democratic party through tradition and the feeling that it was peculiarly the party of the South. But, unless I miss my guess, control of it will not soon return to the South, and, though it will not care to nominate another Catholic, it obviously is not, under its present leadership, going to repudiate its action in nominating the last one, the only possible thing that could clear it of the sour suspicion of these hinds. Tradition, violated once, will not again deter them from expressing their apprehension at the polls. Moreover, many of them are women who voted for the first time under the compulsion of balking the Pope; they will continue to vote and, because the Democratic party was the object of their suspicions in their first experience with politics, they will continue to regard it with jaundice. The entire group shows the tenacious fidelity to a single idea characteristic of Freudian cases in general.

Nor is it any more a blushful matter to be a Republican in the State; it is even a little smart. The party has been so thoroughly fumigated of the smell of nigger-wool that many of its more recent additions suffer, like Charles Sumner, exquisite anguish at a whiff of Moor passing on the other side of the street. The old god-damning, peanut-cracking, heavy-breathed atmosphere of its sessions in the days of the sockless bureaucrats are no more. Stuart Cramer, a cotton-mill princeling who aspired to Hoover's Cabinet, and Charles A. Jonas, new Republican Congressman from the rock-ribbed Democratic Ninth, have taken charge, and with them they have brought the silken pomp of the directors' room. Ward-heelers take off their hats and throw away their cheroots when they drop in nowadays.

The cotton-mill captains of the State, almost to a man, have moved their membership over from the Democratic party; the bankers, merchants, newspaper publishers and business men in general are following suit, particularly in the larger centers; only the conservative professional classes and the not-yet-rare sleepy little towns, untouched by industrialism, still cling unshaken to the old love. Republican rolls, once dedicated to niggers, hill-billies and other such pariahs, begin to smack of the Social Register.

The dread handwriting is on the wall: North Carolina is going Republican.

THE GRAVEYARD THAT MOVED

BY JIM TULLY

A HALF dozen men moved furtively about the jail. Their minds were in another world than the one of steel which surrounded them.

They were known as users.

Hypo Sleigh was the most picturesque of them.

Sleeping or waking, he was seldom still for a moment. Well known in the underworld, he was in jail for selling drugs to other addicts.

His name was derived from the fact that when under the influence of a whizbang—that is, cocaine and morphine mixed—he would ride millions of miles over endless valleys of snow in a sleigh drawn by camels hundreds of feet high. They traveled faster than bullets leaving the gun.

He claimed to be the son of a Winnipeg doctor. As a youth, he said, he had often accompanied his father in a sleigh to see patients. Such incidents may have become frozen in his mind.

Why he was not confined in an asylum is one of the mysteries of government.

His mind was fantastic, his mouth crooked, his teeth yellow, sparse and snagged. The top of his head was completely bald. In nervous moments he would rub it with a handkerchief until it shone like a mirror. Then he would rise and sing:

I got a great big automobile,
With diamond headlights and a golden wheel.

I ride to Heaven and there I pray,
And then I jump in my silver sleigh.

He would patter his long feet on the floor in tune with the words.

Hypo was an object of pity to all in the jail. Like most pity, it was wasted.

For he could play poker with the King of Siam and win a million dollars with the first card that came to his hand. He could make the King pay it in nickels and dimes, and then he could spend an hour counting it ten thousand times.

He could twitch the King's nose and exclaim: "Listen, King, when I lose I pay everything. You are a nickel and a dime short. Pay it or I'll kill every Irish nigger in your kingdom." The King, in tears, would send to his golden and diamond studded vault for the fifteen cents, and Hypo would give it to the poor.

When he was too destitute to make a buy or when the dope peddler did not appear, he would seek out the other addicts and tell them such marvelous tales that they would give him a jolt.

Hypo was always a man of action. He robbed banks with Jesse James. Jesse, in fact, did his bidding for thirty-eight years. Hypo had put a bullet in his heart. "Every time he threatened to leave me, I'd tell him I'd pull the bullet outta his heart and he'd die."

Once, with the help of Jesse, Hypo robbed the Bank of England. They had the money taken to their rooms in eighty patrol wagons. Policemen were called in to guard the wagons, but they robbed the robbers.

Jesse cried over this misfortune until Hypo threatened to remove the bullet from his heart.

He once made arrangements to go to China. By such a journey, he felt, he would eliminate the middleman's profit in opium. Once, while under the influence of drugs, he was rebuffed by a flunky in uniform at the door of a hotel.

He struck a dignified attitude and exclaimed, "Sir, I've been adjudged insane by many competent authorities and if I should have the good fortune to kill you this moment I would be allowed to go free."

The flunky apologized profusely, and Hypo entered the hotel.

He once sold all the sheep in Golden Gate Park to a visiting rustic from Iowa. He gave him a receipt for the money. It was signed Jonathon Swift Armour.

If dope could not be obtained in the jail, Hypo would smoke marihuana. Webster calls it "a narcotic plant reputed to cause insanity in persons drinking an infusion of its leaves or smoking them."

The Mexican convicts called it *greefo*. Hypo called it muggles.

It is a loco-weed which grows in the Southwest. When eaten by cattle, it causes them to become insane.

Hypo's muggle cigarettes were cured in alcohol and dipped in perfume. One cigarette affected him for as long as six hours.

It distorted his vision, and gave objects a far-off appearance.

It caused mirages of beauty and terror to dance before his eyes.

It would produce senseless laughter at the most unexpected moment.

After a long smoke Hypo would imagine he was dying and at the same time walking up a steep hill.

He would lift his feet constantly as if stepping over large rocks.

At other times, he would assume postures of great dignity and loudly exclaim "Unhand me, officer! Do not touch the President without his request."

He would brush his sleeve with meticulous care.

II

He now walked up and down the iron enclosure of the jail, muttering and gesticulating. Suddenly, he stood still and looked at the barred window high above his head. No ray of sun came through.

He twitched his long fingers. Then he rasped so that all could hear:

It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.—
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain—
Why rain's my choice.

Today, from some unknown source, he was well supplied with drugs.

He rubbed his head feverishly. Then he laid his handkerchief carefully on the floor and talked to the ceiling.

The jailbirds, eager for diversion, gathered about him. He waved his hands.

Gather around me, jailbirds, while ye may;
Your time is still a-flying;
And he that is in jail today,
Tomorrow will be dying.

He assumed a dramatic pose.

"For he was my enemy, men. He jerked the rope as I stood on the gallows. But it was not around my neck. It was around his own. His sister died for love of me—and the judge accused him of killing her. And when he died the warden said he was glad to tell me that he was dead. I told him I was sorry. But I went to the morgue and claimed the body. 'That is my own father,' I told the bookkeeper of the dead. 'He was a scientist. He died to test a rope.'

"So I took his body away with me to a medical college. Young doctors with smiling faces and long carving knives gathered around me with blood in their eyes.

"'Another man has died for humanity,' they said. Feeling happy at the thought of selling the body of my enemy for money and science, I laid it carefully before them.

"They looked at it as longingly as a damsel looks at the fool she loves. Their fingers itched on their knives. Finally, the eldest of them yelled in a horrified manner, 'We cannot use this body. It would mar our abstract tendency at the circumlocution of the heterogeneous matter in the bicepereous end of the nose. For you see, fellow members, it has a long wart.'

"Now here was I with the body of my enemy, trudging down the street, sadder than any man. His ears stuck out of my pocket and I couldn't put them back.

"A policeman started to chase me, yelling louder than Grover Cleveland, 'Hurry, citizens! The man is stealing a mule!' I ran as

never mortal man ran before. Suddenly there was a fearful noise as of thunder. A million mules brayed in a meadow. The noise roared out of my pocket and broke my ear-drums. They fell in pieces on the ground. I only eluded my pursuers with the help of the night that wrapped its black mantle in undulating folds about me.

"Staggering and tired, with the ears of mules wriggling out of my pockets, I sat down to rest.

"A man bigger than a tree and glowing like a lightning bug tapped me on the shoulder.

"'You must bury that body,' he roared.

"A streak of lightning followed his words.

"'But the body does not belong to me,' I screamed. 'It is my enemy and therefore a jackass and not my father as I claimed.' The body glowed till it hurt my eyes. Then its mouth opened like a cave. It blew wind and laughter. A flame flew from under its tongue.

"'That does not matter—let the dead past bury its dead,' he said. 'I make you the keeper of the long silence; the guardian of meadows eternal, where jackasses wallow in grass of illusion until they become angels. Hurry with the body to the nearest graveyard, for much will happen this night that has never happened before.' I started away. 'And hold!' He held up a finger bigger than a log. 'Dig deep the grave—fifty-eight feet and two inches. Place it directly beneath the largest tree in the cemetery, and if roots get in your way, you must bite them in twain with your teeth, for I'm getting goddam tired of the lies of men in the world who steal bodies and souls.'

"The death sweat was on me, I was so scared.

"I hurried away with my ear-flapping burden and reached the graveyard. I could hear people talking under the ground.

"I dug four days and four nights and ate away the roots of the tree and placed the body of my enemy in the hard ground. It was midnight and I was tired.

"Then the fool's ears grew longer and I had to dig six feet deeper. They kept growing and growing till my spade wore out. I went mad and cut the ears off.

"Thus I showed my ignorance of biology. But how was I to know that if you cut off a mule's ears in a graveyard it will rouse the dead? I happened to remember that my father, who was a doctor, never cut off a man's ears in his life. But it was too late then."

Hypo Sleigh pondered, his forehead wrinkled, his eyes closed. He resumed quickly and dramatically. His eyes now looked as startled as if he really stared at ghosts.

"Before I could think, the dead were all around me. They walked like skeletons and yet they had flesh on them. Their bodies glistened and their bones were as shiny as dice in a nigger's hand.

"One skeleton was a young woman, not over twenty-four. She was dark as a Russian princess and her hair was gold. Her eyes were big and brown. She looked like a lady who had just died. 'So you cut off a dead man's ears?' she whispered. '*You poor man!*' She shuddered. 'The one sin in all the world you shouldn't have committed!' She sighed very deeply.

"I tried to run. Not a hand touched me. I could not move. Something cold as worms crawled up my legs.

"I heard a horrid braying. The ground trembled. Mules ran through the air. Their ears swished back and forth.

"My enemy galloped out of the grave and across the headstones. He ran, dripping and braying across the river. His hoofs and ears were covered with blood. He splashed the water over the graves that lined the shore.

"A lot of other people jumped out of their graves and yelled after him. 'Hey! What the hell do you think this is—wetting our graves in the middle of the night?'

"The girl with the gold hair said very softly to me, '*Too bad!*' She trembled all over. 'Like people on earth,' she said, 'I worry over the sins of others, and forget my own. What a crime you've committed!

You brought the man to life eternal by cutting his ears off. You are a *murderer!*'

"I fell on my knees. 'Most beautiful of women,' I said, 'he was my enemy.' 'There is no such thing,' she said. 'Enemies are merely people who do not understand.' She frowned. 'Why did you cut off his ears? Why did you not leave him to rest? He was securely dead and away from the ills of earth.'

"Other ghosts gathered around me. They rubbed their left and right forefingers, as little children do when they shame each other. I became enraged and struck at them. My hands went through them. Their bony hands slapped me; knocked me down.

"Then another fearful braying was heard. My enemy dashed back across the river and came snorting toward me. The girl with the hair of gold looked at him.

"'Be gone among your kind!' she commanded. Away he sailed across the river again. The ghosts at the edge of the water threw stones at him. One hit him on the tail. I laughed out loud. A ghost knocked me down again. I rose unconscious.

III

"An old ghost came up to where we stood. He had been out of the world a long time. He was dressed as a soldier who had fought in the Revolution. He had a yellow sash and a dead rose on his chest. He looked like the pictures of Andrew Jackson after he'd had trouble with women.

"He blew a little horn. Ghosts came running from all directions. They stood in a big group in front of him. One ghost pulled a worm from another's ear. They all chortled.

"'Fellow citizens of the Long and Blessed Silence,' the old ghost yelled, 'we have been here, some of us, nigh on to three hundred years. We have seen America grow into a most amazing country, the greatest in the world.' The ghosts applauded. 'No longer does the Indian maiden linger on our graves, nor the Indian lover say the world-old nothings under the moon. In the old days our graves were sacred. Then, youthful skeletons-yet-to-be had the woods and the meadows in which to beget future skeletons of gratified desire. Crowded out of those places now, they come and make immoral our beds. They rob us of the rest which we have so richly earned.

"'For were we not once youthful skeletons-yet-to-be, like themselves? Death, as we have learned, is the peaceful, the sweet, the hopeful, the everlasting. Citizens of another world, strangled men, shot men, women dead with unborn babies, no mockery of religion and no religion here, no wild passions that tear the heart to shreds, no unfulfilled desires, no women crying in the night, no chatter of Heaven, no fear of Hell, no warbling of fanatics, no fools, no definitions of things that can never be known—nothing but peace, with the gentle worms and the roots of sunflowers in our ears.

"'We ask no boon from the turbulent people who put us here. For we are the living and they are the dead. They talk of beauty and eat dead hogs for breakfast, while we feel the throbbings of worlds in the crumbs of dirt about us. We can hear the strongest oak coffin crumble with the noise of an earthquake. We can lie in our beds and hear the moans of dying snobs who are soon to find equality for once in their lives. We can see brains that have swayed worlds shrivel like the guts of dead cats. And it is just as well. For one makes the strings of violins, and the other sadness upon earth. And in the end, even we cannot tell them apart.

"'At first, when we arrive here, we are worldly. In a hundred years or such a matter our dust becomes more refined. You who are but recently dead should fain remember my words. But as we go on in death, our ears become more sensitive. Often we listen to the music of silver bells a thousand miles away. We can hear death touching a girl upon the shoulder a year before she is aware of it. We can hear the nails going into coffins before the trees which make

them are cut down. We can hear undertakers charging five hundred dollars for a cheap pine box with pale blue plush around it. We can hear them say to the half starved widow, "Yes, madam, we must respect our dead." And we laugh—knowing that the dead cannot respect them.

"'We can turn on our sides and see the armies of millions marching and marching forever. They blaze past the sun, their skeletons shining like the faces of maidens in love. They carry the instruments by which they died—bayonets, bullets, daggers, poison, love, hope, and fear. They carry more—starvation in their bellies and ignorance in their heads. They carry guns that belch at other men, and purses stolen from others. They gyrate around the moon, they lie with other maggots and beget other maggots that die in time and become skeletons that march in front of the blazing sun. And what for, gentlemen and lady ghosts? That yokels may procreate other yokels on our graves and theirs while they march in front of the sun, and die in the rear of the moon.'

"Suddenly, the old ghost's speech was interrupted. A hearse came out of a flame with the body of a judge inside. It rumbled loudly and stopped in the midst of the assemblage.

"The judge got out of his coffin and addressed the speaker with deference. A ghost with a broken neck and a red mark in the back of his left ear saw the dead judge. The judge placed his long fingers carefully on the neck of the dark girl with the hair of gold.

"'Make him take his hands off your neck, dear girl,' the ghost with the red mark behind his ear exclaimed. 'For he sent me here before I was ready to come. The hangman he had me say, "Our Father who art in heaven," and before I could finish the sentence, he sent me to the Man I thought I was praying to.' The ghost felt the red scar on his neck and ran with menace toward the dead judge. Before anyone could stop him, he pulled a sharp knife from a hidden pocket in a bone and cut the judge's ears off. The judge turned into a jackass at once. He began to bray. 'Live forever!' screamed the ghost who'd been hung, 'forever and forever! Keep flying and running. Your soul is too black to lie under a white tombstone.'

"The blood dripped in rivers while the jackass that was the judge brayed. Suddenly, he ran, a mass of red, and splashed into the river.

"'Run your damn fool head off! You'll never be able to stop. I cut off your ears close so you'll run forever. Run around the world from now on and jump over every gallows you see. You can't eat hay and can't eat corn—all you can do is suck wind forever!'

"A torrent of blood fell over us. The jackass ran like the lightning and brayed like the thunder. His braying shook a rib from the side of an old ghost leaning on a marble slab."

Hypo Sleigh held his arm circled and poised for a moment, as if it were about a person to whom he talked.

"So you lost a rib, did you?" he laughed. "Well, so did Adam." He dropped his arm. "Now run along, I'm talking." He looked upward. "The man who'd been hung," he resumed, "threw a rope and caught the jackass around the head. He held on to the rope and jerked himself on the back of the mule. It snorted, reared on its hind legs, plunged through the air and rolled over on the graves. Still the ghost of the man who'd been hung stayed on its back. He beat the mule over its stubs of sore ears with the end of a club. The blood spurted more and more.

"'What a hell of a life you're goin' to live forever, judge!' the man who'd been hung shouted. 'I'm goin' to ride you and ride you forever, and I'll beat your sore ears till the blood turns to chunks of liver in your head. And even then you won't be able to die. And when I get tired, I'll let all the other men who've been hung ride you two at a time.'

"The jackass brayed as if its heart would break. The rider on its back yelled as they

circled around us, 'They who condemn men to die by the rope shall never have the solace of death by the rope. No one but ghosts can see them. But all the men who've ever hung men are circling through the skies forever—jackasses with their ears cut off.'

"The mule dashed into a white cloud and turned it bloody red. The old ghost started to talk again.

IV

"He said: 'It is time we moved from here, fellow gentlemen and ladies. Our graves have been too long molested by youths with procreative instincts.' He waved his bony arms. 'Let us cross over the river and found a great new city.'

"An army of ghosts formed, millions of miles long. I didn't see an ugly woman ghost among them. Death seems to turn women beautiful. They danced past me, graceful as maidens strewing flowers under an April moon. They seemed rested.

"They crowded on a barge that crossed the river. Not even after a great battle was there ever such a gathering of ghosts. They gathered on the barge by millions. The air swarmed with them. Their transparent bodies shone as if phosphorescent. Even the red and white corpuscles in their blood could be differentiated. Only, their blood did not flow. Their hearts were still.

"A large ghost with a lantern jaw and a vicious expression fell heavily on the barge. A sound, as of falling débris, followed him. A group of ghosts ran toward him. 'Are you hurt?' they asked.

"'No, thank God, I'm dead,' he answered, rubbing his right hip. 'However, I did make an awful mistake.' There was silence on the barge. Above was a droning sound, as of millions of bumble bees.

"'What was your business in the nether world?' a lady ghost asked.

"'It was not a business, lady; in the classification of my occupation I would prefer to differ with you.'

"'Ah—' Her face went demure.

"'Mine was a profession, lady. I was a bank robber.' The bones of his chest rattled as he patted it.

"'How dreadful!' the young lady ghost exclaimed.

"'It was indeed a dreadful profession. I'm afraid I left my comrades in the lurch.' A sad expression crept into the bank robber's eyes. 'I had it all arranged with the Sheriff and the Chief of Police. They were to be playing poker with the Reverend Sanctus, the leading reform minister, and Mr. Grubbins, superintendent of the Y. M. C. A. These gentlemen, being engaged in an innocent pastime, would thus leave the bank protected. I was to rob it at midnight and divide the spoils with these gentlemen.

"'Everything went merry as an Irish funeral. My plans were perfect. I had a bottle of nitro-glycerine in my hip pocket. The money glittered in the safe before me as I began to crawl into the window. A feeling of piety came over me. I glowed to think of the great good that the Reverend Sanctus and Mr. Grubbins could do with the money should I be weak enough to divide with them.

"'The Reverend Sanctus had told me that God was the only Man who could trace the sources of money—that robbing Peter to pay Paul was really an apostolic maxim written in Heaven by Judas Iscariot in a moment of inspiration.

"'I was halfway through the window. It very inadvertently came down on my right hip pocket. This would have been merely a slight accident. But alas—my pocket contained the nitro-glycerine.

"'There was never such an explosion. It tore the wings from the angels in Heaven. Blood from lovely shoulders dripped on the white locks of Moses, who debated with Cesare Borgia and Joan of Arc on the origin of sin.

"'The explosion destroyed the whole town. Being nearest to the scene, I naturally left first.'

"A group of rough-appearing shades began to quarrel to the rear of the bank burglar.

"'Aw shut up!' one said. 'Don't hand me that stuff—you'd bite a worm if it got too near.'

"'The uncouth children of gratified desire,' murmured a bespectacled and shriveled shade with a book in his hand.

"He had no sooner spoken than a flying ghost knocked him sprawling.

"'Another piece of whale bone that crumbled at last,' said the shriveled shade, gazing at the newly fallen ghost whose fingers twitched as the breath gathered in his throat.

"The bank burglar rubbed his right hip.

"'Why, hello Sheriff!' he exclaimed to the new arrival.

"'Don't talk to me, you blunderin' fool,' returned the Sheriff. 'The next time I want a bank robbed, I'll have the Reverend Sanctus do it.'

"Before the bank robber could reply, another body crashed on the barge.

"A battered badge clattered on the floor.

"The bank burglar trembled as he recognized the Chief of Police.

"The Chief picked up his badge and pinned it to his coat. He then pointed angrily at the burglar and yelled, 'Officers, do your duty! Arrest that man!'

"The barge rocked with laughter. The Sheriff approached the Chief. 'Don't you know where you are?' he asked.

"'No,' replied the Chief. 'Where the hell am I?'

"The Sheriff mused for a moment, and smiled, 'Well, you're dead—but you wouldn't know that—you've been a policeman too long.'

"The Chief looked startled. 'My God—*dead*? What'll become of my poor wife?'

"'Don't worry about her,' a ghost chuckled. 'She'll marry a desk sergeant.'

"'What became of the Reverend Sanctus?' the Sheriff asked.

"'He was playing cards with Mr. Grubbins when I left,' replied the Chief.

V

"The barge glided, as silent as sunlight, over the silver river. Chief, Sheriff and bank robber watched the distant shore. It had nearly faded from sight when a cry of consternation went up from thousands of ghosts.

"A beautiful sheep-eyed youth had fallen overboard. There followed wailing and weeping. Many screamed, 'Help, help! A man is drowning!'

"The old ghost leader peered into the water.

"'It is no matter,' he said with light voice. 'Let him drown—it is only recently he died for love.'

"The barge soon reached the other shore. Immense bill-boards faced the river. The words glared under the electric lights.

This is
VALHALLA
The California of the DEAD
New Site for
THE CEMETERY BEAUTIFUL
Be kind to your LOVED ONES
They are not gone, BUT ABSENT

"The old ghost read the words and exclaimed, 'Oh my God!'"

Hypo Sleigh suddenly stood as erect and still as stone. For an instant his eyes seemed petrified. They protruded, yellow and blood-streaked.

Then over his body passed, like a shadow from the sun, a wave of softness. His eyes and posture became normal.

The door of the jail opened. A guard entered with another prisoner. Hypo looked intently at them.

"Which is which?" he asked, "Which is which?"

The guard frowned. The inmates smiled. No man answered.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Hygiene

DIET AND THE DURATION OF LIFE

By James A. Tobey

The span of human life has been set by the psalmist at three score years and ten. A more generous biblical writer seems not to have been satisfied with so ephemeral a human existence and so in the Book of Isaiah (LXV:20) he offers us an additional thirty years, saying, "the child shall die an hundred years old." Both of these declarations have become literally true in numerous individual instances, but neither is now or ever has been correct with respect to any race as a whole. Nowhere as yet has the average span of life of any people attained even to seventy years, but there are definite indications that the proverbial length will eventually be reached and probably exceeded.

In the days when biblical authors were making such inconsistent statements and Egypt was a province of Rome the average length of life was, according to reliable estimates, only about thirty years. For centuries thereafter progress in its prolongation was exceedingly slow. Fifty years ago the expectancy of life had reached to but slightly over forty years. But the last half century, a brief period in the long history of civilization, has witnessed a startling increase. A baby born today in the United States may expect to survive to the more or less mature age of fifty-eight and this baby has a chance to live a little longer if it is a girl than if it is a boy. An Australian, New Zealand, or Scandinavian baby is scheduled to live even longer than an American, but an English, French, German, or Italian child has a lower expectancy of life. Babies born in India are said to have had a life expectancy of but twenty-three years for the last century.

This high mark of fifty-eight years is, of course, an average and not a limit. When it is stated that an average life span of fifty-eight years has been attained in this country, it does not mean that most people must expect to die at that period of late middle life. A person alive at fifty-eight still has an expectancy of about sixteen years more. Deaths occur at all ages between birth and the century mark and a few take place even after that. About one person in 25,000 in the United States now reaches the age of 100, and there are today about ten times as many centenarians in proportion to the population as there were a hundred years ago.

If you plot the curve of death, with ages on the horizontal axis, you will observe that this curve starts high, near 100 per 1000 population at birth, drops rapidly to the third year, then more or less straightens out until the tenth year, and then begins to rise slowly to the forty-fifth year, after which it shows marked acceleration upward. At about seventy-nine the number of deaths immediately after birth is equaled and from then on it is exceeded. In order to raise the average span of life, the curve must be brought down, if possible, at both ends. This has been and is being accomplished at one end. It is not being achieved at the other, but it could be.

The increment in the average duration of life has been due chiefly to improvements in the early years. In 1900 the infant mortality rate stood at the shameful figure of 170 deaths of babies under one year of age per 1000 of live births. Today it is less than 64. This remarkable decline in infant deaths has naturally been responsible for an increase in the average length of life, as has also a similar, though less marked, diminution in the mortality among children

and young adults. No longer does the youth of the nation succumb so often to diphtheria, typhoid fever and tuberculosis; instead it survives to be taken in middle life by heart disease, cancer, or apoplexy. Occasionally someone actually dies of old age. This is obviously a commendable gain.

Now examine the status of the life span after the age of fifty. Up to that time there has been an appreciable increase all along the line. After fifty, however, the increase is exceedingly small, almost negligible. A person at fifty still has an expectancy of about twenty-one years, but here again the figure represents an average. Some individuals will live only a day longer, others may easily round out another fifty years or even more. What are the factors which control longevity after fifty? From the dawn of civilization man has been seeking this secret, but it has remained for modern science to give some inkling of the true answer.

Of the two main elements in longevity each covers, figuratively, a multitude of sins. These two factors are heredity and environment. If all or most of our immediate ancestors were long-lived, the chances are that we shall also live long, provided, however, that accident or the ravages of a contemptible microbe do not lay us low. Heredity may aid us to overcome a disease if we get one, but on the other hand it may not, as unfortunately frequently happens. We should therefore endeavor to exercise such control over our environment as science has made possible.

Much, probably most, of the credit for the lengthening span of life belongs rightfully to the sanitarian, for it has been the development of sanitary science which has made possible the conquest of disease. Man has gradually vanquished the microbe, so that there is no excuse today for any death from such bacterial diseases as diphtheria, scarlet fever, smallpox, typhoid fever, tetanus, and a host of others. Man has learned how to control yellow fever, malaria, typhus, bubonic plague, hookworm, pellagra, tuberculosis, and even heart disease. But he has not been omniscient, for he has made little, if any, progress against the respiratory infections, such as influenza, and there are still diseases, such as infantile paralysis and cancer, which have balked all the efforts of science to exercise control over them.

In another and equally important environmental field, man has made remarkable progress, and it is here that future efforts toward life prolongation, particularly in the period after fifty years, will probably be centered. The nutrition of the race has been demonstrated to exercise a definite effect on longevity. The so-called "newer knowledge of nutrition" is the most recent of the sciences, for it has been evolved almost entirely within the Twentieth Century, but it is one of the most potent in its effect on the general welfare.

What we eat or what we do not eat throughout life has a definite effect on how long we live. This is no idle statement but is supported both by human experience and by scientific investigation. If you delve into history you will find that certain races have been more vigorous and long-lived than others, a fact which can not be explained on a purely biological basis. It has been food selection rather than natural selection which has caused this phenomenon. As has been pointed out by Professor E. V. McCollum, of the Johns Hopkins University, the pastoral peoples of the world who have had possession of many dairy animals and whose diet has consisted mainly of the products of these animals have, without exception, always displayed the finest physical development and the greatest tendency toward longevity.

In a remote part of the Himalayas is an isolated race with magnificent physique, the members of which seem to have found the fountain of youth, for they retain until late in life the characteristics of youth. Since gland transplantations have not yet made their way into this secluded part of the world, the explanation for this unusual virility and fertility is to be found mainly in diet. As reported by Dr. Robert McCar-

rison, of the British Medical Service, these people subsist on a frugal diet, consisting mostly of goat's milk and vegetables. Another British scientist in India, Dr. D. McCay, has found that the pastoral Indians of the few good dairy regions of that country are always vastly superior to the more numerous natives who live only on cereal grains.

A striking example nearer home brings out the significance of diet to health. When the American Revolution occurred, a number of the English colonists chose to remain loyal to the mother country, even though the maternal care had been somewhat lacking in political nourishment. Some of these colonists departed for Canada, while their cousins migrated to the Bahamas. Both groups were of the same stock and their characteristics were then similar, but today a vast difference is observed in their descendants. The Canadians are an active, virile people whose mental alertness is shown, among other ways, by the fact that they are most emphatic in declaring, with sidelong glances at their friendly neighbor to the south, that they expect to be perpetually independent. The Bahamans are said to be distinctly indolent and easy-going.

Now, this dissimilarity may be attributed to marked climatic differences, and, in fact, it has been accounted for on that ground by Professor Ellsworth Huntington, the geographer. On the other hand Dr. McCollum calls attention to the fact that beside the cold and invigorating climate of Canada there is the more important feature that the Canadian diet is rich in milk, butter, cream, and cheese, in addition to cereals, legume seeds, tubers, and meats. The Bahamans, in their enervating climate, partake of fruits and certain vegetables, but seldom use dairy products. Dr. McCollum properly suggests that "people will feel very different on these two types of diets."

A climate which is continually hot does not seem to have a deleterious effect on physical welfare when nutrition is good. Arabia is an inferno, considerably worse with respect to temperature than the Bahamas, but the Arabs now have, and, so far as observed, always have enjoyed a most excellent physique. Even Napoleon's surgeon-general, on the great commander's Egyptian campaign, described these lean, sinewy hawks of the desert as more perfect in physical structure than most Europeans.

There is an Arabian proverb to the effect that he who has health has hope and he who has hope has everything. The Arabs are fortunate in that they have something besides hope which contributes to their health, and that something is milk. According to various writers, the fare of the pastoral Arab is mostly milk, supplemented with only a moderate amount of meat, cereals, and dates. The milk is that of goats, camels, and sheep, and because of the intense heat it is soured at once and eaten in the form of curds.

Throughout wide areas in Asia milk is also the staple article of diet of many races who lead a precarious existence. The Mongols must live on milk or starve. They do not starve, but are wiry and vigorous, though a thin race. The Tartars at times live almost exclusively on mare's milk and thrive on it. Marco Polo on his peregrinations was much impressed by a milk wine which has been manufactured by the Tartars since the Thirteenth Century.

The dominant and aggressive peoples of the world have always been those whose nutrition has been of the best. It is related of David that he was carrying ten cheeses for the nourishment of his cohorts when he met and conquered the redoubtable Goliath. The conquerors have always been users of dairy products in abundance, and not of grasses and grains, nor of meats. The beef eaters, so-called, of England have also been drinkers of milk as well as of more potent beverages. The Scandinavian countries, where the span of life is so much greater than ours, have always been noted as dairy countries, and the same is true of Holland, another country where the average life is longer.

Human experience is always worth more if it is supported by scientific investigation. What appears to be so is sometimes not so, for mere observation often gives rise to fallacious deductions. The rôle of nutrition in the promotion of health is, however, no longer a matter of supposition or speculation, for investigations by eminent scientists have proved conclusively that an adequate diet is essential to proper growth and good health.

That the right food can actually extend life has been demonstrated by a series of interesting investigations conducted by Professor Henry C. Sherman of Columbia University. For about ten years in his laboratories feeding experiments have been under way on that well known laboratory animal, the white rat. While a rat, as Dr. L. Emmett Holt once remarked, is not a baby, and probably never will be, the results of these studies unquestionably also hold good for human beings. The life of the white rat is relatively short and his nutritional foibles resemble those of man, so that studies on these docile rodents offer material of real scientific value, applicable to human conditions.

"We have recently completed a somewhat extended experiment in which the influence of a single change in the food supply upon the longevity of rats of identical heredity, maintained under conditions uniform in all respects, appears to have been fully demonstrated," Professor Sherman reported to the National Academy of Sciences last November. In this study about 400 rats were kept in about equal numbers on two different dietaries. One diet, containing a mixture of one-sixth dried whole milk and five-sixths ground whole wheat, with a little salt, was considered adequate, for already twenty-one generations of rats had lived and thrived on it. The other diet was not only adequate but better, for it contained one-third whole milk powder and only two-thirds ground whole wheat. The result of doubling the amount of milk was a gain of exactly 10% in the span of life for both males and females. The acid test of statistical analysis indicated that there was not more than one chance in a hundred for error due to accident.

Translated into human experience, this study indicates that at least six years could be added to the span of life by means of proper nutrition. The fluid in the fountain of youth is pure milk, and nutrition, in proper combination with other sanitary and hygienic factors, can actually promote longevity.

Entomology

THE LOSS OF FLIGHT IN INSECTS

By H. M. Parshley

A few animals, until lately viewed with hopeless envy by the human species, have attained the power of flight through the air—that is, animals belonging to a very few of the groups into which the animal kingdom is divided by systematists. The flying species belong only to the *Insecta* and the *Aves*, except for a few extinct reptiles and the mammalian bats. But the birds and the insects, though they each constitute a single class, are extremely numerous as species, and their evolutionary success in this one direction is paralleled by other signs of ability to get along in the world, so that the insects in particular can still compete hopefully with man, in spite of his scientific armamentarium.

The ability to fly has obviously contributed in no small degree to this favorable outcome of their struggle for existence. Escape from enemies, the search for food and mate, and the rapid dispersal of the younger generation are all made easier and more certain by the possession of wings. Every one is familiar (to confine the discussion to insects) with the easy and graceful way in which the housefly avoids the descending hand, with the darting flight of the dragonfly in pursuit of mos-

quitoes, with the business-like celerity of Kimsky-Korsakoff's bee, with the mating swarms of midges that float in the Spring air, and with the ærial honeymoons of ants.

It seems hardly likely that forms of life endowed with so valuable a faculty should be found to give it up of their own free will, or in response to whatever corresponds to free will in their peculiar psychology. Yet it sometimes happens. Parasites, of course, often lack wings along with other attributes of independent organisms, and ants, once they settle down to housekeeping, remove theirs and discard them like symbols of departed frivolity; but we are concerned here with more peculiar and less easily explainable phenomena.

Among the *Hemiptera*, an order of insects that includes the cicada, favorite singer of the ancient Greeks, the lowly squashbug, *Cimex lectularius*, the aphids, and the long-legged water-striders, there are several families that exhibit a trait known to the cognoscenti under the name of pterygopolymorphism, a noble and too little known example of the Greek element in English. It means the appearance of two or more adult forms in a species with respect to wing development, and it is, I submit, considerably shorter and more precise than its equivalent clause—in brief, a useful scientific term. What we have here, say in a given species of water-strider, is the appearance of sometimes a great majority of the fully grown individuals without the usual and apparently very useful wings. Before we seek for an explanation, let us survey the water-strider family (*Gerridae*) and determine the incidence of wing-reduction among the various species. The young are always without usable wings, but the adults may appear in three pterygopolymorphic states, as follows: 1, macropterous, having fully developed wings; 2, brachypterous, having wings reduced in length and incapable of flight; 3, apterous, having no wings. Arranged in tabular form, the common species exhibit a strange variety of conditions:

Species	*Macropterous*	*Brachypterous*	*Apterous*
Gerris remigis	rare	...	usual
G. conformis	usual	...	...
G. marginatus	usual	rare	...
G. buenoi	common	common	rare
G. canaliculatus	common	...	common
Metrobates hesperius	rare	...	usual
Rheumatobates rileyi	very rare	...	usual

Evidently the wings, evolved through millions of years of struggle and survival, have in these species a tendency toward degeneration and disappearance. In some species a winged individual is scarcely ever seen, in others the wingless form is unknown, in still others wings are equally likely to be present or absent, while in not a few mere vestiges or variously shortened appendages are more or less commonly observed. Only the fully winged individuals can fly; the others might as well have been born *pediculi* as far as the empyrean is concerned.

What is the biological significance of this state of affairs? In the first place, there can be no doubt that the production of wings involves a considerable metabolic drain on the resources of the developing insect. In the second, the wings, especially in these aquatic species, are often a positive hindrance, interfering with locomotion and copulation. (Some actually tear off the tips of their wings when engaged in mating.) Thus the loss of wings might conceivably be beneficial, if only the accompanying disadvantages were not too great.

An animal that can row with great speed over the unobstructed surface of a lake or stream can hardly feel the need of wings for locomotion. This is one factor of importance. Again, water-striders are the wreckers or beachcombers of the insect world, they live largely on land insects which have fallen into the water. Thus they have no need to fly after their prey. Finally, their habitat preserves them from many dangers that beset the ordinary land bug; save for an occasional trout, no serious enemy is often encountered. Thus the *Ger-*

ridae live and prosper, wings or no wings. It is therefore clear that for these insects the loss of wings may carry with it advantages sufficient to overbalance the disadvantages; and so the inherited tendency to produce flightless individuals, even in large majority, has proved no handicap in the struggle for existence, and the species so endowed have survived.

There is, however, one major hazard to which these surface dwellers are occasionally exposed. This is the drying up or serious reduction of their native ponds during dry weather. When this occurs migration is the only solution, since the gerrids are helpless on dry land. And similarly, over-crowding of a small body of water may call for relief by flight, while the invasion and settlement of small and isolated habitats, such as mountain springs and temporary pools, can be accomplished only by flying individuals. These considerations explain why the power to produce wings is almost invariably retained in the hereditary complex of each species, even though the winged type may appear very rarely. That the ability to fly occurs with sufficient frequency for practical purposes is indicated by the fact that even the most remote and isolated of suitable habitats is almost invariably occupied by one or more species, although the collector may fail to find macropterous examples there at any particular time.

Occasionally, the circumstances may be such as to afford direct evidence of these principles, as in the following actual instance. A rather small pond had been oiled to kill mosquito larvæ, but sufficient time had elapsed for the oil to have largely disappeared, probably by absorption around the margins. Several water-striders were noticed disporting on the surface; and it was clear that they must be recent immigrants, since all such fauna of a small pool are invariably destroyed by oiling. When these insects were caught and examined, every specimen proved to be fully winged, although some of them belonged to species that are almost invariably apterous. For example, there were six individuals of *Rheumatobates rileyi*, all macropterous, a species which, as we have seen, is extraordinarily rare in this phase under usual conditions. Among thousands examined from nearby ponds only one was winged. Yet the species evidently produces enough flying individuals to accomplish dispersal and the populating of newly available habitats.

Such is the present status of a peculiar biological phenomenon. The apparently invaluable power of flight has been lost completely by some other animals, such as ostriches, penguins, and various parasitic insects, whose mode of life is specialized enough to make survival in spite of the loss quite comprehensible; but among the water-striders the case is by no means so clear. These insects still need to fly, at least occasionally, and so the hereditary factors responsible for the development of the wings are retained in the species as a whole, if not in all individuals. The mode of inheritance is unknown, although it is very likely of a simple Mendelian character.

An indication to this effect is afforded by the fact that once in a while a species will unexpectedly produce, in a very restricted area, a wholly unusual ratio of winged to wingless individuals, under environmental conditions that seem to be ordinary and that evidently do not affect similar present species in a like manner. Perhaps a rare and fortuitous combination of factors happens to result from some chance mating, producing in time the unexpected ratio, just as a man of genius occasionally emerges from the vulgus, bearing in his chromosomes a happy combination of genes which are commonly scattered ineffectually among the multitude.

PORTIA IN WONDERLAND

BY A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT, the lovely grass widow who sicked the Methodist parsons on Al Smith, lobbied Congress for five years in advocacy of the Jones five-and-ten law, and sent George Remus to jail, has a more lasting fame established in the law-books of the Republic.

The eight years since she went to Washington as a protégée of the martyred Daugherty have been years of dramatic and incessant triumph. Following her plans and specifications, the Federal courts, led by the Supreme Court of the United States, have erected a great bulwark of strong decisions, reënforcing and supplementing the Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead and Willis-Campbell Acts, and all the revolutionary searches and seizures conducted thereunder. The great masses of the plain people may not know her for this, but the bootleggers and rum-runners know her well.

As Assistant Attorney-General of the United States in charge of the income tax, Prohibition and prisons, the former Kansas schoolma'am became almost complete dictator of Prohibition affairs under the Federal government. Lesser officials leaped and trembled at her whisper. Under her guidance, the Department of Justice has won nearly every liquor case before the Supreme Court. Not a word has been stricken from the enforcement acts, but more than seventy-five written decisions have been handed down extending them and upholding Mabel's methods. In one notable decision in 1926, the Supreme Court said: "The dominant purpose of the [Volstead] Act is to prevent the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and *all its provisions are to be liberally construed to that end.*"

Mabel not only closely supervised all liquor-law prosecutions by the regular force of spies; she also found time for ventures into enforcement on her own account, as in the Remus case and the more recent New York night-club forays. Her docile United States district attorneys, with a few lamentable exceptions, pushed her cases as she directed. Most of the appeals from decisions of lower courts by bootleggers and smugglers she fought personally before the Supreme Court, in whose chamber her graceful tailored figure has been a regular adornment. And when she has not argued them herself, the band of lawyers which she organized has handled them under her supervision, and the decisions for the most part bear her mark. They are her work, her record, her claim to immortality. More than any other jurisconsult in America, she has put the kibosh on the Bill of Rights.

Mabel did well with the Supreme Court from the start. No less than five of the decisions that she won in 1922 were notable. In the case of Corneli vs. Moore, it was decided that an owner of liquor so injudicious as to store it in a government bonded warehouse could not withdraw it to his home for his private use, even though it had been acquired legally prior to the initiation of the Noble Experiment. In the Vigliotti case from Pennsylvania it was decreed that the Brooks license law, a before-Volstead regulation requiring a State license for the sale of liquor, was valid despite the Federal outlawry of all

sales of liquor as a beverage. No paradox was seen by the learned judges in a decision that a man could be punished for violating a license law with which he could not legally comply.

In the United States vs. Lanza, the Supreme Court, tearing up the Fifth Amendment, decided that prosecution by a State under a local liquor law was not a bar to prosecution by Federal authorities under the Volstead Act. This decision, it soon appeared, was not bad enough, so it was supplemented by a decision in a Louisiana case approving prosecution by both State and Federal governments for a single act, and in an Illinois case approving double prosecution under the Volstead Act by Federal authorities, once for the possession and once for the sale, of the same liquor.

Canada's unsympathetic attitude toward Prohibition may have started in 1922, for in that year the Supreme Court virtually annulled a treaty of 1871 between Great Britain and the United States, which gave British subjects the right to trans-ship merchandise under customs bond through the United States from one British possession to another, or to Mexico. The court decreed that the Eighteenth Amendment forbade all transportation of intoxicating liquor in this country. If this decision were extended to its logical limits, the diplomats in Washington would be deprived of the immunity which now enables them to bring in liquor by the truckload from ships which dock at Baltimore. But the Treasury, after issuing a humiliating order requiring an accredited diplomat to ride atop each liquor-truck, has now sanctioned the continuance of these treats for dry Congressmen and other influential Americans at the expense of foreign governments.

Early in 1923 Mabel extended her court activities to the high seas, where she has since caused enterprising skippers many pains. In the Cunard case the Supreme Court imposed the Noble Experiment on both American and foreign ships within the three-mile limit. By this decision stores of liquor intended to be consumed on outward voyages from the United States were forbidden even to foreign ships. Shortly afterward the United States negotiated a treaty with Great Britain whereby British ships were granted permission to defy the decision of the court by bringing in stores of liquor for use on outward voyages under proper customs bonds and seals. In return for this favor, the Mistress of the Seas granted the United States permission to search suspected rum-running ships flying the British flag, and to seize them, if the Coast Guard saw fit, within "one hour's steaming distance" of the American coast. This extended the three-mile limit to about twelve miles for Prohibition purposes.

Later in 1923 the Brede case smoothed the paths of Mabel's prosecutors. This decision, boldly amending the Sixth Amendment, ruled that a first offense violation of the Volstead Act might be prosecuted under an information filed by the United States attorney, instead of by indictment voted by a grand jury, and also that the Attorney-General might order Prohibition violators confined in any convenient jail under arrangement with State authorities. Even at this early date congestion of the Federal prisons had become acute as a result of the newly-created liquor crimes.

A decision that beer is unfit medicine for a sick man was the high point of 1924 for Mabel. The court, sitting as a medical authority, upheld the medical experts of the Congress which had passed the Willis-Campbell Act, limiting prescriptions to spiritous and vinous liquors. Congress is the proper judge of the means necessary to make Prohibition effective, said the Court. But its reasoning here will probably seem a bit hazy to the lay observer, for a few weeks earlier it had decided that a municipal ordinance limiting liquor prescriptions to eight ounces a week was valid and binding, even though Congress had allowed double that amount.

It was also decreed in 1924 that the Indians were not to profit by the Volstead Act, which allows the possession of liquor in certain innocent circumstances; the old

Federal law enacted before the Indians became citizens, forbidding all possession of liquor in the Indian country, was upheld. At about the same time, the seizure of liquor in an open field without a warrant was held not to be a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, even when the Federal agents were trespassers on private property.

In 1925 a new chapter was opened with a decision sanctioning the rifling of automobiles, boats or other vehicles by Prohibition agents without a warrant "where reasonable cause exists." There, as in many other cases, the practice of the Prohibition agents and prosecutors had been initiated for a considerable time, under color of Mabel's official approval, before the victims protested unsuccessfully to the courts.

II

But on the same day that the Supreme Court upheld the freedom of the open fields for Prohibition agents, it sat on Mabel for attempting to prevent the President from pardoning an influential violator of the nuisance, or padlock, clause of the Volstead Act. This decision,—it was in the Grossman case,—declared that the President's pardoning powers included clemency for contempt of court. The government, *i.e.*, Mabel, had argued that the contempt of court involved in violation of a padlock injunction was not "an offense against the United States," and therefore outside of the executive power of pardon. Another decision the same day gave her some comfort. It upheld Georgia's law making illegal the possession of liquor legally acquired prior to Prohibition,—a ruling that must have caused some frenzied drinking orgies if any of Georgia's good drinkers were literally law-abiding.

In the Selzman case Mabel's sovereignty was extended to include industrial alcohol. "The power of the Federal government granted by the Eighteenth Amendment to enforce the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, and transportation of intoxicating liquor, carries with it power to enact any legislative measures reasonably adapted to promote this purpose," said the court. "The denaturing in order to render the making and sale of industrial alcohol compatible with the enforcement of the prohibition of alcohol for beverage purposes is not always effective." In the Steele case it was decided that Prohibition agents are "civil officers" empowered to serve warrants, and also that the fact that an employé slept and cooked in a room in a garage did not constitute the place a "dwelling" within the meaning of the law. Another decision upheld the Volstead Act itself in the face of a protest that it was enacted before the Eighteenth Amendment became operative; it was also held that notice was not required in the issuance of a temporary padlock injunction.

In 1926 the Maryland Free State provided Mabel with a case which she converted into a Prohibition triumph with the aid of the Supreme Court. Federal agents killed a Free Stater in a raid, and their subsequent explanations caused the State authorities to charge them with perjury and conspiracy to obstruct justice as well as murder. The liquor-snoopers got a Federal judge to remove their cases to the Federal courts, in which the local United States district attorney is required by law to defend them. Maryland went to Supreme Court seeking a writ of mandamus to bring the cases back into the State courts. But the Supreme Court upheld Mabel and the agents on the murder charge. Its decision authorized the removal of the case to the Federal courts because the nature of the offense was such as to indicate that it grew out of acts committed in the line of duty, *i.e.*, while making a raid. It was decreed, however, that inasmuch as the charges of perjury and conspiracy to obstruct justice concerned acts outside of the agents' line of duty, the State courts should retain jurisdiction in these charges.

Earlier in Mabel's career, the Free State originated a *cause célèbre* which remains one of the thorns in her crown of water-lilies, —the John Philip Hill case. Hill, then a

member of the House of Representatives, notified the Federal authorities at Baltimore that he would make wine in his home. He did, and Mabel had to take up the challenge. He was triumphantly acquitted by a Baltimore jury, and the case ended there.

Mabel this year took up successfully with the Court the question of the use of automobiles by bootleggers. In the unequal battle entitled the United States vs. One Ford Automobile, she obtained a ruling authorizing confiscation of automobiles under the revenue laws, the forfeiture provisions of which are more drastic and easier for prosecutors to invoke than those of the Volstead Act. In a companion case the Supreme Court ruled inconveniently, however, that if Mabel and her district attorneys prosecuted a miscreant under the Volstead Act, they could not confiscate his car under the revenue laws. Meanwhile, her home State of Kansas went up to the Supreme Court and won a case which must have aroused her envy and admiration. The State law providing for the forfeiture of an automobile used in liquor traffic, even if the owner has no knowledge of the offending use, was upheld, the court also ruling that a jury trial was not necessary thereunder. The Federal forfeiture laws still provide some protection for innocent owners of automobiles.

Then the medicos brought to the Supreme Court their battle for the liberty to prescribe for their patients. Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, a distinguished New York physician, appealed an adverse decision in a suit attacking the validity of the Willis-Campbell Act's prescription limitation of a pint of liquor every ten days. He was supported by the American Medical Association. The late Wayne B. Wheeler, then the Anti-Saloon League czar, filed a brief as *amicus curiæ*,—a legal term literally and here ironically translated as "friend of the court,"—in support of Mabel. She won. "Whatever the belief of a physician in the medicinal value of liquor, his right to administer it to his patients is subordinate to the powers granted to Congress in the Eighteenth Amendment," said five members of the court. The other four Justices protested against what is said to have been the first attempt by any government in the world to restrict what a physician may prescribe in attempting to cure his patient.

About this time one Murphy, who had been acquitted of a criminal charge brought against him under the nuisance clause of the Volstead Act, found to his surprise, from Mabel and the Supreme Court, that his place of business nevertheless could be padlocked by a Federal judge under the nuisance injunction clause.

Mabel went on to even greater achievements in 1927. Her contention that bootleggers must pay income taxes on their gains was upheld. The Supreme Court recognized the profession of bootician, and cautioned the Treasury not to let its Income Tax Division disclose to its Prohibition Bureau the profits and profiteers of this illegal business, whose gains the government thereby shares. Even a bootlegger, it thus appears, enjoys the boon of secrecy in his tax return. But the hard-hearted Treasury will not allow him to deduct his fines and bribes to Prohibition agents as business expenses.

About this time Mabel made another great foray on the high seas, and with the aid of the Coast Guard, virtually wrecked Rum Row. The ambitious liquor-ship skippers had been harassed badly by Prohibition Czar Lincoln C. Andrews and the Coast Guard's fast destroyers, but Mabel, in a few months, obtained four Supreme Court decisions which more than doubled the guard's effectiveness. One of the cases provided part of the precedent for the recent sinking of a Canadian schooner 200 miles off New Orleans by the gunfire of a Coast Guard cutter. The court set its seal of approval on the conviction of a British captain by refusing to review his appeal, in which he protested that he was illegally arrested outside the "one hour's steaming distance" limit of the treaty with Great

Britain. The coast guardsmen justified the pursuit and arrest on the ground that the chase of the captain started within the treaty limit and that he was arrested at the end of a "hot continuous pursuit." In the recent *I'm Alone* incident off New Orleans, the guardsmen carried this theory to a logical conclusion by sinking the ship and slaying a member of its crew after playing hide-and-seek with it for two days.

Mabel and her cohorts in her adopted State of California struck terror into the hairy chests of the smugglers in another case by making an example of Captain Ford of the *Quadra*, who was convicted of conspiring to violate the Volstead Act without his ever having set foot on United States soil prior to his arrest. The Supreme Court, in affirming the captain's conviction and prison sentence, approved the seizure of suspected foreign ships outside the three-mile territorial limit and within the treaty limit of twelve miles. The *Quadra* was captured 5.7 miles from the Farallone Islands, which are about twenty-five miles from the California mainland off San Francisco.

Mabel also prosecuted many American skippers with even greater success. In the Maul case it was decided that the government could confiscate American ships in the smuggling trade seized anywhere on the high seas. In the companion Lee case the decision upheld the search and seizure of United States vessels anywhere on the high seas, even in instances where the Federal authorities decided not to bring the usual forfeiture proceedings against them. The sentence of Skipper Lee, who was convicted of conspiring to violate the Volstead Act on the evidence of the guardsmen, was affirmed.

Anti-Saloon League hosannas for these dispensations were ascending to Heaven from Wheeler's convenient headquarters overlooking the Capitol when the Supreme Court momentarily disappointed and gave pause to the boosters of the Noble Experiment. One decision struck directly at the League's home State of Ohio, outlawing the Westerville dominion's quaint practice of sharing Prohibition fines with the roadside justices who imposed them. Mabel was not at fault, as this was entirely a State case.

In two other cases her foot slipped. The Court held that New York's State troopers had been illegally seizing liquor from automobiles without search warrants, the liquor subsequently being used by Federal authorities in prosecutions under the Volstead Act. But the lack of a State enforcement law was all that saved New Yorkers from this amiable practice of the motorcycle hussars, for this lack deprived them of authority to conduct such searches. Only Federal agents can make such searches and seizures in New York now.

Then Alaska's extraordinary Prohibition law, which allowed officers to search homes on suspicion without search warrants, was kicked in the pants. The court reversed the conviction of a hero named Ole Berkness, holding that the less malevolent warrant requirements of the Volstead Act were enough to protect the Eskimos. The Volstead Act is now recognized to require actual sworn evidence before a search warrant is issued authorizing invasion of a dwelling. On the same day as the Berkness defeat, however, the Court ruled in the Marron case that a dry agent with a search warrant for intoxicating liquor could, if he wished, also seize books and ledgers not described in the warrant, if he thought they contained evidence which might be used against the accused.

III

During the last year Mabel appears to have slumped a bit in her piling up of precedents, although she has enjoyed several victories in court. Her campaign efforts to nominate and elect the Wonder Boy from California may have been responsible. The Supreme Court on one occasion found itself so puzzled by her methods that it ordered a re-argument, and later a third argument, of her attempt to punish a Federal Prohibi-

tion director who had committed the heinous crime of failing to report a Prohibition violation formally to the nearest United States district attorney for prosecution.

But even with the distractions of Dr. Hoover's campaign, the dispatching of under-cover agents as prisoners to spy on Federal prison wardens, and the ineffective raiding of New York night-clubs on the eve of Al Smith's nomination, two new invasions of the Bill of Rights have lately got the Supreme Court's approval. A great rumpus was raised over the Olmstead decision, in which the court approved tapping the home and business telephones of suspected bootleggers, and accepted as legal evidence a stenographic record of such eavesdropping. Four of the nine justices and many newspapers protested against Chief Justice Taft's dictum that this practice did not violate the Fourth Amendment's guarantee that "the right of the people to be secure in their houses against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated." But the decision's effect upon current enforcement was mostly psychological. Wire-tapping is very expensive, prohibited by law in many States, and frowned upon by the telephone companies; therefore it is seldom used.

Less spectacular but more impressive in results was the Grosfield case, in which the court ruled that the Volstead Act authorized a Federal judge, by the issuance of a padlock injunction, to close for a year property upon which liquor had been manufactured and sold illegally, even though the innocent owner had ousted the offending tenant after the padlock proceedings were started. Padlocking, which is a literal, not figurative, proceeding, completely destroys the use of a property for the period of the injunction's duration, and frequently for a long time after. This decision suggests the possibility of enlisting large numbers of landlords among the nation's unofficial liquor snoopers. It may also lead Federal judges to extend their assumptions of the actual intent or knowledge of the landlords to almost any desired point.

Mabel also got the Supreme Court's O.K. on padlocks she had applied to Chicago restaurants which served their patrons with empty glasses, cracked ice, and ginger-ale. The padlocked night-club owners applied to the court for a review of the lower court decisions won by Mabel's aides, but their petition was denied. As a result of this, many night-clubs now serve ginger-ale only when the waiter pours it into the patron's glass.

Mabel was temporarily stopped in the Donnelley case, but the final result showed her principles emerging with flying colors. John P. Donnelley was Federal Prohibition director for Nevada, and he failed to comply with the provision of the Volstead Act requiring the reporting to the nearest United States district attorney of all Prohibition violations which come to the notice of such officials. Donnelley told the local district attorney during a casual conversation of the seizure of ten barrels of beer near Reno, and an account of it was published in a Reno paper. But he was prosecuted for failure to file a formal director's report. In the government briefs filed for the first two arguments of the case, it was stated that the government did not believe that failure to report a violation was an offense punishable under the catch-all penalty provision of the Volstead Act. Solicitor-General Mitchell's name was signed to these briefs, over Mabel's name. After Mabel's argument was questioned critically by the court, she filed a remarkable memorandum, in which Mitchell did not join, as an introduction to her third attempt. In this she said:

> Despite the fact that the better view may be that the statute does not describe an offense, it must be conceded that the effect of so interpreting the statute and reversing the court below would be to favor the law-breaker and excuse from punishment under the act wilfully negligent officers charged with the duty of enforcement. . . . Such an interpretation . . . is not compelled by the rules of statutory construction, and certainly is to be avoided if possible.

Mabel won. The Supreme Court con-

strued the law her way, and the $500 fine against Donnelley was upheld.

The decisions of the court form only a part of her legal triumphs against the Demon Rum. Many important precedents have been set in the lower Federal courts in cases prosecuted by her subordinates, such as the ginger-ale case just mentioned. Highly discouraging to convicted bootleggers is her steady success in inducing the Supreme Court to kick out their appeals without a hearing after the Federal District Courts and Circuit Courts of Appeal have decided against them—so discouraging, in fact, that the number of Volstead appeals has diminished by about 50% in the last few years. In the earlier years from seventy-five to one hundred such appeals for review were brought to the Supreme Court annually; in the last term about fifty of them were filed. These appeals have all received the same rough treatment that their predecessors got: Mabel filed briefs in opposition and the court denied the petitions. The Department of Justice recently estimated that only 8% of the petitions for review filed by persons convicted of violating the Federal laws are now granted. And Prohibition cases make up more than one-half of the criminal cases which reach the Supreme Court.

The decrease in cases supports the theory that most of the points possible to raise against the law and Mabel's enforcement methods have been decided, and in Mabel's favor. When the Jones Act shall have been upheld, it will remain only for the District Courts to find accused persons guilty as directed in the broad precedents already established, except when snoopers invade homes without warrants or otherwise disobey the few remaining hindrances to unrestricted raiding. Trial by jury remains the one hope of the unjustly accused, and it is a hope that is fast fading.

Thus the arguments of Mabel and her Anti-Saloon League "friends of the court" have blurred in the minds of the learned justices guarantees which the Fathers so laboriously wrote into the Bill of Rights. The "right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures," the guarantees that no person shall "be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb," that no one shall be "compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself," and that none shall be "deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," all these high boons have been abrogated by the Eighteenth Amendment as the Supreme Court interprets it.

Without a man's knowledge, his private telephone conversations may be taken down and used as evidence against him. Without a warrant, trespassers on his property may seize his goods. He may be twice punished for selling the same quart of liquor. Thus have the Fathers' benefits to posterity been relegated to the attic and supplanted by Mabel's bright new gifts.

INGALLS OF KANSAS

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

The guns had hardly been silenced at Appomattox when, following the classic law of post-bellum waterbrash and hunting-the-goat, the private mudsills and sewage howitzers opened in full force.

Tons of books have been written on the effects of war on the history and evolution of peoples, but practically no attention has been given to the effect of the cessation of war on their private psychic and physical lives.

The sudden let-down from chimeric songs and slogans to tax-blanks, the terrible suspicion that the other fellow may have been right, the awakening of shamefaced guilt and the desire to take it out on some one, the impulse of Johnny Who Comes Marching Home from Way Down South in Dixie or Over There to ram his wooden leg through the vitals of those in power, and the efforts of the die-hards and glamour-and-glory crowd to keep the Bloody Shirt waving at any price—these things are excellent material for the psychologist ambitious to study the lives of peoples, especially our own, who have been always sore on themselves after every war except the first one.

The Civil War, purely a home-brew affair, engendered an era of corruption and Bloody Shirtism that lasted for the rest of the century. Grant came near going to jail. A presidential election was stolen and Rutherford B. Hayes was seated after the two sets of thieves had nearly plunged the country into another war. A bitter feud between James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling that lasted all their lives, and was of profoundly subtle and psychologically fascinating origin, began in 1866 and raged so virulently and uninterruptedly that it led indirectly to the assassination of President Garfield.

Above this mess of corruption, the boil-burstings of war pus, threats of murder, and the emptying of great pails of verbal slop over the head of Grover Cleveland—not to mention the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, the subtle war-sick motive for which has never been unearthed—; above all this stood the glamour-and-glory crowd of Rhetorical Lungarians waving the Bloody Shirt and walloping the welkin with "We'll Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys; We'll Rally Once Again," headed by the great Ohio fire-eater, Joseph Benson Foraker, who had to be given a quick bleeding every time he heard the name of Jefferson Davis.

It was toward the fag-end of this long and exhilarating saturnalia of post-war exhibitionism, blood-letting and grandiloquent applesauce that the tall, spare, buttoned-up figure of John James Ingalls of Kansas rose before my youthful gaze like a souvenir spoon out of a dish of lobscouse. There was something superior, disdainful, aloof, intellectual about the man. His physical height, together with his fine, sensitive, scholarly face, suddenly popping out of his long, funereal black coat, in contrast to the fat-faced, fully bearded, pot-bellied, gross-visaged, often shabby-looking façades of the politicians of the era—these characteristics were, no doubt, the main underlying causes of my then conception of him as an Olympian. (Today he looks to me like a clerical cobra.) Added to this was the generally accepted fact that he

was one of the three men in public life at that time who had intelligence and daring over and above the mere political shrewdness and cunning of the other post-war "giants." The other two were Robert G. Ingersoll and Thomas B. Reed, of Maine. Of these three men, Ingersoll alone survives even as a ghost. To the generation since 1900, the year of Ingalls' death, his name means nothing. He has been almost forgotten. There isn't a single law or measure that is associated with his name. Yet out of the days in which he lived, this curious combination of Swift, Emerson and Young's "Night Thoughts" who sat in the United States Senate from 1873 to 1891 is the only office-holder who still sticks in my imagination. He was a kind of Puritan Pericles in the quite un-Periclean post-war mess, and his toga was not stainless, either.

II

John James Ingalls was born in Middleton, Mass., in 1833. He came of a long, unbroken line of Calvinistic Puritans. His ancestors were of an austere, aristocratic, devout, scholarly breed, none of whom, it is recorded, ever knew the shadow of turning from a just and therefore damnation-loving God. He was born a Republican as inexorably as Andrew Jackson was born a Democrat. If there was above his first cradle any other motto than "God Bless Our Home" it might well have been "Vox Populi Vox Satanas."

By all hereditary influences, then, Ingalls, with all his acquired gifts of eloquence (he confessed he was always panic-stricken before an audience) was destined to become another one of those moralic preaching pests who have filled this goodly land of ours from the time the Nordic buzzards first landed on Plymouth Rock to the current blue-ribbon litter of McBrides, Willebrandts, Cadmans and Cannons. But Ingalls came into and received his education in a New England that had felt a stirrin' of the bones. There was an anti-Puritan rebellion in full swing—at least an intellectual and social rebellion, for the brutal and maniacal Puritan libido was still pretty well chained up in the kennels of the hell-fancying Lord. Transcendentalism was in war-paint, with Emerson announcing the calm blasphemy, "If I am the Devil's child, I will live unto the Devil!" and Thoreau teaching the duty of disobedience to everything except one's own ego.

Ingalls, judging by his subsequent style of writing and much of his thought, was profoundly influenced by these men. The gall-stones of Jonathan Edwards in his mental body began to dissolve after he began drinking the clear waters of Concord and Walden. An anecdote remains of that time which illustrates the intellectual revolt from authority on the part of the young man. He had to submit his college graduation oration to his superiors before delivering it. He had put "dangerous" matter into it, which the college authorities cut out with a reprimand. But when he delivered his oration it was precisely as he had written it originally. He was not an Emerson or a Thoreau by a star-shot, but he had resolved to be John James Ingalls, come what may. And he did the job fairly well.

I believe that all bitter satire (and all the religious venom in American life) can be traced mainly to inverted and suppressed sex-instincts. This is, above all, true of those born of Puritan ancestry. The "knouted tongue" of Ingalls (clean as Parsifal in his sex-life, although he begat thirteen children in Holy Wedlock), the withering blasts of Bierce, the satire of Mark Twain were all the products of painful flesh-wrestling. Ingalls had an asp on the end of his tongue which drove at least two Senators out of public life—an asp that had been spawned in the venom of ancestral booze-fighters and libido-flagellants. He was thus, in everything, a typical New England Brahmin. His thought and character were pretty well set and consolidated when, in 1858, he resolved to go to Kansas.

Kansas was bleeding at that time. Kan-

sas has always been bleeding. She has bled and bled and bled over the Indians, the Mormons, the squatters, slavery, the border wars, the Populist confiscators, her corn-mule cirrhosis, the state of the nation-at-large and the hell-fumes of Tammany, and only lately she burst a brand-new blood vessel over the fear that Al Smith would set up housekeeping with his old pal, the Pope, in Topeka. And from Ingalls to the present Colossus of Cafeteria Culture, William Allen White, Kansas has not lacked her Ready Reliefs. But it was not the dark and bloody sod of Kansas that called young John James to make the trek thither, nor was it any particular interest, transcendental or otherwise, in slavery. He suddenly resolved to go there after looking at a gaudy lithograph depicting the star-lit and sun-baked beauties of a hole-in-the-ground called Sumner. Three years after his arrival there a tornado brushed this real-estate pastel off the national map forever.

Charmingly American! The influence of the colored lithograph on the imagination of Our People has never been gone into. In this inquiry I think it will be found that Ingalls was the only man ever lured into Kansas by a lithograph. Whatever the fact, from the day he landed he took over the State as his own. The raw and racy doings out there stimulated in him new emotions and awoke latent ones. Kansas before and during the Civil War was all that he was not. What it needed was Law and Culture, and he had both. For its continual bleeding he proposed a course in Blackstone and Transcendental teaching inflated to its blowsiest limits, with small but continuous doses of vitriol. Kansas and Ingalls soon became synonymous. He fell so hard for this experimental laboratory for all conceivable American imbecilities that as late as 1896, in his sixty-third year, he wrote:

> Kansas is the navel of the nation, the nucleus of our political system, core and kernel of the country. Her statistics can be stated only in the language of hyperbole. Her aspiration is to reach the unattainable, the realization of the impossible. Kansas is indispensable to the joy, the inspiration and the improvement of the world. It seems incredible that there was a time when Kansas did not exist. Alexander wept, etc., etc.

If Ingalls were alive today he would no doubt assert that Jesus was not only a Rotarian, but that he was born where Atchison now rears its domes and minarets. Then, again, a suspicion sometimes visits me that his fulsomest flattery was always the mask of his bitterest satire.

After Sumner disappeared in a, no doubt, bleeding tornado, Ingalls hung out his shingle in Atchison. After he had proposed marriage to a girl living in the same town by a formal written instrument, he began to hold, run for and grab at political office like the lean and hungry Cassius that he looked. He held various small county jobs at first, and even became, in 1862, a lieutenant-colonel of Volunteers who watched the boys go marching off with something of an ironic smile, for he never had the slightest intention of doing any bleeding himself. I believe from a close reading of his biographers that he was secretly more interested during the war in polishing up and re-sweating Emerson's essays for his own use, in the new doctrine of Darwin (whom he called "that impolite philosopher"), and in the attitude of Thomas Carlyle (whom he admired tremendously) toward the North, which was one of academic hostility, than in the question of slavery. As a Free Soiler and a congenital Republican, he, of course, stood pat; but his love for the Negro, it seems to me, was purely rhetorical.

He did not believe at all in democracy or equality. In later years he wrote a radical essay entitled "Men Are Not Created Equal." In it he brings down the whole power of his epigrammatic, dogmatic style in announcing the inconceivablenes of equality of any kind. It contains such phrases as the "glittering generalities of Thomas Jefferson" and "the distinctions between men were established by act of God, and they cannot be abolished by acts of Congress." While all this was, of course,

sweated out of Huxley's "On the Natural Inequality of Men" and the extreme individualism of Herbert Spencer, Auberon Herbert, Thoreau and Emerson, and while it contained nothing new in matter or manner (he merely shoved Huxley's essay into Emerson's style), still it was a courageous and bold utterance for a Kansan holding a job in the United States Senate. There isn't a single man in the Senate today who would dare publish the radical ideas on political philosophy and religion that Ingalls put forth in his day. The same ideas on religion cost Ingersoll a seat in the Senate. But somehow, while Kansas without a doubt again bled profusely over these lectures and writings, it overlooked them because of Ingalls' national fame and the fact that he was the most perfect gentleman who ever slit a political throat.

Irreconcilable egoist and radical traditionalist as he was, spouting a queer mixture of bombastic inanities and hard-boiled truths, it would seem to be the place here to put down some of his remarks on uplifters in general and Socialism in particular. I cull these sentences from his "Hallucinations of Despair" and "Socialism Is Impossible":

> In a successful universe evil is quite as indispensable as good. . . . Without evil progress would cease. . . . What a monotonous universe it would be without sin and evil! . . . Get money and lift yourself up free. . . . Socialism and Communism are the prescriptions of those who have failed. . . . They are the hallucinations of despair. . . . Instead of being novelties they are the refuse and débris of history. Civilization has been built on their ruins. . . . The radical error of Socialism is the assumption that there is some power in society above and beyond that of the individuals of which society is composed.

Ingalls was, indeed, such a pronounced individualist and anti-State man that he even advocated getting rid of the Post-office Department as a national institution. He was that extraordinary paradox, a decentralization Republican. As a matter of fact, he was unconsciously what Huxley called Spencer, "an administrative nihilist," which means anarchism with a police and fire department and a mint.

III

In 1873 he was elected to the United States Senate. Here, in a flaming red tie and a long black coat, he developed to the full for eighteen years his latent powers of withering satire and his gift for inventing epigrams which sizzled through the nation, as when he called President Arthur "the prize political ox," and said that "Pennsylvania has produced but two great men, Benjamin Franklin of Massachusetts and Albert Gallatin of Switzerland," and that "Delaware is a State that has two counties when the tide is up and three when the tide is down." He was elected to the seat of Senator Pomeroy, the latter losing all hope when Representative York walked up to the desk of the Speaker of the Kansas House and laid down $7,000 in cash which he said had been given to him by Pomeroy in exchange for his vote. How crude and forthright were the thieves of those far-off days!

When Ingalls went into the Senate it had apparently never occurred to his Transcendental mind that it was a law-making body, for in looking over the books about him I cannot find that he ever introduced a measure nor do I know how he voted on any measure. No; John James Ingalls thought he had been elected to a debating club; he never regarded the Senate as anything else but a public hall in which he could flay those who did not like him and pronounce Marc Antonian eulogies on dead hick Solons, who, as soon as they were forever beyond the reach of an investigating committee, got the Ingallian O.K. for extreme beatification.

It was in 1878, after he had been reelected to the Senate, that his immaculate attire received the little splash of mud that I mentioned in the beginning of this article. Charges of bribery and corruption were made about his election. They fell to the ground—probably for lack of a squealing York. It was then that he gave out a statement that fairly staggered the country in its cynicism:

> The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. . . . The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. . . . In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to destroy. The commander who lost the battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. The modern cant about the corruption of politics is fatiguing in the extreme. It proceeds from tea-custard and syllabub dilettantism and frivolous sentimentalism.

Nobody else in American history—and no human being since Napoleon, so far as I know—ever had the daring to fire stuff like that in the face of seventy million people. And he got away with it, which helps to prove a theory I hold that if you emit the whole truth brutally you will be acclaimed; only those who tell half-truths with chattering teeth or evaders are crucified. The phrase "iridescent dream" rode the waves until Grover Cleveland dimmed its glories when he wrote to Congress that a certain law might be allowed to pass into "a state of innocuous desuetude." It was a great day for culture in America.

After his "vindication" and the above blast Atchison gave him what was known in those days as a "monster torchlight procession." At the end of it Ingalls delivered a devastating speech in which he said of the newspapers that had attacked him that one "was edited in his brief and casual intervals of sobriety by a drunken political tramp; the other by a long-haired hermaphrodite who has as much idea of decent journalism as the scarlet woman of Babylon would have of the immaculate conception."

Speaking of drink, there are two delightful letters of his extant which give a glimpse of the Senate of his time. They are both to his wife:

> The Colorado millionaire, Tabor, took his seat last week. A fouler beast was never depicted. . . . Such a vulgar, ruffianly boor you never beheld: uncouth, awkward, shambling, dirty hands and big feet turned inwards: a huge solitaire diamond on a sooty, bony blacksmith finger: piratical features, unkempt, frowsy and unclean: blotched with disease—he looks the brute he is. . . .
>
> D—— C—— is going to the bad at a hand-gallop. He has been drunk for the last ten days, and he is now threatened with delirium tremens. V—— has taken to drink again and has been kept in durance by his friends. Beck, Voorhees, Morgan and half a dozen more are either inflamed or besotted by whisky half the time. It is singular that I am not beset with this temptation myself. My grandfather Ingalls fell a victim to the appetite in his later days, and I have often wondered how I escaped. Sometimes I feel an unappeasable craving, but a glass satisfies me.

In the late eighties came a memorable event in Ingalls' life. It was the celebrated debate between him and Senator Daniel Voorhees of Indiana, the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, in which the lightning from the ironic heavens of Ingalls' brain struck the tall sycamore in so many places that he had literally to be dragged out of the Senate chamber howling "Liar!" and "Dirty dog!" between sobs. He remained concealed for many weeks, while Ingalls, with a brand-new scarlet tie, set about composing his afterward famous article on "The Immortality of the Soul."

It all arose out of Voorhees' making references to Ingalls' war record and raking up the old corruption charges of '78. Ingalls came back by reading documents to prove that Voorhees had been a traitor. He accused him of being a member of the secret order of the Knights of the Golden Circle, one of whose planks affirmed the right to assassinate. He read documents to prove that Voorhees had said that every Union soldier ought to have a collar around his neck marked, "My Dog. A. Lincoln." And finally—and this is what sent the Tall Sycamore crashing to the ground—he produced affidavits from Voorhees' home-towners asserting that Indiana soldiers had once almost succeeded in hanging him with a bell-rope from the smokestack of a train.

Ingalls' day was set to smash Voorhees; not only was the Capitol packed but the whole nation sat in at the show. Amusements were few in those days and sports outside of baseball were in their infancy. The papers used to give over, in the manner of the London *Times*, whole pages to the congressional proceedings. I recall that I, in the very heat and ecstasy of my Republi-

can Incarnation, slept very little the night before the appearance in the papers of the Ingalls slaughter. Nobody talked about anything else for two days. Ingalls was a Babe Ruth, a Jack Dempsey, a Lindy all rolled into one. . . . It is said that some time before his death he regretted the Voorhees flaying.

But Kansas was bleeding again. The mcnaryhaugens of that day had begun to feel their oats. Medicine Lodge had hatched an Apocalyptic Spirit yclept Sockless Jerry Simpson, who had got into Congress without socks, planted his hairy legs on his desk in the House, and announced himself as the Marat of a Populist Revolution. One Peffer, an anti-Transcendentalist in hide and hair, announced that the days of highbrows in the Senate were at an end —meaning, "Ingalls, in the name of the down-trodden, plum-brandy-soaked proletariat of the soil, I claim your seat!" It was 1891. Coxey's Army was fecundating in the cells of Greenback Jake, Bryan was a-wombing, the farmers were demanding Treasury pickings—and Ingalls fell as Peffer went to Washington. But John James retired facing the enemy with this terse explanation of his defeat in a letter to a friend: "I was defeated by Democrats, Greenbackers, sarsaparilla physicians, bunco-steerers and political c— doctors."

IV

Ingalls, as disclosed in his religious and literary writings, had a dual nature. One side of him was dark, pessimistic, agnostic. The other side of him contained a bloated, florid sentimentalist. The first produced the satiric rapiers that were always puncturing his inflated, sentimental side. He valued the Book of Job above all other books, asserting that nothing of any value has been written since about the Great Mystery. But of original thought in him there is none. He was an idea-plagiarist and his most famous and treasured remains can be instantly placed. He wrote the most famous poem of his day, which held the bays till Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" displaced it. It is called "Opportunity," and begins:

> Master of human destinies am I!
> Fame, love and fortune in my footsteps wait.
> Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate
> Deserts and seas remote—

You can guess the rest. There isn't a line of poetry in the thing, and if Shakespeare had never written "There is a tide in the affairs of men," Ingalls would probably never have conceived it. It has value today only in so far as it shows Ingalls to have been a fatalist. It spawned endless poems in rebuttal, and a Dr. Gigiotti, who had written a poem called "Il Fato," charged Ingalls with plagiarism. The evidence is inconclusive.

In reviewing a book he echoed Emerson thus: "Civilization is a veneer. The gentleman is a varnished savage. The haughty dame, the languishing belle, are lacquered squaws. The institutions of society are stucco upon an edifice of barbarism. . . . Children are born barbarians."

In his religious views he followed the style and thought of Ingersoll. Indeed, he might have qualified for Ingersoll's understudy. The following will give a periscopic view of his radical views and also show how closely he followed the trail of Bob:

> Inasmuch as both force and matter are infinite and indestructible, and can neither be added to nor subtracted from, it follows that in some form we have always existed, and that we shall continue in some form to exist forever. . . . Evolution, metempsychosis, reincarnation, are not beliefs. They are parts of speech, interesting only to the compiler of lexicons.

He did not accept the divinity of Christ: "the harvest is a succession, not a resurrection." He believed that faith in God and the immortality of the soul had a utilitarian value only, as it "conduces powerfully to social order." Of the value of life he said:

> Many of us would not have come had the opportunity to decline, with thanks, been presented. . . . To multitudes life is an inconceivable insult and injury. . . . We are sent here under sentence of death. . . . An inexorable verdict has been pronounced and recorded in the secret councils of the

> skies. . . . Fatal germs, immortal bacilli, heaven-sent microbes, inhabit the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, poisoning where they fly and infecting where they repose. . . . Theology announces an eternity in Hell, Nature stands mute, Christ contented Himself with a few vague and unsatisfactory generalities.

Opposition to Christianity, he said, "is the strongest evidence of the religious spirit of the times." He was not only a pessimist but, as I have indicated, something of a Nietzschean: "Poverty will never be abolished, nor misery, nor pain, nor disease. They are inseparable from humanity. Were all contented and secure, progress would cease and the race would expire." But he was grateful for life in spite of "the tortures of disturbed functions, diseased nerves, sensibilities unnaturally acute, the war in my members between the spirit and the flesh, passions . . . and a conscience too sensitive to submit to moral anodynes." The death of Garfield led him somehow to this mixed reflection:

> When digestion is good and the nerves neither too lax nor too tensely strung it is pleasant to eat a good dinner, to get a little drunk, to smoke a good cigar. For at last I believe this world's phantasmagoria is a vision which rises from the boundless ocean and sinks again into the same ocean from which it arose.

All this was brave and startling enough in those days, especially out in Kansas, where Ingalls actually lectured to the farmers on Shelley, Keats, Renan and Taine. He was so strong on putting culture into his people that he did not charge admission when he lectured in his home State.

In view of the general halo-busting that is going on today, it is somewhat startling to read what he did to Washington away back in the blatant Fourth of July age:

> It cannot be denied that the popular notion of the founders of the government is as purely mythological as the Grecian dream of Jupiter and Minerva. With what awe in our boyhood do we contemplate the majestic name of Washington! That benign and tranquil, although somewhat stolid, visage looks down upon us from a serene atmosphere unstained with earthly passion. That venerable frame bears no taint of mortal frailty. . . . We learn in riper years, with grief not unmingled with incredulity, that this great man was subject to ungovernable outbreaks of rage, that he swore like a mule-driver, and that he was not only the Father of his Country, but also of Governcr Posey of Indiana.

How this amazing piece of ghoulishness was received I cannot find out. He at least escaped assassination.

The following came close upon Ingersoll's definition of a college as "a place where they dimmed diamonds and polished pebbles":

> Universities, colleges, libraries and museums are endowed by contributions to the conscience fund from the death-bed repentance of contrite pirates and extortioners who, having burned the candle to Mammon all their lives, blow the snuff in the face of the Lord.

His best known original literary productions outside of the poem "Opportunity" was his "Catfish Aristocracy," a whimsical piece of prose in the classic satiric style wherein he undertook to prove that the Kansas Bottoms man was the Darwinian missing link who "was unintentionally begotten in a concupiscence as idle and as thoughtless as that of dogs or flies or swine; he is a 'bifid,' who never uses soap and unanimously votes the Democratic ticket." Other things of his were "The Jayhawker," a history of the origin of the word and a description of the jayhawkers' rise "at the time patriotism and larceny had not entirely coalesced;" and "The Image and Superscription of Caesar," an essay-speech delivered in the Senate after the election of Peffer to his seat, wherein he impliedly recanted his "iridescent dream" blast, quoted Scripture and began to flirt with the new Populist party in Kansas by denouncing "vast organizations of capital." Here the instinctive demagogue that is in all office-holders came to light in Ingalls. But Kansas would have no more of him except as a free literary show.

He went to Europe after he left the Senate. I recall that he came back with such lurid and sensational pictures of "the abominable vices" of Paris and "that nameless sin, the Moulin Rouge," that half of America began to pack up for the New Sodom. Soon afterward he was forgotten.

THE KINDERGARTEN SOARS

BY GRACE ADAMS & EDWARD HUTTER

THE education of the young used to be a very simple process in America. When a child reached the age of seven he was led to the nearest schoolhouse, and there a laborious schoolma'am, with the aid of primers and birches, rammed and clouted the rudiments of the enlightenment into him. When a mother found seven continuous years with her offspring too burdensome, she shortened the ordeal by shifting her load, a few years before they expired, on to the kindergarten teacher, but the desk in the regular school remained his foreordained destination at seven, or maybe six. The kindergarten, of course, taught him nothing save how to amuse himself inoffensively, but his mother found it an adequate substitute for expensive nurses, and so kindergartens thrived.

Of late they have begun to thrive as never before, for it has been discovered by advanced pedagogues that their facilities may be multiplied and enlarged to accommodate not only infants and run-abouts, but also children of a larger growth. Some of them have begun to go very far. They take a pupil at the age of two and keep him until he has come to his later teens. From his parents they take over every responsibility for him, save of course the inescapable one of paying the bills. And all the while they protect him from the horrors of what is ordinarily understood by getting an education. His soul is allowed to expand. He is not tortured with unpleasant facts. The revolutionary discoveries of the New Psychology are at the bottom of this new development of the kindergarten. The movement is known as Progressive Education.

Naturally enough, it has its national organization and its official organ. The former, called the Progressive Education Association, has headquarters in Washington, and has flourished since 1919. The latter, called the *Progressive Education Quarterly*, was set up in 1924. In it one finds articles telling all about how Progressive Education works. The primer and the rattan have both disappeared, and with them the old-fashioned schoolma'am. The children in the new schools are rescued from their congenital darkness by all the ingenious devices of the New Psychology. Education, as they experience it, is a process of mental hygiene. Their unconscious desires are deftly sublimated, and if they show any sign of developing undesirable complexes the matter is looked to instantly and scientifically. But the atmosphere of the Freudian clinic is carefully avoided. The pupils, according to Mr. George Yeomans, who renounced the manufacture of plumbing accessories to found the Ojai Valley School in California, are viewed as "maple leaves in April, all shivering with pistillate flowers to catch pollen, thirsty for words that fertilize," and their teacher is a young lady "capable of making her subject the occasion to illuminate for them the origin of life and the processes of reproduction, . . . and, in some sense, promote an allegiance to that mysterious upward thrust which we call 'good will,' and which is the only worth-while thing ever produced except beauty—and it is, of course, a part of that."

There seems to be some difference of opinion among the members of the Progressive Education Association as to ex-

actly who fathered the movement. Mr. Yeomans comes out uncompromisingly for Jesus Christ and—as one might guess—Walt Whitman; but Mr. George T. Mirick, lecturer in education at Harvard and spreader of the new gospel among the academic high-brows, is of the opinion that it was William James and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Still other authorities, such as Miss Caroline Pratt and Miss Margaret Naumberg, who run schools in New York City, feel that the honor should be divided between unknown personages described as the Creative Artist and the Psychologist. Mr. Burton P. Fowler, who serves as chairman of the executive board of the association, is unable to believe that any single man, or any one group of men, could be responsible for so far-reaching a reform. Progressive Education, he says, is "the culmination of three hundred years of facts and philosophies, of wars and revolutions, of the whole scientific movement."

Chicago and New York are the strongholds of the movement; Chicago because it was in that city that, more than thirty years ago, Col. Francis W. Parker and Prof. John Dewey first bemoaned "the tragedy of orthodox education" and sought to alleviate it; New York on account of its unfailing interest in things "artistically creative." From these two centers the schools have spread out all over the country—even to Hawaii, where the Hanahauoli School is staunch in its allegiance to Dr. Dewey. But he is not the only pioneer to be so honored, for the fame of his colleague is perpetuated in the Francis W. Parker School of San Diego, California, as well as by the one in Chicago. Most of the schools in the East, however, have left these early models far behind. The Progressive programme has been adapted to every class and society. Thus the Manumit School at Pawling, N. Y., is "conducted for the children of Radical Labor partisans"; while the Tower Hill School of Wilmington, Del., "was projected by members of the duPont family," and the Scarborough School, with an enrollment of almost three hundred, was established and is still supported by Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, "primarily for their own children." The intellectual members of Dr. Felix Adler's Ethical Culture Society and the Harvard faculty each have flourishing schools for their young. The Libertarian Colony of Shelton, N. J., supports the Modern School; while John D. Rockefeller contributes to the Lincoln School of Columbia University. The women's colleges are adequately represented by the Institute for Little Children at Vassar. This school is especially high-toned, for only children of college graduates are admitted.

The mothers of the benighted South, still in possession of a few surviving Negro mammies, evidently cling to the old-fashioned belief that babies are best cared for in their own homes; for a careful search reveals only one Progressive school in that entire section, and this one has to look to wealthy Northern matrons for support. But though it stands isolated in Fairhope, Ala., the School of Organic Education has made one memorable contribution to the new science. It was there, in 1907, that Mrs. Marietta Johnson first realized the necessity of "freeing the spirit of the child" by abolishing all school grades, thus throwing two-year-olds and eighteen-year-olds into one vast democratic group.

II

In 1928 Mr. Stanwood Cobb, author of "The Real Turk" and founder and president of the national association, arrived at the doleful conclusion that the wisest and most brilliant man could not define Progressive Education as it exists today. However, after a conference with other educators who had "caught the vision of the child being by nature an artist and a creator," he was able to formulate its creed:

> The difference of a few earth-turns around the sun, between the adult and the child, does not mean that the soul of the child is necessarily younger than that of the adult. Clearly, as to soul, the comparison must be one in degrees of perfection, not in earth years. The fact that the soul manifests itself at birth in a helpless body and an unformed mind indicates simply that the young child is limited as to its physical and mental vehicles and as to information about the planet in which it has newly come to take residence. That it has only imperfect means of communication with the outer world does not prove a paucity of spiritual life within. The child's ideas, whenever they are clearly expressed, vie in quality with the ideas of adulthood; for in the world of ideas the child is as much at home as the adult, and as unlimited. Nothing in the adult world can surpass in exquisiteness of sympathy, of justice, of nobility, the ideas of the child. We should always meet with reverence, therefore, the thoughts which a child expresses. In this Platonic world of ideas, we must meet the child sincerely, respectfully, as coevals or peers. If there is the slightest trace of superiority, of condescension on the part of the adult, the child's soul closes up like the petals of a delicate flower when too roughly or too inconsiderately handled.

Thus, if a child is given "abundant opportunity to express itself as a separate individual," it "can act and think and live according to genius patterns." But to attain the full realization of its powers it must be allowed to mingle freely with equally Platonic minds in the untrammeled atmosphere of a Modern School, "for the group mind—planning, creating, and achieving—can accomplish marvels of which the individual is incapable." The supreme marvel accomplished is True Democracy.

The most conservative of the Progressive methods is known to initiates as the Laboratory Plan, and the most famous plan so far perfected is the one which Miss Helen Parkhurst, now director of the Children's University School in New York City, devised in 1919 in Dalton, Mass. The aim of the Dalton Plan, according to its originator, is "to socialize the school and make of it a coöperative community." Consequently, there is no place on its staff for such anti-social individuals as teachers. As in a night-club, the officiating ladies are known romantically as hostesses. Hostesses, of course, have no authority; they cannot assign lessons or hold recitations. Their duties are simply to preside over conferences with children who voluntarily "contract" for a "job," and to provide these little workers with "job books" and "job cards."

In theory, the Dalton Plan is Progressive because the children can work on their jobs when and where and in any manner they choose. In practise, however, it turns out to be really somewhat reactionary, for the jobs are generally concerned with nothing more artistically creative than simple studies in arithmetic or geography. And the very presence of the "job book" and "job card" tends to inhibit real freedom. So at present the Project Method is more widely used.

A project is described by President Cobb as "an activity chosen and initiated by the child as an expression of its own intellectual needs and desires." Chairman Fowler says that it can be anything "from driving nails to reading 'The Story of Philosophy' and devising original theorems in geometry." So far in the annals of Progressive Education there is no account of how an original-geometry-theorem project is conducted, but the literature abounds in details of equally marvelous activities.

Though these projects spring spontaneously from the children, without any suggestion from the hostess, there is a striking similarity among the projects developed in the different schools year after year. Thus in New York six- and seven-year-old children almost invariably originate Play Cities, while in Chicago children of the same age inevitably feel the urge to weave. At the City and Country School the construction of a Play City consumes a full school term, but in other years the children feel the urge to many other creative activities. Here is a complete record of Group IV of that school:

1. *Play experiences*
   - Block building
   - Play with big materials
     - Indoors
     - Outdoors
   - Animals

Clay
Drawing, cutting and pasting
Bench work
Music
Stories
Washing and ironing

2. *Practical experiences*
Wraps
Putting away materials
Setting lunch table
Washing cups
Orientation
Care of flowers

3. *Special training*
Physical exercise
Sense training
Number

4. *Organization of Material*
Contents of play and discussion
Trips

III

In view of the eminence which Miss Pratt, the director of the City and Country School, has attained as a creative thinker, this record of Group IV cannot be lightly dismissed, but to see project work at its highest perfection, one must turn to the Moraine Park School of Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Edwin Zavitz, former principal at Moraine Park, thus discloses the secret of that school's efficiency:

> The citizens of Moraine have a commission form of government. One of the duties of the commission of three students is to grant project franchises without which it is illegal for anyone to engage in project work. An application is made out stating the nature of the project and signed by the persons proposing to operate it. If the commission decides that it will be of mutual advantage to the community and to the operators to have them engage in the enterprise, a certificate of enfranchisement is granted. If at any time a student fails to operate his project satisfactorily the commission may revoke his franchise. . . . One member of the faculty, the project supervisor, devotes the majority of his time to project work. . . A monthly report is made by each project and each pupil is given a monthly rating. . . . Besides the project supervisor each project has one other member of the faculty assigned to it as advisor.

Below is a partial list of the projects carried on at Moraine Park, compiled and classified by Mr. Zavitz:

Merchandising
Athletic company
Automobile company
Candy company
Card and novelty company
Current events agency
Drug company
Gasoline supply company
Holly wreath company
Stationery company (boys)
Stationery company (girls)
Wholesale candy company

Production
Art and gift shop
Camera shop
Home-made candy company
Lunch company
Malted milk company
Ping-pong parlors
Radio sets
Sundae company
Toy company

Maintenance
Care of player-piano
Electrical company
Flag raiser
School truck mechanic

Service
Accompanist
Bill collecting company
Dance music agency
Garage company
Laundry agency
Librarians
Odd jobs company
Shine company
Weather bureau

Development
Detective agency
Insurance company
Law firm
Publicity bureau
Red Cross representative
Stock exchange
Tutor in French

The mere listing of such varied projects, while it may give some notion of the versatility of the children in a Progressive school, does not bring to light the true creativeness of their minds. Mrs. Lucia B. Morse describes in detail how the pupils of the Junior Elementary School which she conducts at Downers Grove, Ill., spent their time during a single Spring. This is one of the most elaborate projects on record, for the whole school was concerned in it, yet it began in a surprisingly simple manner, by the children becoming "particularly joyous over their close acquaintance with sheep and lambs."

One morning found them assembled in the school chapel singing, apparently spon-

taneously, "How Sweet is the Shepherd's Sweet Lot," and reciting the Twenty-third Psalm. Then came various secular poems until the school became entirely sheep conscious and one lad volunteered the one about the Lost Sheep. At this point the exercises went completely Progressive, with each little pagan hoofing original shepherd steps and chanting improvised pastoral melodies to the accompaniment of appropriate harps, sackbuts and psalteries. "The singing was a very natural and beautiful outgrowth of the general trend of thought; each song was a gem in itself."

Physically exhausted from so much activity but still joyous, the children settled down to "discussions and animated conversation . . . regarding the different qualities of goats and sheep." When these matters were adjusted and the walls covered with the "loveliest of sheep pictures," the yen toward weaving became irresistible. One group dashed madly for its hats and coats in order "to visit a rug weaver's cottage." Another stayed at school to work off its creative enthusiasm in the invention of original looms. Still others washed, carded or dyed wool for the rest to weave into rugs.

But the completion of the rugs did not end the project. By the time they were finished warm weather had set in. Forthwith the entire school moved out-of-doors. And with the thought of sheep still uppermost in their little minds, the pupils bedecked themselves in turbans, the rugs became tents, and they pretended they were Bedouins. They cooked and sang and danced according to their infantile lights. Even then the possibility of the sheep project was not exhausted. "This interest in other peoples, stimulated by various experiences and points of contact, began to take the shape of an international programme. France, Germany, Japan, Holland, Italy were all dramatized. With Good Will Day came the inspiration of an international bazaar and the end of the school year."

IV

Prof. Ellsworth Collings, dean of the School of Education at the University of Oklahoma and known as the Torch Light of Progressive Education, explains the teacher's function in relation to a project in his account of Roly Poly. Roly Poly is an adaptation of bowling. An uncreative person would call it a game, but for Dean Collings it is a Play Project or the Roly Poly Activity, and he considers it of such importance that he has written hundreds of thousands of words concerning it. His narratives usually begin with James remarking, "Pshaw, I'm so tired," and John suggesting, "Let's play Roly Poly"; and end with Carl exclaiming, "I'll put the Roly Polys away, Miss Burke." At least, they end thus in so far as the children's uninhibited speech and action is concerned; but at that point Dean Collings loosens up and explains just what a complicated activity he has been describing. "Many neural mechanisms are in action simultaneously," he says, "and consequently many changes in neural connections occur." It is the teacher's (or hostess's) business to keep tab on these neural activities, and, in order that she will not miss any of them, Dean Collings has voluminously analyzed Roly Poly into the following "traits of child activity:"

1. Initiation of Goal
2. Evaluation of Goal
3. Choice of Goal
4. Initiation of Means
5. Evaluation of Means
6. Choice of Means
7. Execution of Means
8. Initiation of Improvement
9. Evaluation of Improvement
10. Choice of Improvement
11. Consummation of Improvement

Even this does not tell the whole story, for every one of these "traits of child activity" must be further subdivided into the two "elementary units" of "drive and response." A young teacher, of course, may not recognize a response or a drive the first time she meets one, so Dean Collings has accommodatingly invented two or

three tests for each of the eleven drives and eleven responses. Armed with these tests the Progressive teacher must make an "activity chart" for her whole group and for all the individual members of the group. She does this by applying all of the tests for all of the possible drives and all of the tests for all of the possible responses to everything that every child does or says while he is engaged in the Roly Poly Activity, and then recording the drives and responses numerically. When they are neatly tabulated, she proceeds to divide the drive of each trait by the response to each trait. The result is a Drive Index for each trait. By further dividing an individual child's response by the Mean Response of the group, she arrives at the Response Index for that particular child, the goal toward which her analysis has been leading. So James and Carl and John, with their souls freed from the "petty tyranny of marks and examinations," no longer get excellent or good or poor in reading or writing or arithmetic. Instead they receive 50 or 100 or 150 as a Response Index for the Execution of Means or the Consummation of Improvement in the Play Project of the Roly Poly Activity.

The vast superiority of the Project Method over the Dalton Plan is evident from the former's complete disregard of the three R's. President Cobb explains that this method of training a child so that it will be "quite negligent as to memory of ordinary facts" results in one of the most important practical benefits of the new movement. From his study of psychology he is convinced that "too great a mass of definite facts, crowding upon the mind, really hinders it from reflection, meditation and judgment." As a further proof that literacy and genius have nothing in common he says: "Many a man of prominence and leadership in his community, State or country gets his speeches and public writings edited and almost wholly composed for him by a secretary at $3,000 a year."

There are a few Progressive pedagogues, however, who seem to have an uneasy suspicion that some of their pupils may not have the $3,000 necessary to hire a secretary and must therefore learn to read and write. The problem of how to provide these children with such elementary knowledge without interfering with their Creative Activities has puzzled the uneasy pedagogues a great deal; but several solutions have been hit upon. The Lincoln School of Teachers College manages nicely through a process known as Interrelation. The interrelating teacher watches her pupils actively creating, and with as little pressure as possible injects a few "practical experiences" into their project. If the seven-year-olds, at work on their Play City, decide to play street-car, she asks them casually how much money the conductor should collect from his passengers. Thus, without even knowing it, they have had a "practical experience in arithmetic." Or if she feels in the humor she can ask them to tell her what they are doing. She records their replies verbatim and then they discover, no doubt to their own amazement, that they have had another practical experience—this time in Oral Composition.

Interrelation, of course, makes tremendous intellectual demands upon the teachers. If they are unequal to the task or haven't the time to spare, the school adopts one of the various "individual systems." It was at the San Francisco Normal School that the individual system originated, and Mr. Carleton Washburn, an alumnus of that institution, developed it to unsuspected heights in his school at Wynnetka, Ill. The Wynnetka System is so perfect that it requires no teacher; its "self-instruction manual" and "series of especially diagnostic tests" are adequate substitutes. The time that the child can spare from his creative activities he devotes to studying his manual and testing himself.

It is most fortunate that this matter of elementary instruction can be so easily disposed of, for, according to President Cobb, the new teacher must be "as free as is the child to express herself creatively. In fact,

she is called upon to be creative at every turn." But this, after all, is not difficult, for "the opportunity to practise creativeness which a teacher finds in a Progressive school tends to increase, through practise, the creative habit."

Miss Pratt of Group IV fame, is especially anxious that there be no confusion between "the old conception of the art of teaching and this new conception of pedagogy as a creative art." Not only is she unconcerned about the old method of teaching; she is not even interested in the old meaning of art. When she refers to art she means very specifically "this new method of thinking about thinking" and she claims that "science, or, to speak more explicitly, psychology is beginning to support it as against the logical method of thought." In this psychologically sanctioned, illogical method of thinking about thinking, the new teacher becomes "an artist in pedagogical composition." Thus, according to Miss Pratt, it is impossible for the artist-teacher "to start off with a complete idea of what he is going to do with his material"; it is not only his privilege but his duty to help destroy the forms through which he works, so that "the thing which is produced is as far beyond what he intended as he is himself beyond an artisan."

No one can accuse the teachers at Miss Pratt's City and Country School of not living up to the ideals of their principal; their technique has advanced so far above the old art of teaching that their catalogue proudly boasts that it "leaves us with children in all groups who do not know their [multiplication] tables."

V

At the Walden School, also in New York, the faculty must be as artistically creative as the teachers at the City and Country, but they must also meet the requirement of being "true scientists." Miss Margaret Naumberg, who founded this, the most advanced of all Progressive institutions, says: "I started the school with the purpose of applying the principles of analytic psychology to the education of normal children. I welcomed psychoanalysis as an educational technique as soon as I came in contact with it." Since this contact, the first duty of her staff has been to "make psycho-analytical studies of individual children and of interacting groups. The emotional life of the child, his family background and school adjustments, are all part of the picture." These studies have forced the staff to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a normal child. "Even children as young as two years show signs of distorted functioning of personality in school that tell tales of difficulties of family life." Any young woman who applies for a position at this school must show herself equal to the task of adjusting these poor, wrecked two-year-old souls by "freeing them from the excessive bonds of parental attachment."

How long it takes for the teachers of the Walden School to undo the ravages inflicted on its pupils through the disastrous experience of living a full two years with their parents is not revealed, but the school is prepared to tend their sick souls for sixteen years. During this period they are cured. "To us," says Miss Naumberg, speaking through her medium, the *Psychologist*, "groups, like individuals, have an inner psychic life and a special outer form of their own . . . I refer to groups living as organisms capable of expanding into their own physical and spiritual forms."

By the time these psychic groups reach the age of fifteen "a profound yearning drives them in search of some unassailable truth, some ultimate value to hold them secure amid the swirling chaos of life," and so, for example, they evolve "the idea of a pageant—a drama of evolution called 'From Dust to Dust.' It opens with the impregnation of matter with life, in the strange half-light of Cosmic space. Out of the shadows two grains of dust swirl into combination, grow and expand." These

children "make their own plays but they don't write them out. They decide on a theme, discuss its possibilities. Certain episodes take form. They try working on these experimentally. Sometimes the climax of a play crystalizes before the minor episodes. Every one tries the different characters until the group chooses the best actor for each rôle. But the dialogue never remains the same, either in rehearsal or production." But this fluidity of cast, action and speech is unimportant, for it is not the play itself that concerns Miss Naumberg, but her belief "that efforts to become more aware of our own gestures, movements, tone of voice and general bodily habits through special training in pantomime and allied arts for the playing of rôles, might lead to a more profound self-knowledge and would therefore form a sound basis for an education of the future."

Out in California at his Ojai Valley School, Mr. Yeomans sees an even higher place reserved for the carpentry shop. "You cannot longer neglect the sources of sanity and strength," he warns, "and these are not in the brains, but in brains *plus* hands. And out of brains and hands combined comes that spiritual thing which alone irrigates the life of men—the thing which, after thirty years of carpenter's son and carpenter, produced a Man capable of stooping to earth before the Magdalen, and asking that most penetrating question of the brain-workers standing there with their stones; and, in His profound oriental way, telling those immortal stories of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son."

Thus through Progressive Education a child may become not only a free soul, a creative artist and a psychologically adjusted personality, but a Messiah as well. It is a little distressing to discover that if he wishes to acquire, in addition, what the prosaic world considers an education, he must renounce all of the benefits of creative pedagogy when he becomes fourteen years of age. No one regrets this more than the Progressive pedagogues themselves, but last year, when they were assembled in council, they were forced to admit it to be a fact. It seems that, in spite of all the work they have done for human freedom, there still exists in America an institution "with a medieval passion for encyclopedic information"—the college. This medieval institution, through a thing known as the college entrance examination, exerts a powerful influence over all the secondary schools of the country—an influence which the Progressive educators are incapable of combating. Its examinations have nothing to do with projects or creative activities or psychological adjustments; they test the pupil's possession of the very things which creative educators have decided are inhibitory to meditation, reflection and judgment, to wit, definite facts. So if the "intellectual needs" of a progressively educated child should prompt him to a College Project, he must, when he reaches high-school age, take off his international costumes, lock up his Roly Polys, close his Projection Company, and learn the very same cruel facts that the "victims of the Juggernaut of education" were learning when they were eight years his junior.

As yet the Progressive educators have found no way out of this deplorable situation. There are excellent grounds for suspecting that they never will find one, but this is no place to express such an opinion. For although the president of the Progressive Education Association has declared officially that the modern magazine is "a marvelous purveyor of knowledge of the most recent authenticity," the chairman of executive committee questions this authenticity when it comes to one particular subject. Speaking of the matter that lies closest to his heart he says:

> Activities! The magic word of the new school, the scornful taboo of the cynic, the butt of literary ridicule. The activity school, perfectly misunderstood, has furnished much ammunition for many a magazine writer who makes his living more by his wits than by his wisdom.

A BOSTON BOYHOOD

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

I WAS born—to paraphrase a famous line in the "Rolla" of Musset—neither too soon nor too late, into a world neither too young nor too old. The oral tradition of the family has it that I came riding in on the crest of a typical snowstorm,—one of those New England blizzards that send the wind bowing across the telegraph wires in ascending and descending chromatic thirds, write tragedies on the waters, and leave the world—as seen through the white-rimmed window panes of childhood—a glittering postcard, beautifully innocent under a forgiving sun.

Forty years ago, in the West End of Boston, few children were born in hospitals. Within a stone's throw of my birthplace, as it were, stood one of the most famous hospitals in the world—the Massachusetts General. Later, when we would grow up into mischief, its Out Patient Department would nurse our wounds; velocipedes would break at their fork in the midst of a mad course over the earliest asphalted streets, and send us torn and bleeding to the ministrations of the young physicians; bicycles, striking a rock in a car-track, would throw us somersaulting through the air, and the pedals would catch us under the knees, leaving imprints of dirt and blood to be scraped away by over-diligent attendants; we would jump from the second-story of unfinished buildings into sand heaps, landing on heads instead of feet. We were, in a word, to keep the hospital busy. But none of us could boast a maternity ward as godparent. We were plebeians. We were born in our mothers' beds, with the most perfunctory of obstetrical assistance. Lacking a lodge doctor, our parents would give themselves over to the experimental mercies of a city physician; sometimes, in our impatience, we got there before that worthy appeared upon the scene, in which case his duties consisted chiefly in registering our arrival.

Lowell street was not the sunless thoroughfare that it is today. The elevated structure had not yet risen to blot out the light of the sky. Street-cars hummed along the shining rails where we flattened pins and pennies under their wheels; the Fourth of July we celebrated by placing blank cartridges on the rails at rhythmic intervals, that their explosions might beat a pleasant tattoo. Between the North Station —recently rebuilt—and the railroad yards of the Boston & Maine, ran a dummy engine at a snail's pace; we had no respect for the freight cars that it shunted. Even in those days we worshipped speed.

Just beyond the yards flowed the Charles river placidly between our Boston and Cambridge. Today, a graceful curve of esplanade embraces the picturesque Basin; on Summer evenings, the slum—let it hear you call it by that name!—parades romantically before the beautified backyards of Back Bay, and what Beacon street feared has come to pass. There still remain rancors from the pre-Esplanadian era, and matrons out to air their proud-nosed dogs—though once they vowed that they would never tread these haunts—are heard to whisper their regret that they should have to share God's beauty with their inferiors. To these inferiors the matrons and their dogs provide part of the scenery.

In my childhood, the Charlesbank was a row of dumps, and we were the scaven-

gers thereof. No pleasure launches rippled the water's surface at so much a round-ripple. On Summer nights, it was not the automobile, but the row-boat, that soothed the savage breast. The river haunts me. It is not that I was rescued from drowning in its waters. Drowning is a pleasant sensation; fairy bells tinkle in your ears and a thousand rainbows wave you, like so many pennons, to oblivion. It is the return to consciousness that is agonizing. It must feel like that to be born. No. Not my own drowning haunts me, but that of an entire family; Scott was the name, and little Robby was my chum. Somebody had changed seats clumsily in midstream; we could see that through the clear night. There was a cry for help, but help came too late. I can still see the bodies stretched out on the planking of the boathouse; see dimly, too, the persistent but unavailing roll of one body back and forth over a barrel. Next evening the river was as crowded as ever. I have never cared for the water, and in all likelihood would not have cared for it even if Robby and his family had not gone to a needless death. But I have never forgotten that evening.

II

We were a cosmopolitan gang. There were Italians, Scotch, Irish, Bohemians, Jews and nondescripts. Here we received our first lessons in languages. We could curse, for example, in all these idioms, and babble a bit in tongues. Demark, McGovern, Kovar, Donovan . . . these were as often my companions as were the Wolfsons, Fritzes, Levis and Golds. We knew nothing of racial prejudice; one touch of Nature —usually a top seat in the gallery of the burlesque houses—made us all kin. Later, our education would be completed by our parents; we would learn to hate one another as befits members of a Christian civilization. But in those days we were still savages. Indeed, we were so hopelessly retrograde that we cherished only the usual prejudices against girls. The ones we knew were for the greater part tomboys. I don't remember—memory, of course, is a trickster—a single shy girl out of my entire childhood. It is possible that I myself was shy, and that the boldness of the lasses was simply a relative deduction. We were, I recall, a distinctly sophisticated group. We were crammed with misinformation, it is true, thereby resembling the sophisticates of our adulthood. But we knew that there were things that we were not supposed to know, and we acted as if we knew them. That is almost a formula. And before we realized it, we really knew them.

I often wonder how I escaped prison—or politics. If early environment is as powerful as modern experimentation would make it appear to be in the shaping of later life, we should have graduated into a company of thieves, cadets, occasional murderers and a Sunday-school teacher or two. If we were to be ranged as characters in an expressionistic drama, the background would be an illuminated curtain depicting, in modernistic telescoping, a mirage of brothels, hospitals, evangelical missions, marionette shows, burlesque queens, saloons, yeggman gangs on dark street corners, a church, a synagogue, roaring newspaper presses, schoolhouses and, least of all, homes. Home was the place whither we were summoned, always too early, to go to bed. It was dingy, lighted by kerosene lamps and later by gas; it was, as often as not, a brick dwelling on a cobbled street, promiscuous to the point of nausea, with a single bathroom—only there was no bathtub—to the three families, situated outside of what we may call the apartment. Gloom, cold, dirt. . . . These things are not easily forgotten. Yet the churches and the synagogues did us no good; and the brothels and the yeggmen and the burlesque houses did us no harm.

Adults, unless forewarned by modern psychological studies, read altogether too much into the lives of their children. There must be, in the nascent moral life of the child, countless immunities. Else Green street, a veritable Saloon Row, should have

corrupted us all beyond redemption. There was nothing there that we did not see. We swooped into the barrooms with expert fists, bearing off on these forays precious handfuls of crackers and pickles. We carried notes for suspicious gentlemen to suspicious places. Drunken staggerers were so common to our nightly scene that they never caused comment, even when they wore skirts. Time and again I saw the fathers and sons of the neighborhood return after midnight to their hovels, crawling on all fours over the pavement and emitting howls that sounded more like animal bellowings than noises made by creatures who, a few hours before, had been men.

Chivalry was not even a word in a dictionary. When their women weren't joining in the potations, they were being blacked-and-blued by their husbands. Nor were the daughters more fortunate or more fastidious. They used—and most of us kids were in on the secret—the coal bins, woodsheds and dark alleys as places of assignation. We didn't need parables about birdies and butterflies, nor even tales about seeds and burgeonings. Yet I cannot pretend that, at the time, we possessed any genuine sexual knowledge. It was only much later that these experiences bore their fruit. I can't see eye to eye with Dr. Clendening, who, in his excellent book, "The Human Body," beholds in the gutter the best school of sex, after all, yet I would not erase these early experiences from my memory; I believe that they helped to implant a realistic attitude toward a function that is endangered in direct ratio as it recedes from reality. The gutter as the only school is one thing; the gutter as one of the courses is another.

What saved us from the seemingly inevitable consequences of such an environment? Certainly not religion. Naturally, I was ridden by many of the superstitions that pass for religion, and my adolescence would be complicated by heroic efforts—successful ones—to work my way out of the jungle through sheer logic. Here, to my way of thinking, lies one of the crimes of religious teaching: it fills the defenceless child with poisons that, at a crucial period of his physical and psychic life, he will have to sweat out in long-drawn agonies of the spirit. The child at eight, I am afraid, is more intelligent than he will be at fifteen. At eight he is asking embarrassing questions; at fifteen he has been stuffed by his parents and his educators with the traditional rot that passes as answer to his healthy curiosity. That curiosity, which lies at the root of science, has been doped into quiescence; the savage has been moulded into a member of society.

III

According to the Registry, I was born on November 1, 1887. My true birth, however, I date from the Spanish-American War. At the age of eleven, for the first and the last time, I was a patriot. That, I maintain, is the proper age for the kind of patriotism that wars engender. I marched the streets at the head of my private armies and we shot regiments of imaginary Spaniards. Surely no one could have told me, during these fierce battles, that much of my adult life would be spent in the study of Spanish culture. I listened to the war-songs being sung in the theatres; read breathlessly of the *Maine* and Morro Castle; gazed with awe at a little playmate whose brother was reported to have had his head blown off by a Spanish grenade; tied a ribbon of the national colors to my lapel and felt that it was a sort of talisman. The war, short as it was, made me old before my time. The war, and an operation for empyema that deprived me of half a rib and left me short-winded for years.

Early contact with birth and death was not likely to lend fragrance to my childhood. I had gazed on the corpses of Robby Scott's family; I had filed, together with my little comrades, past the casket of a playmate who had fallen from a roof and had his face twisted into a grotesque to which even death could not lend dignity.

We were born, as I have had occasion to remark, in our homes, not in hospitals. This simple fact of economics heightened our sense of mystery and speculation whenever a brother or sister was added to the brood. My operation for empyema, in fact—a long and serious affair, decided upon after weeks of hesitation and erroneous diagnosis—took place at home. The parlor, which looked out upon the teeming street, was easily transformed into an operating-room. I was saved, like Adam, by the removal of a rib; at least, of about half a rib, which in the ripeness of time would be restored to me in the shape of a more than compensative Eve. Jews, in those distant days—and especially the poorer Jews—lived in terror of the knife and of the hospital. I still recall how skilfully my parents likened the episode of the operation to the story of the sacrifice of Isaac.

For a long time, naturally, I refrained from the more violent forms of childhood games. I smile to think that I promised to be a fast runner in my younger days, and that I spent many hours in the Charlesbank Gymnasium, on the running track, on the trapeze and the hand-bars (I had to climb up the posts), and on a contraption called the sailors' ladder. Here I met the Waterloo of my athletic career. It happened in this way: you climbed up a regular ladder, about two stories high, and then slid down two parallel bars on the other side of the angle. Half-way down on the bars one day I got dizzy, fell flat to the ground and came to about fifteen minutes later. Good-bye, boys, I was through.

Grammar-school never taught me a valid notion about grammar. Had I not gone on to high-school and begun the study of foreign languages, I should have remained in that outer darkness which surrounds all Americans who have never progressed beyond the elementary grades. It did teach me, however, together with several happy accidents of childhood, an ineradicable love for music. I had been, from the first, a rapid and accurate reader of both words and notes. I would stand on the platform, beside the teacher's desk, acting as musical fugleman for the rest of the class, singing solo the day's lesson. Part-songs fascinated me; my first ideas of harmony and counterpoint derived from school texts. And this I find peculiar: my sense of melody was never dissociated from that of harmony. I had listened, of course, to my mother's lullabies, and had been taken by her—an invaluable experience—to the excellent concerts of the Municipal Band on Boston Common. During my long convalescence I had been taught, by my father, to read out of a musical primer that he had bought for me. He, however, preferred to sing the supporting parts, and I was thus given a strong feeling for bass progressions. Later, in an abandoned closet, I came upon a decrepit violin and three large folios of music written by him for a synagogue choir in which he had sung before he came to America in 1881. It explained many things.

IV

Since those early days, however, and despite Josie, I have been free of the unfortunate addiction to melody alone. Melody is no more all the music than the spray is the ocean. Why Josie? Josie was the Muse of the elder boys in our neighborhood. She played, not a harp but a harmonica. Today, she would have been a feature of Borah Minevitch's gang. The harmonica came as easily to her as fighting, crap-shooting, or any other of the local masculine pursuits. She would sit by the hour on a rail in front of a cellar junkshop and play, with perfect tonguing, the latest hits. More than one of the boys who hoofed it to her tunes have since tapped the boards of the Keith circuit. One of them, awaiting trial for a special piece of thuggery, committed suicide in his cell. Others formed part of a yegg gang that troubled the police for many years.

I don't know why I should remember her so well. She was by at least five years my senior, at an age when five years between boy and girl is tantamount to a

generation. She was Gentile; half the girls and boys I knew were Gentile. Black hair, rosy cheeks, oval face . . . the very type that today is least attractive to me. It must have been her harmonica. I am no Apollo, Zeus knows; but Venus without musical sensibilities has no charms for me, and perhaps Josie is to blame.

Yet Josie is associated, in my mind, with my first blasted illusion. Streets, in those days, were dark, especially in the West End. They made excellent stamping-grounds for all games of hiding. Our favorite was "Hoist the Sail!" It must have been the favorite of the sailors, too, for here it was that I made my first acquaintance with the forces of the United States Navy. However, more of these tars anon. Into shadowy doorways and dark cellars we raced, listening to the shouted code of our leader, as, with various catch-phrases, he signalled the nearness or the farness of our pursuers. I had my regular cache: the vestibule of an unoccupied house that was reputed to be haunted. Ghosts were more real in those days than now. The house in which we lived was also said to be haunted, and the popular belief did not sweeten my dreams. I later learned that a man had been murdered there in a drunken brawl. Certainly it was an ideal spot for a murder.

I'd never have ventured into the hiding-place by myself; with a gang behind me, however, the place was too good a haunt to resist. And what I discovered there on one red night was more real than ghosts and less harrowing than murder. In brief, I dashed headfirst through the double doors into Josie and a lover. And there stood I, with my gang about two yards behind; they seemed transfixed by my own sculptural surprise. Perhaps they thought that I had seen, at long last, the resident spectre of the abandoned house; for in a moment they had deserted me. Josie's friend lost no time in convincing me that I was an unwelcome guest.

I must insist that, although I sensed an element of the forbidden in such adventures they had little consciously sexual significance. We all delighted in pronouncing tabooed words, and chalking them up on the brick walls, together with certain libelous allegations about illicit unions between the ladies and gentlemen of our ensemble; but the delight was a general pleasure in circumventing prescribed conduct, and had little to do with the connotation of the words themselves. Vaudeville audiences, even in contemporary Boston, snigger with childish enjoyment at the sound of the words *hell* and *damn* on the sacrosanct stage. We children—for I was not alone in this—were still in Paradise; we had not yet eaten the Apple. We heard many a conversation among the older boys, and half guessed at its import. Yet innocence is a thick armor, and not even the presence of Bertha's brothel, within a stone's throw of the Mission in Staniford street, really pierced our mail.

Between Bertha in the brothel and Mr. Noonan in the Mission I oscillated with all the unconcern of a pendulum. She was an inveterate snuff-chewer, this Fatima, and I ran her errands to the tobacconist. Every trip was worth all of a nickel. She spent a good part of her waking life behind a pair of shutters, on the ground floor (we called it the stoop) hissing her "S't, s't" to the male passers-by. A serpent advertising a slum Eden. Sailors reeling their way from Atlantic avenue, when they weren't seduced into the Mission, found a ready haven in the arms of Bertha's ladies. What I regularly saw when delivering snuff was hardly less biological than what had burst upon my eyes when I came upon Josie in her haunted boudoir. Later, as a newsboy serving week-day customers at the State House on Beacon Hill, and Sunday customers in the Back Bay district immediately surrounding the Public Library, such sights as these would be—especially on Sundays, when deliveries were made in apartments before their occupants were out of bed—rather commonplace but more exciting. The little boy grows older.

I, too, was seduced by the Mission. Synagogue was a dull place; a four-flight

climb to a large, but stuffy hall left little breath for prayers in a language that was, after all, foreign. The Mission—I believe that there is still a Mission in that selfsame spot, originally built to be a store—had glitter. On the walls were printed optimistic excerpts, in bright colors, from the New Testament; on the platform—and this explains in a great part my presence—was a wheezy harmonium. I liked the hymn-singing; or, rather, the hymns, for the singing, whether from Mr. Noonan or from the throats of his transient congregants, was god-awful. We did so much better in school. And on Christmas there were gifts. It was not the sermon, it was the mittens and the jack-knives that converted us. I was seen one day emerging from the proscribed precincts; a chum squealed, and soon my parents were apprised that I had "kissed the cross." The whole business, of course, was purely metaphorical; I was no more interested in the cross than in the Shield of David. Indeed, God or gods troubled me but little. I am a passive atheist; to me, an agnostic is merely one to whom the word atheist has a less pleasant sound.

I was blessed in my parents. Without having studied their way through encyclopedias, they were—as they still are—by nature liberal. Today my unorthodoxy no longer hurts them. They respect its simple, unbelligerent sincerity. For the rest, I am less and less conscious of my heterodoxy. Credos, after all, mean nothing. Philosophies are chiefly rationalized attitudes, and I shall believe in them more fervently when I see philosophers live according to their own too cogent formulations. The consciousness of theological dogma is drummed into us; to me the spectacle of a pious child is revolting,—a sort of anomaly to be ranked with those clowns, the juvenile preachers, who symbolize delightfully the mental age of their audiences.

I sat before better teachers. I read dime novels (they cost but five cents in my day). I sat in the stuffy basement of an Italian marionette show and languished in dungeons with princesses three feet tall. I haunted the Howard and the Palace, two burlesque houses, of which the first is still dedicated to its crude Dionysiac revels and the second given over to sin and cinema. At the Bowdoin Square Theatre—now hostess to the movies and vaudeville—I saw my first melodramas, beginning with the stage version of Bret Harte's "Tennessee's Pardner." Later, at the more refined Castle Square Theatre, where one day I should be introduced to Gilbert and Sullivan, I sighed over "The Bells of Haslemere," and awoke, in the midst of my sighing, to a cry of "Fire!" that sent me shooting streetward as swiftly as a performer down collapsible stairs.

The dime novels came in Libraries; for years, until ready for the sober classes of high-school, I devoured such series as the Old Cap Collier, Old Sleuth, Nick Carter, and Pluck and Luck: *Happy Days* and *Golden Hours* and Frank Merriwell were food for little girls beside the heavy indigestible stuff served out by the masculine diet. One of the Old Cap Collier tales I remember still for the nightmares it gave me; it was called "Jerry Owen and the White Caps" and must have dealt with the original Ku Kluxers. One of the Pluck and Lucks, too, lingers in my memory; it was named "Roary of the Hills,"—an Irish tale. Unhappy was the day when I could not go through at least one of these. What a phantasmagoria of murder, arson, rape and sudden death! Yet all it taught me was a vocabulary of long words and literary clichés. I truly believe that the effect of the dime novel upon me was beneficial. More beneficial than the stories by Horatio Alger, which I took to reading during my several years as a newsboy. Poor Alger and his unvarying procession of male Cinderellas! Who else but he was to blame for the tale I wrote—printed, more's the horror, in a Boston newspaper of that time—about a newsboy who overheard a plot against one of his customers, and foiled the villain?

So, too, the first music I wrote was inspired immediately by the orchestras at

the burlesque houses. It was the era of Sousa, and I wrote at least a march a week. How much I really understood may be gauged from the fact that the same Boston newspaper printed a hymn of mine in the four traditional parts; I used a bass and a soprano clef, of course, but the F clef was merely an ornament to me, and I wrote the lower parts as if there were no difference between the F clef and the G. My only solace today is that the editor evidently knew no more about clefs than did I at the time.

V

The fashion in choruses and leading ladies, in the years grouped about the Spanish-American War, was all for avoirdupois. I was beginning to understand what brought so many men and so few women to these houses. Those steep, fragrant galleries, redolent of herring and garlic and other national dishes! The ill-aimed squirts of tobacco-juice! There were no seats; only benches—and stenches. We hadn't yet achieved æstheticism. I daresay that by now certain lewd, libidinous, lascivious, lecherous, lubricous and licentious thoughts were beginning to burgeon in my newsboyish, Algerian soul. And I am not sorry that this was so. Despite the stupid censorship laws of Massachusetts and points west, when a man looks at a woman, it is perfectly normal that certain thoughts, among others, should occur to him. Otherwise he is no man or she is no woman.

The vile confusion of sexual thoughts with corruption, so plainly evident in all censorship legislation, is an insult most of all to the human mind and the human body. To feel desire is neither criminal nor corruptive; to write so as to evoke it, by that same token is a matter of taste rather than of morals in the narrower sense. Censorship is emasculation. The off-color jests and the innuendos that we heard at these houses were not one-tenth as impure and devitalizing as the average speech upon purity. We heard them, repeated them, and forgot them. As for the roughhouse antics of the burlesque queen and her princesses, —they were to us mildly educative. . . . The other month, like Conrad in quest of his youth, a group of us returned to burlesque; alas, twenty-five years had done their work, and we were bored stiff by the street-corner puerilities of the genre. Burlesque has been Purified!

Musical comedy, of course, has become its successful competitor. The female leg, on the street, on the stage or in the home, is no longer a mystery; I hear Lady Godiva approaching on horseback. . . . Peeping Tom no longer has to peep; it is the heyday of Paul Pry-apus. Yet to one who believes that the world is still in need of the higher education, these conditions do not appear to be terrifying. The burlesque show was as beneficial to me as were the dime novels; today, either of these things would nauseate me, but in their time they served me well.

As a newsboy I sold papers to three or four Governors; I can still see Roger Wolcott, Crane, Bates and Guild come down the narrow sidewalk that used to lead from the State House side-entrance to Park street, before the new wings were added and a row of old buildings was replaced by the Hooker statue. As a newsboy and as a citizen I was a failure. I spent most of my time reading the contemporary comics; my only memory of the Governors is that one of them, to this day, owes me two cents for a Boston *Herald*. All that I know of newspaper life, despite my years of service, is what I used to read at the time in Horatio Alger. There was a reading-room for newsboys in Howard street, next door to our burlesque haunts. The arrangement was most convenient. I suppose it was called the Newsboys' Reading-Room because we all played pool and billiards there. To be sure, on an upper story, there was a small library, with plenty of Henty and Alger, old copies of the *Graphic*, and a few other titles. But we spent enough of the day with paper and print. This was, for us, no reading-room, but a billiard parlor. The terms

pool and billiards were somehow associated in our minds with wickedness, with the rear rooms of saloons and all that the saloons connoted. Perhaps the pool-room was put there to keep us from the gambling dens across the street. It was a happy thought, in that case; for there was fascination in the ivory balls as they kissed and parted and came again together.

VI

It is easy, looking back over a quarter-century, to select influences that colored my later life. My first lessons in art were received from a bill-poster, whom I followed from wall to wall as he pasted up his advertisements of coming theatrical attractions. I made miniature stages—I still do so for importunate nephews—and constructed scenery to match. I wrote music for these productions, patterned after the offerings of German bands, school songs and burlesque ditties. (Later, I was silly enough to permit some music to be published; R. I. P.).

Once a week, during my laborious grammar-school days, I attended a class in type-setting; I achieved marked proficiency in the distribution of hand-types; as a setter I was slow but accurate. The experience was valuable in later associations with printers and publishers. The dime novels were an indispensable element in my education for literary criticism; I got the crime tale early out of my system and so do not have to pay tribute to it today. Burlesque and melodrama were equally serviceable as preparations for musical and dramatic criticism. I was never conscious of *learning* these things; they were absorbed. The Mission, when all is said and sung, was an excellent preparation for atheism. For it is by jumping upon the spring-board, by opposing it, that we gather momentum for our dive. Yes; I belonged to a Temperance Club, one of the chain founded by Frances E. Willard. I am not a drinker, nor am I a Prohibitionist.

It is easy, as I say, to trace influences. For, after all, they are there. Yet it amuses me, and tickles the antinomian in me, to see how unpredictable may be the end-products of childhood experiences. My high-school and college days belong to a period when these experiences had been put behind. I am sure that in high-school I learned more than at college. In both places, as at grammar-school, I was fortunate in encountering creative personalities. Mr. Shute at grammar-school; Mr. W. B. Snow at high-school; at college, Professors J. D. M. Ford, C. H. Grandgent and George Santayana. . . . All these men are still living; all would perhaps repudiate most of the ideas for which I stand. Yet, without trying, they taught so much more than their subjects. A curriculum means little; the teachers mean nearly everything. One learns, one achieves, independence; then one severs the intellectual umbilical cord.

And Boston itself? I am too used to it to dislike it. And why, for that matter, should I confuse its beauties with the arrant stupidity of its rulers? I like the tempo of its life; the easy accessibility of its suburbs; the sense of repose that need not be, for one who possesses no blue blood, a spiritual coma. The secret is that I am only geographically, and by virtue of birth and long residence, a Bostonian. I am too good an American to be a truly good Bostonian; too enamored of the American tradition to surrender to the administrative fervors of its political hetmans. A short time ago, when Clarence Darrow and a few colleagues helped celebrate the Ford Hall Forum—it happened appropriately close to April 19, Patriots' Day, which in Maine and Massachusetts commemorates the shot heard round the world—the celebrants were rebuked by a spokesman for the community. These Bolsheviki and their free speech were going too far, he averred; next thing you knew, they would be talking in Faneuil Hall.

Faneuil Hall, as some of you may remember, is known to American history as "the cradle of Liberty." I am for going too far.

CITADEL OF CHRISTIAN CULTURE

BY W. P. NORWIN

When a small and panting steamer, one day in the Summer of 1873, butted itself against the rackety wharf at Fair Point on Lake Chautauqua, in the southwestern corner of New York State, the somnolent and unlearned populace of the American Republic little dreamed that the first far-reaching step had been taken toward its moral and cultural regeneration. None the less it was so, though even the instruments selected by God for the great work were at the time unconscious of the vast destiny before their humble efforts. From the steamer alighted the then obscure, but later widely celebrated Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., and at first glance he was not too pleased with the site proposed for his projected Sunday-school convention by his valued friend, Mr. Lewis Miller, a Christian manufacturer of farm machinery from Akron, Ohio. Mr. Miller was a trustee of the Fair Point Camp-Ground of the Methodist Episcopal Church, there situate, and had suggested that there was also room in the vicinity for Dr. Vincent's convocation of Bible students. Rather reluctantly, it appears, Dr. Vincent had consented to look the place over.

Both these excellent gentlemen were deeply interested in Sunday-schools. Dr. Vincent bore in his veins the redoubtable blood of Huguenot ancestors from La Rochelle, a partial explanation of his zeal; and he was wont to boast in later years that he had begun his ministry at the age of six, when he preached to the tiny Negroes gathered about his home at Tuscaloosa, Ala. Continuing in the way of grace, he attained to the editorship of the *Sunday-School Journal* of the Methodists, and in its columns he appealed with flaming cries in behalf of a scientific training for Sabbath-school teachers, then sadly lacking. His fervor culminated in his Normal Class, which boasted an elaborate programme of instruction, and in his plan for a conference of teacher-students who should spend a fortnight in intensive daily study of the Word. It was at this stage that God contrived a meeting between Dr. Vincent and Mr. Miller, who, after illuminating experiences as a plasterer and then as a partner in a manufacturing concern, had invented the invaluable Buckeye Mower and Reaper, and become Sunday-school superintendent in the First Methodist Church at Akron. From their happy collision a mutual inspiration leapt up into flame; and though Dr. Vincent believed his conference would be most fruitful if conducted in a city church, Mr. Miller was inspired to behold it in a different materialization—a series of gatherings in a forest, in God's great out-of-doors, under the tents of a camp-meeting. Dr. Vincent, as a Methodist intellectual, did not take very heartily to camp-meetings, but when the persuasive inventor asked him to inspect Fair Point, he decided to oblige his friend and so journeyed thither, presumably with an open mind.

It was shortly after the fourth session of the Erie Conference Camp-Meeting, in the Summer of 1873, had yelled and prayed its way to a glorious conclusion that the two men came upon the scene. They found a long lake, blue, narrow, and calm, pleasant in the sunlight, dismal under the clouds, which in days long past the Senecas had

significantly named T'hen chia ta'kwen (one has taken out fish there). Up from the wharf they ascended pleasant slopes covered with great beeches, oaks, and maples. Till the year 1870, which brought the tumults of God's chosen, the forest about the lake had stood in its ancient silence. Now the eminent divine and the equally inspired manufacturer came upon the rough stands of the Fair Point Camp-Ground Association, from which, but a brief time past, fiery oratory had exhorted the halting sinner to salvation. They lay in stillness now, but Dr. Vincent permitted himself to be captivated by the spot. Under these gracious trees, on these agreeable and rolling slopes, he concluded at once, he might very well carry on his normal classes, his auxiliary lectures, his inspirational entertainments, and the whole paraphernalia of his new and startling experiment in Sunday-schools. Thus Chautauqua was born.

II

Great, but essentially consistent, was the step from these modest beginnings to the proud, flourishing and consecrated Chautauqua Institution of the year 1929. Upon the site of the old Fair Point Camp-Ground and the adjacent lands has risen the town of Chautauqua, famed throughout the country as "the Summer city in the woods." It is, at first glance, a pleasant place. It concentrates about a point which juts out into the lake on the southern side, standing in a wooded section of irregular ground that rises and dips in hills and hollows from the shore. On closer inspection it appears that the streets are mostly very narrow, and in rainy weather very muddy, and that the greater part of the town is composed of tall, ugly, and apparently insubstantial boarding-houses set about in a complex jumble among the trees. In addition, of course, there are the buildings of the Institution, which at last reports boasted a score of public lecture-halls, four moral club-houses, three gymnasiums, a market and numerous other community edifices. There are, besides, a large pipe organ and a chime of eight bells. All these properties have been collected for purposes of the higher Christian culture, for its devotion to which the Institution has become celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In the Summer a large and eager throng comes to settle itself in the boarding-houses or at the principal hotel, determined to make the most of the banquet of learning spread lavishly before it. For half a century and more this has occurred, with the devotees springing forth annually in ever increasing numbers; consequently, the fame of Chautauqua, and of its innumerable undertakings, literary, musical, social, moral, and religious has sounded abroad. The Institution, triumphing now over its pallid origins in a Sunday-school convention, has done more than any other agency to arouse the cultural libido of American club women, school-ma'ams and small-town librarians. Yet even in the midst of its victories one must look back to a now less regarded day, to that first Chautauqua assembly, held from August 4 to August 18, 1874, and called simply the Sunday-School Assembly, for a peculiar quality of mind and spirit which was definitely to prefigure the tone, if not the substance, of all successive gatherings on the same spot.

But the founders were concerned with nothing more extraordinary than an intensification of training methods among Sunday-school teachers. They had embodied in their plan courses in pedagogical principles, Biblical analysis, and practical questions of organization and management, the whole extending over a period of perhaps two weeks. Although the scheme had sprouted from Methodist craniums, tolerance was practiced from the start, and many other Protestant sects were represented at the first session. There were many innovations. The programme, for example, had no unfilled intervals, and the Bible-bawlers who haunted the usual Sunday-school conventions were forcefully

snubbed. A quiet Sabbath, during which worldly diversions were outlawed and the boats forbidden to touch at the Point, was strictly enforced. A gate fee was established on the dock, an imposition resented especially by visiting preachers, but they were eventually squelched. Likewise, after a struggle, they were excluded from their wonted place on the preacher's stand, where under the strict regulations governing all the meetings, only the chairman and the speaker were now permitted.

In spite of such novelties, primitive lodgings and many discomforts, the attendance was large, and the zeal of the Assembly so great that a model of Palestine, later to be known as Palestine Park, was laid out near the lake. Over its hills and valleys perambulated groups of Bible students, notebooks in hand, studying the sacred places, and even plucking and preserving at times a spear of holy grass. Besides this Palestine Park, the early years of the Institution saw many another attraction: the miraculous sprouting tree, a model of Jerusalem and one of the Great Pyramid, and a copy of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. Then, too, there was an Oriental House, a kind of museum for archeological curiosities. Daily the excellent Dr. A. O. Von Lennep was seen to stand upon its roof, gravely sounding in Arabic the Mohammedan call to prayer. However, the Sunday-school workers were stolid before this heathenish practice; "indeed, some of them actually mocked the make-believe *muezzin* before his face."

The first Assembly, like its successors, was a highly serious affair. After the allotted course of Bible study, centered in the Vincent Normal Class, and the lectures on Biblical themes, there were lengthy examinations, consisting of fifty questions on the Bible and the Sunday-school, to which more than two hundred rugged souls sat down in the tented Tabernacle on the hill. After nearly five hours of torture, one hundred and eighty-four papers were handed in, the other twenty or more eager spirits having collapsed by the wayside, and as a final result one hundred and forty-five persons became members of the Normal Alumni Association. The *Western Christian Advocate* painted a glowing picture of the great test, saying, "The spectacle was very imposing. The ladies seemed a little in the majority;" and further, "There were groups of visitors, mostly from the country adjacent, who gazed in rapt astonishment at the sight before them, not daring to inquire the meaning of all this mute array of paper and pencil."

The success of this first Assembly, so helpful to the material and spiritual advancement of American Sunday-schools, resulted in making Chautauqua a permanent affair. Rapidly the plans were widened to include studies in science, languages, and literature; and the expansion thus propitiously begun has proceeded even to the present day. The staff of lecturers and instructors soon increased to more than two hundred, all being persons "prominent in educational life;" and as the Institution grew, progressive courses on single topics began to replace miscellaneous lectures. In 1876 the Summer session was lengthened to three weeks, and it now covers sixty days.

For long years, while the Sunday-School Normal Class decorously remained the core of the programme, other attractions of a more sensational nature helped to draw the attention of the nation. For example, in 1876 a Scientific Conference preceded the main show, with scientists and preachers amiably attempting to prove that the conflict between science and religion, then a matter of anxiety among the faithful, did not exist; and immediately following it came a Temperance Congress whose star was Saint Frances Willard, doubtfully admitted to the Chautauqua platform by Dr. Vincent, who believed that woman's place was in the home. That year, too, during the regular session, the renowned Dr. Lyman Abbott strode majestically before an audience flaunting a pocket Bible, with the gorgeous words, "I am here tonight, because here this book is held in honor."

Another sensation delighted the devotees in 1877, when at a Reform and Church Congress on the grounds the embattled Anthony Comstock appeared to report the arrest of two hundred and fifty-seven dealers in obscene literature, together with the destruction of more than twenty tons of their publications.

Such was the intellectual fare spread before customers in the Institution's early and primitive years. However, one of the first steps in the further evolution of Chautauqua was the establishment of an educational department-store inferior only to those now found in the State universities. In 1879 a school was opened for teachers of secular subjects, poetically dubbed the Teacher's Retreat. In the same year began also the Chautauqua Normal School of Languages, with courses in German, French, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanskrit. In 1888 a new School of the English Bible was organized under the principalship of Dr. William R. Harper: it was consecrated to the study of the Holy Writ as a literary masterpiece as well as an inspired document. Thus first trickled out that stream of intellectuality which has been poured, with the passage of time, over all the other undertakings of the Institution.

The value of attractive names was soon appreciated—a modern tendency, now observable in all schools of business, chiropractic, education, and practical psychology. Accordingly the Teacher's Retreat became the School of Pedagogy, the School of Languages blossomed forth as the College of Liberal Arts, and the School of the English Bible boasted itself the School of Religious Teaching. Others have been added from time to time, one of the last being the School of Agriculture, begun in 1912 with the coöperation of Cornell University. Proclaimed the oldest in the Republic, the Chautauqua Summer Schools are now organized in eighteen departments, with sessions from the second week of July to the middle of August. The student may acquire therein the most diverse accomplishments of body, mind, and soul, to wit, English, Modern Languages, Classical Languages, Mathematics, Science, Public School Music, History and Social Science, Education, Physical Education, Home Economics, Parliamentary Law, American Red Cross Life-Saving, Journalism, Music, Arts and Crafts, Business Training, Expression, Health and Self-Expression, Library Training, and Boys' and Girls' Activities.

College credit is granted to those who will add to the tuition fee of nine dollars for each semester hour of work a New York University registration fee of fifty cents a point. In Schools I to IX, where the regular fee is eighteen dollars, single courses give two points of credit. Lodging is generally very low in price, and in the tents where live the ambitious neophytes of the School of Physical Education it may be had for as little as $15 a six-week term. The glamor of the place is enhanced by "one hundred instructors of authority and distinction from the leading universities."

III

The central doctrines of Chautauqua are that "change of occupation, not idleness, is true recreation," and that one's Summer vacation may become the means of attaining to a higher culture. Another fundamental principle is that, in a free republic, advanced education should be open to all, and that, though best begun in college or university, it should not be confined merely to callow youth, but must continue through the whole of life for moron and genius both. Hence the emphasis upon repeated attendance at the Summer Assembly, a perennially gushing spring of enlightenment, even to the seeker trembling on the brink of the grave.

Besides the Summer Schools and the annual Assembly at the lake itself, the Chautauqua exerts its influence through innumerable reading circles composed of zealous self-educating readers, who pursue the humanities in their own homes. At one time correspondence instruction was under-

taken, but unfortunately it had to be abandoned. Now the two plans, reading at home and attendance at the Assembly, may be combined. The Institution, in fact, is best known to the world by this home reading. In the epochal year 1878, according to Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, president of the Society Hall in the Grove, "the inauguration of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle took place in the Pavilion on the afternoon of August 10." Here presided the venerable Dr. Vincent, now a bishop. With him on the platform were the cultured Bishop Randolph S. Foster of Boston; Dr. Henry W. Warren of Philadelphia, "himself two years afterward to become a bishop;" Professor William C. Wilkinson, "whose pen in the following years wrote many books for the readers of the C. L. S. C.;" Professor James Strong, "of wide learning," and "several other eminent men." The platform, it happened, was lower than most of the seats, and upon it the assemblage saw a telescope, a microscope, a globe, some scientific apparatus, and a table filled with books, "giving a scholastic setting to the exercises."

On this notable occasion, one of the high lights of the Institution's history, the main address was provided by Bishop Vincent. "Many of us who heard him on that afternoon," continues Dr. Hurlbut, "have thought since that this was the masterpiece of his lifetime, and it might worthily be so, for it launched a movement in education, the most influential and wide-reaching of any in the annals of the nation. The time was propitious. Thousands felt the need of culture; in that mauve period there was a sort of moral obligation to be intelligent."

In fact, the contemporaneous movement for so-called popular education fed itself principally upon night schools, lyceums, and mechanics institutes. The magazines of the time were either poor or ridiculous; the Sunday papers bore no bookish supplements; Carnegie libraries were as yet unspawned, and the public libraries which, by zealous research, could be uncovered in the larger cities, were conducted on the ancient legal principle that the populace was guilty till proved innocent. Books were high in price, and no altruistic societies existed for the monthly dissemination of the single preëminent tome. College professors had a squeamish distaste for the vulgarities attendant upon "popularization," an attitude still continuing among the more high-toned of their species. Even the public schools had not swallowed the twin Columbian pills of Community Spirit and Education for Life; they yet regarded their duty as primarily toward the young. Though in England the redoubtable Huxley was already engaged in efforts to civilize his fellow men, the America of the late 1870's was still a land where students were held to be unfortunates cloistered for a term within academic prisons, where philosophical debates took place among the rarefied few blessed with the higher learning, not among clubwomen or Methodists.

"It was at this psychological moment," continues Dr. Hurlbut, "that Dr. Vincent proposed the Chautauqua Reading Plan. Its response throughout the entire country surprised its most sanguine friends. Thousands joined the movement—700 instantly when the plan was suggested, 7000 within the year. Since 1778 over 300,000 members have been enrolled and more than a million men and women have read the books selected by an advisory board. Edward Everett Hale and Lyman Abbott were members of the first board and William Cullen Bryant started the movement off with a letter of greeting and good will."

With these benedictions the system began its triumphal career. Every Autumn and Winter has seen the enrollment of from 8000 to 25,000 home readers. Dependable statistics bear out Dr. Hurlbut that more than 300,000 persons have been on the books. But only about 50% of these have done continuous work for two years, and few more than 60,000 have completed the entire four-year course.

In the first year seven topics were se-

lected, the first book prescribed being Green's "Short History of the English People." It was a work of over eight hundred pages, published in 1874, and "it proved a severe test." Indeed, "some of the pioneers of 1882 still vaunt themselves on having read it in the required time." Nevertheless, the academic aristocrats of the day sniffed at this first selection as "superficial," though "it was rigorous and thorough in comparison with most of the reading courses put out for the alumni of various colleges of today." However, others have since been more kindly disposed. Dr. Edward E. Slosson, the renowned director of Science Service, thus writes in the introduction to his "Creative Chemistry," published in 1919 and since used by the C. L. S. C.:

> I was, so to speak, brought up in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, for as soon as my mother read its first prospectus she decided that was just what she wanted for her boy. I was thirteen then and in our pioneer town on the Kansas prairies the supply of books was never adequate to our appetites. So we opened with eagerness that first bundle of required readings containing Green's "Short History of the English People," Mahaffy's "Old Greek Life," Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," Bishop Warren's "Recreation in Astronomy" and Steele's "Physiology."

This first set of books also included something spiritual in the shape of the Rev. Bradford K. Pierce's "The Word of God Opened."

The second year saw the treatment of eight topics instead of seven. But Dr. Vincent remarked that the total amount of reading had been reduced a little—as he explained jocularly, "the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb, although Merivale's 'General History of Rome' was far from being a mere Summer breeze." Since then the selections have been equally dignified, and the plan continues today practically in the same form in which it was inaugurated in 1878.

It provides, in the main, for a course of reading to last through four years, consisting of selections in English from the ancient classics, history, economics, literature, and art. Each of the four years is supposed to be devoted roughly to one subject, and is accordingly known as the Modern European Year, the Classical Year, the English Year, or the American Year. No attempt is made to introduce the perplexities of languages or mathematics. In each year a book of science is assigned, although the laboratory sciences are barred. Popular treatises on such subjects as astronomy, geology, biology, psychology, and social economics are mainly used, and the appeal is always to the general reader. In a certain measure the course follows the subjects taught in the colleges, and is said to give to its disciple the much envied "college outlook." So great has been the success of the undertaking that there are now zealots of the Chautauqua system in almost every part of the United States and in most foreign countries. Five books constitute a set of required readings for a year. Recently there was a Life in the Ancient East Year, when the following were devoured:

> "The Life of the Ancient East," by James Baikie. The Romance of Modern Discovery and Exploration.
>
> "The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt," by Arthur Weigall.
>
> "Man's Life on Earth," by Samuel Christian Schmucker. The Story of Evolution.
>
> "The Nature, Practice, and History of Art," by H. Van Buren Magonigle. An Epitome of the Arts in All Ages.
>
> "How to Live," by Eugene Lyman Fisk and Irving Fisher. Healthful Living Based on Modern Science.

In addition to all this there is the *Chautauquan*, which is the Institution's house organ, the trade paper of its business. Besides supplementary articles on the various subjects of study, it contains general discussions of current affairs, and technical departments designed to assist befuddled scholars. A membership book is also sent to each member, with analyses of required books and question papers. The latter are filled out by the self-made student and returned to the office of the Institution. They are not examinations in the usual sense, though they tend, more or less, to

resemble the bureaucratic paraphernalia which clutter the progress of education in the colleges. They are merely provided to aid the student in reviewing and arranging the facts he has learned. In addition, local circles are formed whenever three or more readers desire the encouragement of one another's comradeship, and there are now more than ten thousand of them. The whole course of study is finally topped off grandly by the award of a certificate, given to those who certify in writing that they have faithfully read all the required literature. It is in no sense a college degree, but it is greatly coveted, and the graduating class always has its picture taken, with the learned members proudly flaunting their hard-won diplomas. For the strong of heart there are many post-graduate courses in history, literature, science and art.

IV

Throughout the United States and Canada there are five hundred and fifty local chautauquas modeled upon the parent Institution. Most of them are restricted in their influence, and but few do work comparable to that of the original organization. However, among the small group of superior progeny are the Champlain Assembly at Plattsburg, N. Y., and the Jewish Chautauqua at Atlantic City. Although no organic relation exists between the local and central institutions, most of the former employ the home reading courses in their work. I say nothing here of the pseudo-chautauquas which rage in the hinterland, bringing elocutionists, jugglers, Swiss bell-ringers, and (of late) tabloid plays to the yokels. They exist for entertainment only, and have nothing in common with the original Chautauqua.

Now fifty-six years old, it remains unapproached, with its huge panoply of courses, special classes, lectures, concerts, recitals, plays, and vaudeville acts. There are many special institutes presided over by prominent persons summoned thither for the purpose. At the last Summer Assembly Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was present for a Conference on World Affairs; and there, too, one might have listened to the eminent Professor Edward Mims, of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., on "Some Contemporary Thinkers."

There were also Professor Floyd L. Darrow of Ashville, N. Y., a renowned scientist on "Keeping up with Chemical Discoveries;" the cultured Miss Ruth Pennypacker on "The Theater Rejoices at Salzburg;" Mr. W. Frank McClure on "The Advertising Man's Laboratory;" and Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, "known far and wide as reformer, lecturer, and author." These were but a few of the many speakers; among the others were Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. John Erskine, Mr. Paul Fleming the magician, Mr. Charles Ross Taggart "and his old-time country fiddlers," and Dr. Arthur E. Bestor, president of the Institution.

The thousands that swarm to Chautauqua pass all too busily the brief Summer, with its squalls of rain and occasional gleaming days. As in the examinations conducted for the first Sunday-School Assembly, females are still predominant: they concentrate upon the exchange of gossip, the acquisition of learning, and reciprocal teas. They are for the most part a white-haired, sincere and genteel race, terrifying to the over-timid male as they are seen in embattled ranks upon the innumerable tiers of porches attached to the fronts of the shaky boarding-houses. Technically termed cottages, these lofty structures stand year in and year out, precarious and irregular in construction, repeating over and over the twin architectural motifs of the town—the pipe stem and the pin wheel.

The endless tiers of porches, one for each story of every cottage, are shakily upheld upon wooden spindles of extraordinary thinness, whose insubstantial character is further enhanced by innumerable perforations, undercuttings, and jigsaw lacework in their very vitals. But whatever the frailties of these posts, they are efficiently caught together by decorations brightly

illustrative of the pin wheel motif. Whatever one cannot do with wooden pipe stems, one can and does do with half, quarter, and whole pin wheels, adapted tirelessly, in a thousand variations, as the principal decorative device. Add to these conceptions a third—the Swiss chalet effect—and one has a glimpse of the architecture of the Summer city, wherein all seems fragile and treacherous under foot, yet stands with miraculous firmness against the rotting boards in the floors, and the stout ladies who walk about thumpingly on the topmost porches.

Music has long been one of the most cherished pillars of Chautauqua, what with Sousa and his band, a School of Music, various choirs, and a host of determined local æsthetes. For ten years the New York Symphony Orchestra, now deceased, was the great feature of the Summer Assembly. It is the custom of the attendant music lovers to listen all day in the Amphitheater. Like all other convinced Chautauquans, they are gluttons for punishment.

But though it has thus adopted most of the features of a secular Summer resort, including a golf course obviously intended to reduce the alarming excess of females, the religious work of Chautauqua is still its main concern. Countless preachers still spot the popular programmes, and a whole department of classes and meetings yet remains to uphold the tradition of the Sunday-School Assembly. The eminent Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago had charge of religious work during the last session; and chaplains for the daily services were drawn from among the most noteworthy divines of the country. There were courses in missions, lectures in Palestine Park, institutes of various types, and special religious instruction for youth. In addition, innumerable clubs and orders of a semi-religious cast were active. But Methodism is losing its grip, and so the Institution has begun to busy itself with the drama. It has, in fact, become a pronounced devotee of the Little Theater, even admitting local players to its sanctified precincts. The Assembly put on eight plays during the session of 1928, including "Ariadne," "Suppressed Desires," "To the Ladies," "The Hero," and "The Green Goddess." Eminently popular was "A Successful Calamity," by Clara Kummer, on the merits of which the *Chautauquan* outdid itself:

> Opportunity is given for the study of an average wealthy American family—family dinner being an unheard-of event. Father, merely a seemingly endless pocketbook, suddenly decides to stage a bankruptcy in order to become acquainted with his own family. His young second wife is infatuated with an Italian artist; his son is degenerating and his daughter vacillating between two fiancés. When the son goes to work in Wall Street the following morning he creates an unknown panic, his father's partner cleans house, and the family fortunes are greatly strengthened. Whether one night of family life can make up for a lifetime of neglect is the problem to be solved.

But that is as far as it goes, for Chautauqua is still uncompromisingly Christian, if no longer strictly Methodist, and it remembers the words of its founder, who, in concluding the address that introduced to the world his most extraordinary educational enterprise, the C. L. S. C., said with faith and determination:

> Look through microscopes, but find God. Look through telescopes, but find God. Look for him revealed in the throbbing life about you, in the palpitating stars above, in the marvelous records of the earth beneath you, and in your own souls. Study the possibilities which God unfolds, and make of yourself all that you can. The harder the struggle, the brighter the crown. Have faith and holy purpose. . . . Be master of circumstances, like the king that God has called you to be. God give you such hearts, such toil, such triumphs, and give you such masterhood as shall one day place you among the kings and priests of a redeemed and purified universe.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Mr. Shaw and the Ogre

Observes H. G. Wells in "The Way the World is Going": "He [George Bernard Shaw] has made free use of the phrase, the Life Force, but what meaning he attaches to these magic words is unknown. . . . He has an aversion from sex . . . which may be either Butler or temperamental, and he seems to want mankind to try laying parthenogenetic eggs, and coming out of them fully whiskered."

The notion thus somewhat facetiously expressed by the acute Wells restimulates a similar notion that for some time has been snoozing impertinently in my encephalon. That Shaw, as Wells says, appears not only to have an aversion to sex but also what amounts almost to a fear of it has not been lost upon those who have carefully pondered his writings. The reasons for the peculiar aversion and for what seems to be even fear are difficult to make out, but the antipathy and distrust nevertheless remain clearly visible and often emphatic. Shaw's canon plainly betrays his dislike of sex and his evasion of it. In all his work from beginning to end I know of no instance where he has not deftly avoided self-commitment on the subject or has not indulged in equivoque of one sort or another in his treatment of it.

It is impossible, within the limits of present space, to go fully into Shaw's writings and draw from them a comprehensive catalogue of illustrations. But one may suggest the color of his intrinsic and general attitude by skimming through them and extracting a few sufficiently pointed and revelatory examples. That, when he laid hold of the incalescent Cleopatra, he chose to contemplate her at the age of sixteen and, in spite of the fact that sixteen was maturity in that gala era, insisted upon comfortably regarding her as a species of pre-Mary Pickford flapper, that he presented the Caesar who had a baby by her as an historical Crocker Harrington, and that he once achieved the remarkable feat of writing sexlessly about the madam of a bordello, are phenomena familiar to everyone. That, also, in the series of interviews gathered by Archibald Henderson into "Table Talk of G. B. S.," he verbally betrayed an indifference, even antipathy, to sex is as readily recalled. I quote a few passages: (*a*) "It is admitted that alleged rejuvenations (*vide* Steinach) do not prolong life. And it is longevity which interests me and not the ghastly prospect of seeing all the moribund people bustling about and pretending to be gay young dogs"; (*b*) "There is never any real sex in romance. What is more, there is very little, and that of a very crude kind, in ninety-nine hundredths of our married life"; (*c*) "One man's poetry is another man's pruriency"; (*d*) "The novel which says no more about sex than may be said in a lecture on the facts to a class of schoolgirls of fifteen can be enormously more entertaining than a novel wholly preoccupied with sexual symptoms"; (*e*) "I could not write the words Mr. Joyce uses: my prudish hand would refuse to form the letters"; and (*f*) "Is any treatment of sex in the interest of public morals?"

And where the interviewer shot direct questions on sex to the interviewed, the latter is remembered as having cleverly avoided direct answers in such circumlocutions as "A playwright has no patience with novels," or in disquisitions on economics, capitalism and what not.

II

Let us glance haphazardly through Shaw's work. Having presented us with a virginal Cleopatra and a Caesar whose amatory exercises are confined to lifting her upon his knee and playing horsie, he presents us with the inflammable Great Catherine as one of the Four Marx Brothers, and not Harpo either. He gives us a Pygmalion who will have none of his perfected Galatea and who, to use Shaw's own words, excuses his indifference to young women on the ground that they have an irresistible rival in his mother. "If an imaginative boy has a . . . mother who has intelligence, personal grace, dignity of character without harshness, and a cultivated sense of the best art, . . . she sets a standard for him against which very few women can struggle, besides effecting for him a disengagement of his affections, his sense of beauty and his idealism from his specifically sexual impulses. This makes him a standing puzzle to the huge number of uncultivated people . . . to whom literature, painting, sculpture, music and affectionate personal relations come as modes of sex if they come at all." He gives us even a Don Juan who moralistically announces, "I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself, I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That is the law of my life!" His Larry, in "John Bull's Other Island," prefers his friend Tom to the woman who implores his love. "I wish I could find a country to live in where the facts were not brutal and the dreams not unreal," is the character's oblique anatomical lament. His Dick Dudgeon, in "The Devil's Disciple," pronounces the word *love* "with true Puritan scorn." His Lady Britomart, in "Major Barbara," "really cannot bear an immoral man." And his Eugene, in "Candida," romanticizes his emotions out of sex.

"Moral passion is the only real passion," announces Tanner, in "Man and Superman." "All the other passions were in me before; but they were idle and aimless—mere childish greediness and cruelties, curiosities and fancies, habits and superstitions, grotesque and ridiculous to the mature intelligence. When they suddenly began to shine like newly lit flames it was by no light of their own, but by the radiance of the dawning moral passion. That passion dignified them, gave them conscience and meaning, found them a mob of appetites and organized them into an army of purposes and principles." "Virtue," Shaw notes in "The Revolutionist's Handbook," "consists not in abstaining from vice but in not desiring it." Charteris, in "The Philanderer," accused of philandering, states that he is not guilty of any such low thing. "I hate it; it bores me to distraction!" Praed observes to Crofts of Mrs. Warren, apropos of a hint of sexual intimacy, "Your delicacy will tell you that a handsome woman needs some friends who are not—well, not on that footing with her." And Mrs. Warren repentantly thus: "Do you think I was brought up like you—able to pick and choose my own way of life? Do you think I did what I did because I liked it, or *thought it right*, or *wouldn't rather have gone to college* and been a lady if I'd had the chance?"

Speaking of the marriage contract in one of his prefaces, Shaw alludes to sex stimulation as "the most violent, most insane, most delusive and most transient of passions," expresses his disbelief that married people as a rule really live together, and says that "a man as intimate with his own wife as a magistrate is with his clerk . . . is a man in ten thousand." In response to the General's timid "But there are calls of nature —," in "Getting Married," Shaw makes Lesbia reply, "Don't be ridiculous." And when the General is so much as allowed to venture on another occasion the word *assignation*, the Shavian get-out is accomplished thuswise: "Oh yes: she began the correspondence by making a very curious but very natural assignation. She wants me to meet her in Heaven"—the while Mrs. Bridgenorth comments on the

"everyday vulgarities of earthly love." "I sinned in intention," says Juno in "Overruled." "I'm as guilty as if I had actually sinned." Lina, in "Misalliance," takes out her surplus energy on a flying trapeze and recommends the same diet to her adoring Tarleton. And in "Arms and the Man," we find the Shavian protagonist not too proud for sexual dalliance, but too tired.

III

The point is not that Shaw's imaginative writing is sexless—that is a fact too well known to call for repetition; the point is that the body of his work as a whole reveals a man to whom sex, in the sense that the word is commonly used, is at once unpleasant, deplorable and disgusting. There are times, true enough, when Shaw seems to advance the opposite point of view, but it will be found that, when he does so, he does so only to demolish it. Nor is his argument of the other point of view even momentarily persuasive; it hasn't the ring of sincerity; it is a dummy set up merely for tackling purposes. Among conspicuous modern English men of letters and English critics of life, he alone is indefatigable in waving the white banner of biological asceticism. The cleverest dialectician living in the world today, he is sometimes successful in concealing his true attitude for a moment, in masking his ferocious personal convictions and in giving a bland performance in the rôle of a hell of a fellow, but it fools no one. Chesterton once observed that it is the weak man who always, when taking a walk, most vigorously thwacks the bushes along the roadside with his cane. A mistrust of his own philosophical attitude toward sex may similarly account for Shaw's disputatious thwacking of it.

After reading "Cashel Byron's Profession," Stevenson wrote to William Archer: "If Mr. Shaw is below five-and-twenty, let him go his path; if he is thirty, he had best be told that he is a romantic, and pursue romance with his eyes open. Perhaps he knows it." Shaw is still the romantic that he was when a boy. And his romanticism is no more clearly to be detected than in his animadversions on sex. He declines to see it for what it is; he cannot bring himself to regard it save in terms of sentiment, love, the Indian policy, Marxian socialism or the League of Nations. And all the fine irony and rich humor which he occasionally visits upon the subject cannot conceal the romanticist hiding behind them and seeking to protect himself through them from the charge of romanticism. Shaw has always set up smoke-screens or avoidances of the issue to protect himself from himself. The hero of his early novel, "The Irrational Knot," in answer to the query as to what he is going to do about his wife's elopement with a former lover, says, "Eat my supper. I am as hungry as a bear." His charming Szczympliça, in "Love Among the Artists," is in her potentially most romantic moments restrained by the "soul commercial" that Shaw, with a cannily masked apprehensiveness, injects into her. Lydia Carew, whose "body is frail and brain morbidly active," is made to think coldly of the splendid Cashel Byron merely in terms of eugenical science. In "An Unsocial Socialist," Shaw smears his inborn convictions with grease-paint and tries to make us believe that he believes the seven deadly sins, as Prof. Henderson notes them, are respectability, conventional virtue, filial affection, modesty, sentiment, devotion to women, and romance.

We have Shaw speaking of the wickedness and abandonedness of Offenbach's music and of the morals of Händel's. We find him waxing impatient with "the female figure free from the defect known to photographers as under-exposure" that he encounters on the statues and fountains in Paris. He writes, "What Hofmannsthal and Strauss have done is to take Clytemnestra and Ægistheus and by identifying them with everything that is evil . . . with the murderous rage in which the lust for a lifetime of orgiastic pleasure

turns on its slaves in the torture of its disappointment and the sleepless horror and misery of its neurasthenia, to so rouse in us an overwhelming flood of wrath against it . . . that Elektra's vengeance becomes holy to us . . ." "In our sexual natures," he states in the preface to "Androcles and the Lion," "we are torn by an irresistible attraction and an overwhelming repugnance and disgust." Again, "Marriage turns vagabonds into steady citizens; men and women will . . . practise virtues that unattached individuals are incapable of." In the preface to "Overruled," thus: "That jealousy is independent of sex is shown by its intensity in children." Again, "Adultery is the dullest of themes on the stage, and from Francesca and Paolo down to the latest guilty couple . . . the romantic adulterers have been bores." Yet again, "It is ridiculous to say . . . that art has nothing to do with morality."

"If a young woman, in a mood of strong reaction . . . were to tell Mr. Herbert Spencer that she was determined not to murder her own instincts and throw away her life in obedience to a mouthful of empty phrases," he once said, "I suspect he would recommend the 'Data of Ethics' to her as a trustworthy and conclusive guide to conduct. Under similar circumstances I should unhesitatingly say to the young woman: 'By all means do as you propose. Try how wicked you can be. . . . At worst, you will only find out the sort of person you really are. At best, you will find that your passions, if you really and honestly let them all loose impartially, will discipline you with a severity your conventional friends . . . could not stand for a day." In the preface to "Getting Married," we come upon this: "The assumption that the specific relation which marriage authorizes between the parties is the most intimate and personal of human relations . . . is violently untrue."

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Pictorial Phonograph

THE peak of imbecility, already sufficiently crowded with metaphysical mountain-climbers, finds its population now augmented by a number of persons who profess to believe that the talking movies will spell the doom of the theatre. These persons are discovered to be the same ones who, ten years ago, scaled the heights with the conviction that the silent movies would spell the doom of the theatre. Arriving within reaching distance of the prize edelweiss, our friends observe themselves to be in the company of many of the old folks from home: the people who believed that the phonograph would kill the opera, the people who believed that the radio and the automobile would kill the theatre, the people who believed that ticket speculators and union labor demands would kill the drama, the people who believed that the tremendous increase in cheap magazines would kill the magazine business, the people who believed that the great oversupply of cheaply published books would kill the publishing business, the people who believed that the pianola would kill piano recitals, the people who believed that the elaborate rotogravure sections would kill the illustrated periodicals, and the people who believed that the big movie house orchestras would put an end to symphony concerts.

The talking pictures will have exactly the same effect on the legitimate theatre that the silent pictures had—that and no more. Indeed, unless I am more than usually mistaken, they will in time be found to have considerably less, and for a reason that seems to me to be plain. The silent movies appealed to that very considerable portion of the public whose intelligence was not up to the strain imposed upon it by the theatre in general. Such movies not only allowed that public to divert itself cheaply and without any other effort save that involved in keeping its eyes open, but permitted its imagination, such as it was, to function upon an agreeably low and apparently satisfactory level. What was more, the silent pictures were so fashioned that, no matter at what period during their course the customer entered, they were—because of the invariable periodic shrewd restatement of their plot schemes—clearly intelligible to him. This made it unnecessary for the customer to be in his seat at a particular time; he could drop in whenever he elected and lose nothing—a valuable consideration in view of the fact that the movie public is not, due to its economic and sociological nature, chronologically so foot-free as the theatre public. In order to understand a talking picture, it is necessary for the movie patron to be present from the beginning, that is, save in the case of the musical comedy talkies. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that, by way of getting rid of this necessity, the talkie people will revert to the periodic plot restatements and thematic repetitions of the silent movie. Not only does the character of the new medium make that difficult, but to do so would be to render the talkie unbearably dull for such customers as had been on hand since the start. Verbal repetition is involved and tedious, where a short printed recapitulatory title or a brief bit of pictorial pantomime is surely much less so.

The talkie, further, imposes upon its auditor much the same sort of strain that the theatre does: visually, aurally and every other way. And the better the talkies are, the greater the degree of that strain will naturally be. Even such an abortion as

the talkie version of "Coquette" calls for a closer attention than the acted play if one hopes to make head or tail of it.

The talkies, even imagining them in a future state of perfection, will obviously at their very best be mere theatre plays at second hand, and they will bear the same realistic approximation to drama that the poster of the celebrated musical comedy actress, in the ancient smoking-car *conte* about the concupiscent country lout, bore to the servant girl. Where the silent movies gave the boobs something that they could not find in the theatre, the talkies—except for some arbitrarily inserted train-wreck or avalanche—can give them only a ghostly copy of what they can find in the theatre.

The eminent Prof. Dr. Chaplin, who seems to have no use for the talkies, expresses it as his opinion that the latter, by their unavoidable sacrifice of sex appeal and visual beauty, will alienate the devotees of the silent movie in large numbers. The opinion strikes me as sound. The great popular success of the silent movies was unquestionably due to the mob's cigarette-picture adulation of their good-looking mimes and often to the aphrodisiacal quality which the mob imagined into them. Now, since nothing is less lovely to look at than photographs of a man's or woman's throat and jaw muscles in action and nothing less aphrodisiacal than speech, it is not difficult to anticipate the disillusion of the old fan audiences. Such devices as tricky camera angles and the soft focus, whereby piefaces were made to take on the aspect of Venuses, may not be applied to the liberal effect in the talkies that they were in the talkless pictures, and—as I have observed before this—surely the censors will not permit the articulation of actions that once were freely allowed to inflame the imaginations of the jakes. The suggestion and glamour that inhered in the silent pictures are removed from the talkies, and the theoretical mystery that attached to their personages is doomed. The imagination-provoking shadows are discovered by the boobs to be simply very ordinary human beings with very ordinary human voices and with disturbingly conspicuous Adam's apples and cases of alveolodental periostitis.

The yokel who once imagined that the Mlle. X., were she to whisper to him "I love you," would sound like a melted mandolin, now hears his goddess speak like a gum-chewing shopgirl. The worshipper of the Mlle. Y.'s seductive girlishness now beholds her, in the grim, hard light of the talkies, to be a middle-aged woman with the voice of a middle-aged woman. The farmhand who once dreamed of the Mlle. Z. as an exotic and mysterious dose of cantharides will now see her simply as a fat immigrant with deradenoncus and with over-developed laryngeal muscles assisting in the negotiation of pigeon-English. Valentino died in time. Think what would have happened to his flock of women admirers if the unsparing lighting of the talkies had betrayed his imminent baldness and the movietone his bootblack voice.

The talkies, even at their best, fall between two stools. On the one hand, they are not the scenic and pantomimic shadow movies of the past and, on the other, they are not the flesh and blood of the theatre. They miss the peculiar hypnosis of the silent pictures and they lack the human pull of the stage. The day that sees men waiting at the stage-door for an electric phonograph to come out will see the day that the talkies will triumph over the theatre.

II

Modernistic Scenery

That the crazy stage investiture which swept into the theatre some years ago, principally *via* Germany and Russia, is on its last legs and ready for the discard becomes increasingly apparent. I allude, of course, to the so-called impressionistic and expressionistic scenery sponsored by the arbitrarily radical wing, not to the care-

fully studied, relevant and immensely vital settings designed by such highly imaginative and honest fellows as Craig. That is, to the type of scenery employed by vainglorious designers to make a show for themselves at the expense of the drama, the kind of stage settings that substituted violence of line and color for self-effacing dramatic backgrounds and that diverted the attention of an audience from the drama and its actors with all the irritation of a loud nose-blow at vespers.

The stage seems already to have reverted again to normal; only on very rare occasions, and then not successfully, is the Caligari paint and canvas nonsense longer observable. We are back again where we were twenty years ago, but in terms of greater taste, greater skill and greater beauty. And the reason for the return to Bach is clear. Where the attempt to devise a new scenic idea fell down was in its failure to take into consideration the actor—the actor, that is, not as an actor but as a human being. The human being that was the actor stood out against the impressionistic and expressionistic backgrounds like a sore thumb; the one no more fitted in with the other than would a bass-drum with "Bilder Aus Osten." What we saw was scenic investiture that, while it distorted reality, made no allowance for the fact that what had to move in front of it were painfully real persons. As a consequence, the backgrounds howled against the actors and the actors against the backgrounds.

All the while that we were looking at impressionistic and expressionistic houses, streets, skies and trees our eyes were bothered with decidedly unimpressionistic and unexpressionistic mimes. It was all very well to have backgrounds of lobsided purple houses, red and yellow lamp-posts, triangular moons and orange zigzag streets when the curtain went up, but it was something else to observe a few moments later, disporting himself before them, an everyday human animal in an everyday tweed suit.

III

Ladies' War

A second view of R. C. Sherriff's war drama, "Journey's End," widely acclaimed as a masterpiece, emphasizes my original conviction that there is a humorously falsetto note to the exhibit and that the late war, as the author sees it, apparently needed only a butler to convert it into a polite drawing-room comedy. A perusal of the play in book form triples that conviction, for if ever soldiers comported themselves like Pinero actors, these pseudo-warriors of Sherriff's, scrutinized closely, are found to be appropriately homesick for the London stage of the nineties.

While I do not wish to seem impolite to a play that has many points of merit and to a playwright who has often done very well by his materials, I can't resist the impression that Mr. Sherriff's military men have a faint pansy aspect that proves just a trifle disturbing. We are introduced to nine English soldiers, eight of them officers, huddled together in a dug-out in the British trenches before St. Quentin and awaiting the imminent advance of the German forces presently occupying trenches less than a hundred yards away. Let us glance at the script and observe, from samples, the general nature of their speech.

First, Captain Hardy, in conversation with his brother-officers:

1. Rifle grenades—Minnies—and those horrid little things like pineapples.
2. They simply blew us to bits yesterday. I really *am* glad you've come; I'm simply not being polite.
3. They [the men] were frightfully annoyed.
4. You *are* a fussy old man!
5. How *is* the dear young boy?
6. I mean it *is* jolly fascinating to see a fellow drink like he does.
7. And . . . what a dear, level-headed old thing you are!
8. Oh, you sweet, sentimental old darling!
9. Now don't be rude!

Secondly, Lieutenant Osborne, ditto:

1. It's a big fluke to have got to the same company.

2. Good heavens! It must have given you a turn.
3. He's awfully pleased to get into your company.
4. [*Looking at photograph of hollyhocks.*] By Jove, it's a beauty . . . It is really . . . A beauty!
5. I used to cycle out to the woods and get primroses.
6. Don't breeze about it.
7. I never knew the sun could rise in so many ways . . . green, and pink, and red, and blue, and gray. Extraordinary, isn't it?
8. I wish I knew how to fight a battle like those boys of mine. You ought to have seen the way they lured my men under the sofa and mowed them down.
9. [*Reading from a Second Lieutenant's letter.*] There was an awfully nice officer there.
10. It's awfully fascinating, digging like that.

Thirdly, Second Lieutenant Raleigh, ditto:

1. It's a frightful bit of luck.
2. We were terrific pals.
3. He looked splendid! It sort of made me feel—
4. It's an amazing bit of luck.
5. He'll be frightfully surprised.
6. He was frightfully down on smoking.
7. How frightfully quiet it is.
8. It seems uncanny.
9. That must have been simply topping.
10. It'd made them feel jolly bucked.
11. It must be awfully thrilling.
12. I say—it's most frightfully exciting.
13. Don't you think it might make us a—a bit muzzy?
14. Oh Lord.
15. It's jolly good coffee.
16. I'm awfully sorry, Dennis, if—if I annoyed you by coming to your company.
17. Good heavens!

Next, Captain Stanhope, the whiskey-guzzling commander:

1. It's a slimy thing to go home if you're not really ill, isn't it?
2. Poor little devil.
3. Little prig—that's what he is!
4. Kiss me, Uncle.
5. What a foul smell of bacon.
6. By the way, did you see the sunrise? Wasn't it gorgeous?
7. He looked at me as if I'd spat on him.
8. I don't want to read the blasted thing.
9. What a blasted funk *I* am.
10. It'll be awfully nice if the brigadier's pleased.
11. Oh for Lord's sake!
12. Doesn't his repulsive little mind make you *sick*?

Next, Second Lieutenant Trotter:

1. Oh, I say, but damn it!
2. What a lovely smell of bacon!
3. Isn't it lovely?
4. A nasty German'll hop out.
5. You *do* look glum.
6. Oh Lord, yes.

Now, Second Lieutenant Hibbert:

1. I can't bear to go up into those awful trenches again.
2. It's awfully decent of you, and thanks most awfully.
3. Oh, Trotter! You're a *dream!*

Now, the burly Company Sergeant-Major:

1. [*To German prisoner*] All right, sonny.
2. Come on, lad.
3. [*As German clutches at pocketbook*] Stop that! You let go!

And, finally, the Colonel:

1. Lovely day.
2. Harrison of the trench mortars is coming in to dinner with me this evening.
3. He's not much good at dashing in.
4. All to the good!
5. You know quite well I'd give anything to cancel the beastly affair.
6. I must go right away and 'phone the brigadier. He'll be very pleased about it.
7. Oh—er—what—er ——
8. Oh, I say, I'm sorry! That's—er—six men and—er—Osborne?
9. I'm very sorry. Poor Osborne!
10. I'm very sorry. And the six men.
11. Well, I must be off. Well, bye-bye.

Pondering this species of speech and reflecting upon Mr. Sherriff's soldiers' fondness for "Alice in Wonderland," recitations beginning "Tick! Tock! Wind up the clock," goodnight kisses from fellow-officers, comments on the loveliness of the weather, playing with toy tin soldiers, tending garden flowers, listening to singing birds and being "quite braced up" by them, and a captain whom the men "simply love,"—pondering such phenomena, one may perhaps be forgiven for wondering whether, in certain of its details, "Journey's End" isn't a wartime version of Mae West's "Pleasure Man."

IV

Burlesque and the Coffin

That the old-time burlesque show, once the delight of the nation, is rapidly dying the death is evident to any student of the institution who pursues his research work

in such laboratories as the Columbia, where the fancier brand is on tap, and in such as the Irving Place, where nature is allowed somewhat more freely to take its course. At the former house, representative of one wheel that supplies the metropolitan and provincial trade, all that has been offered for the last three years is a cheap and extremely dull copy of the poorer Broadway song and dance show. And at the latter, representative of another wheel that provides fodder for New York and the road, all that meets the eye is an endless repetition of the burlesque stencils of twenty and thirty years ago.

"I am dying, Little Egypt, dying" is the handwriting plainly to be read on the wall of these stale burlesque cooch shows, with their feeble imitations of the five-dollar theatres, with their pathetic attempts to hold the sailor trade with senescent belly-dancers and with their mildewed reiterations, year in and year out, of sketches, acts and wheezes that had already begun to lose their amusement possibilities two decades ago. Burlesque, as we find it today, is trading solely on its past glory. Not a single new thing has been brought to it for years. The old money-changing act, the dialogue in which the soubrette's allusions to a cow are leeringly construed by the comedian to be to a woman, the elaborate double meanings attached to oil-cans and wienerwursts, the crêpe-whiskered Jew comic, the floppy pantalooned Mick, the fat blonde who shakes her hips and winks meaningly at the customers, the Monte Carlo waiters—all are still working hard at the old stand.

The burlesque syndicate that caters to the up-town trade has vainly tried to stimulate the dying interest by laying in fancy second-hand scenery and costumes from defunct Broadway musical shows. But it has placed in front of the scenery nothing but the antique burlesque stuff and in the costumes nothing but cheap imitators of the Broadway performers, with the stale mammy songs, the stale dance routines and the stale jokes. The downtown entrepreneurs who cater to the rougher element have tried to hold the fast-ebbing trade by liberal injections of smut, but the smut is too familiar to the customers to do much. Now and then, some anatomical antic by some wrinkled old run-way hussy or one of the louder double meanings on the stage contrives to enliven the house for a moment, but soon afterward the humdrum sets in again and the audience goes back to dozing over its cigars and copies of the "art" magazines that are peddled in the aisles before the rise of the curtain.

What has killed burlesque is, of course, its unvarying repetitiousness and, secondly, the dirt that has been freely peddled in the last half dozen years in the legitimate theatres, in the musical shows and in the cheap movies. Some years ago, the burlesque houses had a monopoly on smut and naturally corralled all the trade that was looking for it. In those days, men who wanted to look at naked females or hear the coarser variety of humor could find what they sought only in the burlesque shows and, as a result, the latter did a land-office business. But, with the passing of time, the girls in the revues and musical shows got to be nakeder and nakeder and the jokes dirtier and dirtier until it wasn't long before the burlesque stages seemed tame in comparison. Also, the straight plays began to go in for smut that made the burlesque shows take on the air of Sunday-school entertainments, and bathing girl and sex movies began to go farther than any burlesque show had ever dared to go. And gradually trade was diverted to these other emporia. The sailor on shore-leave today doesn't go to a burlesque theatre; he goes to a Broadway theatre or to a suggestive movie. So far as the burlesque shows are concerned, he would just as lief go to a Y. M. C. A.

Since burlesque's main reliance was always upon dirt, and since, save for a momentary spell of bravado in which it occasionally goes the limit, it can no longer compete with the dirt in the other theatres, its death-knell is sounding.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Man and the Universe

A PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lippmann. $2.50. 8½ x 5½; 348 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

MID-CHANNEL: *An American Chronicle*, by Ludwig Lewisohn. $3.50. 8¾ x 5½; 310 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

LIFE in Christendom bears harshly upon every man who ever sits down soberly to think, but it must bear with especial harshness upon intelligent Jews. Here are two of the most intelligent ever nurtured by our beloved Republic, and both, dismayed and full of woe, go wandering about in search of a rock and refuge. Lewisohn, a poet and hence a confiding fellow, thinks that he has found it in orthodox Judaism—in abandoning the whole claptrap of Christian civilization for the simpler and more ancient claptrap of his own people. He is fooled as all converts are fooled. His rock is no more than *papier mâché*, and he will presently plunge through it and crack his head. Lippmann, rejecting not only all the orthodoxies, ancient and modern, but also all the standard heresies, immerses himself in a philosophy of disinterestedness, made up half of scientific indifference and half of a melancholy nostalgia for the old certainties. He too, I believe, is self-deceived, for what he regards as a philosophy is really little more than a methodology, and it leaves all the fundamental problems of human life and conduct unsolved.

Of the two sages, Lippmann is the more plausible and by far, if only because he shows a good deal of the detachment that he preaches. He is calm, cool, well-informed and urbane. There is, to be sure, no judicial nonsense in him: he has a case to argue and he argues it with great eloquence, but it is in the character of one learned in the law, not in that of a prisoner at bar. Lewisohn is always that prisoner, and he protests his innocence so loudly that most juries, I suspect, would condemn him to the hoosegow, if only to get rid of the noise. His private troubles color his whole argument. He is, it appears, a man pursued by savage and implacable fates, a martyr to Christian barbarism, a sufferer incomparable. For none of these horrors can he find any excuse in his own offending. He has, "since my later twenties," pursued a course of undeviating rectitude. His life has been virtuous, austere, diligent, correct. He has eschewed drunkenness, homicide, burglary, simony, arson, bribery, politics, perjury, and, until forced into it by a combination of biological urge and "right reason," adultery. When he plunges into *Schul* at last, it is with the air of a Presbyterian escaping from Hollywood.

I wish that he had kept his private difficulties out of his book, for he has aired them before, and here they only hobble and damage his argument. What he has to say, stripping it of such irrelevancies, is simply that a Jew is happier and better off when he admits to himself frankly that he is a Jew, and does not try to convince himself that he is an Englishman, a German or an American. I believe that to be profoundly true. More, I believe it to be obviously true. But to proceed to the corollary that a candid acceptance of Judaism is a panacea for all earthly woes—to do that is to go far beyond the apparent facts. The repatriated and reconditioned Jew, if he be intelligent, is still bound to be more or less uneasy. He has put away his old vain striving to be something else, but he is still a man living in a world of defeats and frustrations, and they pursue him into his

Schul quite as relentlessly as they pursue his brother into St. Bartholomew's. Lewisohn, it seems to me, is too ready to put an American or a Christian label on whatever he dislikes. He is wrong far more often than he is right. The worst of Christianity, in point of fact, is largely Jewish, and so is some of the worst of Americanism. Nevertheless, his call to his fellow Jews to tear off their falsefaces has sense in it, and deserves to be heard. And he couches it in terms that show all his well-known eloquence.

Lippmann avoids Lewisohn's special pleading, but also comes to a conclusion that is anything but satisfying. Two shaky assumptions, I think, are in his argument. The first is the assumption that the present is an age of moral chaos—that the human race is plunging hither and thither, wondering what is right and what is wrong, and sighing for authoritative light and leading. The other is the assumption that morality is inevitably a kind of religion—that the good life must be somehow related to a cosmic theory. "There exists today," he says, "on a scale never before experienced by mankind and of an urgency without a parallel, the need for that philosophy of life of which the insight of high religion is a prophecy." But is this really true? I presume to doubt it. There is no more moral chaos today than there has been in other ages. The great fundamentals still survive: honor, truthfulness, courage, indomitability, charity, decency. What we lose is simply trash—the accumulated rubbish of centuries of bad government and insane theology, of oppressions and false pretenses, of puerile dodges and cheap evasions. Let it go! The sound metal remains, and it needs no stamp to make it so. Honor has no more to do with religion, whether high or low, than it has to do with mathematics. It is, in a deep sense, the very antithesis of religion. It is civilized man's answer to a God whose arbitrary mandates and taboos were framed for peasants. Nor can it be reasonably called disinterested. It looks inward, not outward. Its impulse is inward, and so is its reward. And so, also, are the impulse and reward of truthfulness, courage, charity and common decency.

Thus I can't follow Lippmann all the way, but I can at least testify that it is immensely stimulating to follow him as far as it is possible to go. His book shows a new maturity. There is in it a firm grip upon an inordinately complicated and confusing theme. It blazes clear tracks through a wilderness of ancient sophistries, some of them divinely inspired. When the author deals with concrete problems, he is unfailingly sensible and well-informed. He sees around them clearly; he disentangles them from their concretions of authoritarian obfuscation. What he has to say about the relations of morality to government, to business, to the life of everyday is shrewd, unhackneyed and often highly original. His book is the work of a man of unusually eager and independent mind. It does not solve any of the problems it raises, but it gives every one of them a new clarity of statement, and so helps toward their solution later on. It opens paths and sets up markers. There is cunning writing in it, and incisive thinking.

I wish it were not so long. It would have been more effective if reduced by a third. Lewisohn also errs in that direction. There are whole sections of his book that have nothing to do with its main theme, and should have been omitted.

The Making of a God

MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN, by Lloyd Lewis. $3.50. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 422 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

WHAT Mr. Lewis seeks to do in this immensely amusing and instructive volume is to show the beginnings of old Abe as the American tribal divinity—his laborious emergence, once John Wilkes Booth's bullet had laid him low, from the estate of a mere man to the estate of a god. It is a tale full of melodramatic episodes and almost painful humors. For it was Lincoln's fate to come to apotheosis when public taste

in America was at the level of taste in a second-rate brothel. The vulgarities of the time, seen in retrospect, well nigh pass belief. All feeling for beauty and decency had apparently died out of the American people, high and low. They lived in hideous houses, they wore hideous clothes, they read bad books, they flocked to bad plays, and they gave lip service, if not actual assent, to a decaying and preposterous variety of religion. All their chief heroes tended to be frauds and bounders: Henry Ward Beecher, Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, even Grant himself. Of the really great men who lived among them, headed by Whitman, they knew nothing and cared less. Thus, raising Lincoln to Valhalla, they inevitably sought to debase him in the process. The shrewd, homely and kindly leader, human as well as humane, was converted into a glorified Sunday-school scholar. His Rabelaisian gibes were turned into moral platitudes. His highly realistic and cynical politics became the maudlin statecraft of the lyceum platform and the evangelical pulpit. His civilized skepticism found itself hymned as gospel-tent piety. And the chronic intestinal stasis which gave him his melancholy was mistaken for the tremors of a new Virgin Immaculate, abashed before a new Annunciation.

Mr. Lewis tells the story with great gusto, and supports it at every step with formidable accumulations of contemporary evidence. All the chief actors in the process of beatification were mountebanks, from Stanton and Sumner to Booth the assassin. The assassination itself, in fact, was managed in the fashion of a performance by a bad provincial stock company, and the ensuing trial of the conspirators had all the obscene humors of a Moose lodge of sorrow. Lincoln's funeral has had no parallel to this day, and there is no record of anything like it in antiquity. Compared to it even the gaudy funeral of Harding, with the widow riding the corpse from coast to coast, was decorous and in good taste. Not for days only, but for weeks, the cadaver of poor Abe was hauled about the country, to the ever increasing glory of its embalmers. Once it began to turn dark and leathery, but they were equal to the job of restoring it. Once the face slipped, but they shoved it back. How many patriots gaped at it will never be known; there must have been millions. In town after town it was set up for their gaping: females filed by on one side and gents on the other. Children in arms, screaming in terror, were held up to look at it; some of them retain the shuddering memory to this day. Finally, entombed at Springfield, it came near falling into the hands of grave-robbers, and thereafter, for nearly thirty years, it was incessantly buried and dug up, buried and dug up, until even those who took part in its endless resurrections began to doubt that it existed.

Dead now for sixty-four years, and in Valhalla for sixty of them, Lincoln promises to outlast all the other gods of the American people. Washington will be forgotten, for he was rich and haughty: Lincoln was poor, and acted the part. Jefferson is already gone, for his head ruled his heart: Lincoln was one who relied upon feeling, not upon ideas. Jackson was extinct two generations ago, for he was a military man and disliked the serfs he lifted up: Lincoln loved them. Best of all, he met a violent end;—he died, so they say, that the Republic might live—he was the first American martyr. The plain people always prefer gods who make the supreme sacrifice for them: it flatters them to think of it, and causes them to feel cosy and comfortable. Thus Lincoln had all the requisites for canonization—including one more that must not be overlooked: he was humble and had known contumely; he was a Cinderella in prairie boots. Add his dreadful sufferings at the hands of his virago of a wife—add it for good measure. He seems completely safe today. The Abe who came out of the Sangamon country, horrible, hairy, human, has been expunged from the minutes. There reigns in Gladsheim a gentle old Presbyterian with traces

of the Quaker, the High Church Episcopalian, the Y. M. C. A. secretary and the Elk. He has begun to be at ease in his halo, and presently he will be sprouting wings.

Mr. Lewis's book deserves to be read by everyone interested in popular psychology. It is full of entertaining and exhilarating stuff, and it is very well written.

Sport in the Bible Country

ROPE & FAGGOT: *A Biography of Judge Lynch*, by Walter White. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 276 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

It pleases Mr. White, who is a man of somewhat bitter humor, to call himself an Aframerican; he is actually almost as albino as his name, with sandy hair and china blue eyes. Thus he is able, when he is so disposed, to mingle with Caucasians undetected, and the fact has stood him in good stead whenever the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has sent him into the South to investigate lynchings. The officiating morons always talk to him freely, and sometimes even give him the wishbone of the late lamented as a souvenir. Once, during a race war in Oklahoma, he was sworn in as a deputy to help uphold white supremacy against the uprisen blacks. The result of his vast experience in the Bible country, born of this unique equipment, is that he knows more about lynching than anyone else in America. He has inquired into all sorts of communal butcheries, from the simple hanging of a village bad man to the appallingly barbarous disemboweling, torture and burning of a woman with child, and at the same time he has made shrewd examination of the social background and mental equipment of the lynchers. His book, in consequence, is a mine of valuable information, set forth plausibly and without too much indignation. There are unspeakable horrors in it, but he does not dwell upon them unduly. His main business is not to describe lynching, but to describe lynchers.

It will surprise no one who knows the South, I take it, to hear from him that the incidence of lynching runs in almost direct proportion to the percentage of Methodists and Baptists in the population. The reason is not far to seek. The two great evangelical faiths, down in that country, are little more than schemes of organized hatred. Their theology has been reduced to the simple doctrine that the other fellow is a scoundrel and will go to hell. Little else is ever heard from their clergy, whether lordly bishops traversing the land on Pullman cushions or forlorn lay preachers howling from remote dunghills. During the late campaign, as everyone knows, they went to almost fabulous lengths. For months on end they had millions of morons in a frenzy of rage against the Pope, who was represented to be ready to seize the United States, burn the White House, and put the whole Protestant population of the country to the sword. Nor was this their first grand experiment in rabble rousing, nor their worst. It was a Methodist preacher who launched the Ku Klux uproar of half a dozen years ago, and it was Methodist and Baptist preachers who were its chief encouragers from first to last. The blame for its endless outrages rests squarely upon them. They not only egged the halfwits on to flog and flay; they hurled their vilest anathemas against everyone who protested. No decent man in the South, in those bloody days, was safe against their objurgations.

Nor is any decent Southerner safe against them today. The whole region lies under the blight of their malignant imbecility. They constitute an organized and implacable opposition to every sort of sound thinking, to every sort of social grace and amenity, and to every sort of common decency. Let a school anywhere south of the Potomac begin to teach what is taught by good schools everywhere, and at once they are on the warpath against it, seeking to have it purged. Let a newspaper venture to print what everyone knows to be true, and at once they are up in arms. Let a politician say anything sensible or do anything honest, and they are after his scalp.

In such a State as Mississippi the results of years of this bombardment are appallingly visible. There is not a really good newspaper in the whole State; there is not a school or college, save on the Catholic borders of Louisiana, above the level of a backwoods female seminary; and there is not a politician who is not an obvious mountebank. Mississippi has 226,356 Methodists and 441,293 Baptists; all the other Protestants number but 26,261, and the Catholics but 32,160. It has the lowest literacy rate in America, if not in the civilized world. It is plunged into such depths of ignorance and superstition that the tale thereof is almost incredible. And since 1882 it has lynched more blackamoors, often with savage tortures, than any other State —more, indeed, than any twenty States above the Potomac taken together.

Other factors, to be sure, enter into the matter: among them, density of population and wealth *per capita*. The rich and heavily populated States, such as North Carolina, tend to abandon lynching. They have relatively efficient police, and their more numerous towns give them something of the city point of view. Mr. White thus finds that the incidence of lynching also runs with sparsity of population. But it is precisely in the loneliest and most remote regions that the evangelical parsons are most powerful. No one pays much attention to them in the cities, but out in the country they are almighty. If they preached against lynching, they could put it down, or, at all events, greatly diminish it. If they were against it at heart, they would aid in detecting and punishing its perpetrators. But there is no sign that they are against it. Their ecclesiastical superiors pass resolutions condemning it politely, but they themselves do not raise a hand. And no wonder, for lynching is a natural and inevitable corollary of the barbaric theology that they empty upon their customers. The essence of that theology is hatred—hatred of every fair and reasonable thing, of every decency of the mind and spirit. The helpless coon does not get all of it, by any means, but when other objects fail he is always there: to the poor whites he is a constant challenge and a constant opportunity. Upon him they wreck their accumulated blood lust, and by his revolting fate they testify to their superiority.

Lynching, as Mr. White shows, tends to decrease, even in Mississippi. The automobile, bringing in better roads, has also brought in a kind of civilization. Movie shows take the peasants away from the village store, and its political and theological disputations. Some of them, putting in radios, begin to defy the pastors by dancing. The revival business is not what it used to be. But in the backwaters, despite these signs of change, religion remains the chief concern of the hinds, and it is religion of a peculiarly unenlightened and degrading kind. Its God is the ferocious Jahveh of the Old Testament, hostile to strangers, full of fury and bombast, and even intolerant of sense. So long as it dominates the minds of the Southern poor whites they will remain barbarians, and so long as they are barbarians they will turn out ever and anon to butcher and barbecue a hapless darkey. The civilized Southerners waste their time combating, not the underlying disease, but superficial symptoms. If they would release the South from its bondage to ignorance and superstition, they must first destroy the simian theocracy that keeps it shackled. There is no other way out.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, PH.D. (Cornell), *was formerly instructor in psychology at Goucher. She is the wife of Edward Hutter.*

ROBERT BLAKE *was executed at Huntsville, Texas, on April 19. A more detailed account of him will be found in Editorial Notes.*

W. J. CASH *was born at Gaffney, S. C., and is now living in North Carolina. He is a graduate of Wake Forest College. He has been a cotton-mill worker, a country editor, a newspaper reporter and editorial writer, and a teacher of English.*

BENJAMIN DECASSERES *is an old newspaper man, and the author of numerous books.* [Casseres *has the accent on the first syllable, which is pronounced exactly like* mass.]

ISAAC GOLDBERG, PH.D. (Harvard), *is the author of numerous biographical and critical books. He is the leading authority in the United States on South American literature.*

EDWARD HUTTER *was born in Lynchburg, Va., and for a time attended the University of Virginia. He contributes frequently to the reviews.*

IDWAL JONES' *novel, "Steel Chips," will be published this month. For five years he was dramatic critic and columnist for the San Francisco* Examiner, *and at present is staff writer for the New York* American.

W. P. NORWIN *is a native of Pennsylvania and a graduate of Harvard.*

H. M. PARSHLEY *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

HENRY F. PRINGLE *is the author of "Alfred E. Smith: A Critical Biography" and "Big Frogs." He was formerly on the staff of the New York* World.

JAMES A. TOBEY *is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he obtained his bachelor's degree in 1916 and his doctorate in public health (Dr. P.H.) in 1927. He has served as a city and State health official, and as secretary of the National Health Council, and was associate editor of the* American Journal of Public Health *from 1920 to 1928. He is now director of the Health Service of the Borden Company.*

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS *is assistant to the president of the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore.*

JIM TULLY'S *latest book is "Shanty Irish."*

G. PEYTON WERTENBAKER *is a Virginian and was educated at the University of Virginia. He has been a newspaper man in Washington and Brooklyn, and is now doing special work at the College of William and Mary.*

OWEN P. WHITE *is a native of Texas, and knows the Southwest as few others know it. He is on the staff of* Collier's.

The INVESTOR

PRIVILEGED SUBSCRIPTIONS

By RUDOLPH L. WEISSMAN

THE Research Department of the Standard Statistics Company recently made an exhaustive study of the extent to which corporations in 1927 and 1928 offered their stockholders privileged subscriptions or rights. It was found that corporations whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone raised more than $1,800,000,000 in this way, an amazing total. The high rate of general business activity, the public's confidence in common stocks, and, more recently, the high cost of financing through bond issues, have been the basis for the new issues. The subscription privilege generally pertains to common stock. This year, a number of leading corporations have offered shareholders convertible bonds on favorable terms, and this practice will probably grow.

Whether the new issue is a success or not will depend not only on the past record of the corporation, and the stockholders' estimate of its future, but also on conditions beyond the control of the management. To assure itself of the funds which it is desired to raise, an underwriting syndicate composed of the bankers associated with the corporation, or of its largest shareholders, is frequently used. For a commission, the syndicate agrees to take all the stock for which the stockholders fail to subscribe.

In 1927, in connection with the application of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to the Interstate Commerce Commission to approve the issuance of $63,242,500 in common stock, a group of stockholders ob-

Continued on page xxxvi

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxiv

jected to an agreement whereby, for $2.25 a share, the road's bankers agreed to take up all the unsubscribed stock. The Commission held that the management's judgment in deciding that the successful accomplishment of the necessary financing justified an underwriting, should not be upset. Stock offerings are not uniformly successful, and a reasonable commission is justified. In 1920, the American Woolen Company, which had enjoyed several remarkable years, offered $20,000,000 common stock at $100 per share, in the ratio of one share of the new stock for every three shares held. The collapse in the commodities' market, and the sudden chill which spread over the stock market, made the offer a failure. Industrial corporations have become so confident of their ability to raise additional capital that they neglect to set forth fully why the funds are desired and how they are to be used. Railroad corporations particularize the purposes for which the proceeds are to be used.

Shareholders are interested principally in knowing what their rights are worth, and what course of action they shall pursue. In this article, rights refer to the fraction of a new share which the ownership of one share of stock entitles the holder to buy. This is the sense in which the word is used in New York and Boston, whereas in Philadelphia it means the privilege of buying a new share. In the event that a corporation increases its stock by 25%, and the holder is allowed to subscribe to one new share for each four shares held, the New York right gives him the privilege of buying one-fourth of a share for every four shares held. The possession of four rights will entitle him to buy one new share. Therefore, if one share is owned, and it is desired to buy another share, three rights will have to be acquired.

The value of a right is found by deter-

Continued on page xxxviii

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxvi

mining the average cost of a share to a stockholder who exercises his rights, and deducting this sum from the market price of the old stock. Thus, if a stock is selling in the market for $125 a share and stock is offered at $100 a share, in the ratio of one new for each four held, each right will be worth $5: The cost of four shares at $125 each is $500: the additional share will cost only $100, making a total cost for five shares of $600, or an average cost of $120. The difference between $120 and $125, or $5, is the theoretical value of the right. The following is a good formula for finding the value of a right:

$$\frac{P \times R}{1 + R} = \text{Value of a right}$$

P is the difference between the market price and the price at which the additional stock is offered, and R is the ratio at which the new stock is offered in proportion to the old. In the illustration used above, the formula works out thus:

$$\frac{(125 - 100) \times .25}{1 + .25} = \$5$$

The first suggestion which occurs to the investor when he reads of an announcement offering additional stock is to subscribe. The whole policy is based on the assumption that one who is a stockholder has faith in the enterprise. Those who wish to take advantage of the subscription have only to await the receipt of a warrant. The warrant, in form similar to a certificate, gives the details concerning the amount of new stock the shareholder may buy, the place and terms of payment, and the date of expiration. Indorsement blanks on the back provide for subscription or sale.

The investor may sell his rights if he does not feel justified in increasing his investment in the given corporation, or if his present investment programme will be disturbed thereby. It is not always

Continued on page xl

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxviii

necessary to wait until the warrants are issued. When a stock has a broad market, the rights may be ordinarily disposed of on a "when issued" basis. As an instance, on March 5, 1929, the directors of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company voted, subject to the approval of the stockholders at a meeting to be held March 14, the issue of stock on the basis of two shares for five held April 30. The rights were dealt in on the New York Curb Market the following morning. Of course, when the rights are sold before the old stock has sold "ex rights," the investor must retain his original holdings. Otherwise, he will be "short" the rights.

In a study made by E. G. Mears at the Harvard School of Business Administration, and summarized by Professor Dewing, it was found that the highest value of rights tended to prevail at the beginning of the subscription period. The study was based on 91 cases between 1906 and 1912. No detailed examination has been made since that time, but the logic of the situation is unchanged. The expectation that rights will be offered, particularly in a favorable market, excites speculative buying, which subsides once the 'good news is out."

Stockholders who have subscribed to all the additional offerings of corporations like the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad have no complaint. Those who sold their rights in the open market have not had their incomes diminished. The price of their holdings has not been affected adversely. It has, therefore, become the practice to state that in considering the dividend return on the stock of corporations in this class, one must make an allowance for the added income that is reasonably certain from the periodic offers of new stock substantially below the market price.

Continued on page xlii

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

Between the capitalization of normal growth and the use of this method of financing because the investor is in a receptive mood, there is a fundamental difference. Stock manipulation may be resorted to for the purpose of lifting an issue to a high price. Subscription rights are then offered, which appear to be valuable. Once the rights are out of the way the stock sinks to its proper level. The directors have secured funds at small cost; the investor is left with a diluted equity. If a corporation has not been able to earn a fair return on the invested capital during a period of general prosperity, the additional investment is no assurance that in the future it will be more successful. The valuable rights will prove illusory in such instances.

New Financial Books

THE FRENCH FRANC 1914–1928.
By Eleanor Lansing Dulles. *The Macmillan Company*
$6.50 6 x 9; 570 pp. *New York*

This is an admirable full-length study of a critical period in French financial history. For the causes of the depreciation, the writer found no adequate purely economic explanation. Speculation is seen as the dominating factor, and confidence as the principal short run determinant of the value of the franc. This view was advanced by the late Allyn A. Young, author of the introduction, which also stresses the psychological attitude. The book contains detailed statistical material, a bibliography, and an index.

RECENT GROWTH OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER INDUSTRY.
By Charles O. Hardy. *The Brookings Institution*
50 cents 6 x 9; 60 pp. *Washington*

A useful examination of various aspects of the electric light and power industry, based on an extensive questionnaire sent to a list of fifty-two companies—one of the first serious attempts to analyze the financial status of public utility holding corporations. An interesting disclosure is the declining trend of the percentage of common stock to the total capitalization with the result that "if a period comes when the expenses creep up on income, bond interest and cumulative preferred stock dividends will not shrink with shrinking earnings and any losses which may occur will be concentrated on thinner slices of common stock."

Editorial NOTES

DR. H. M. PARSHLEY, author of "The Loss of Flight in Insects" in this issue, was born at Hallowell, Me., on August 7, 1884. His father was a Baptist clergyman and, in addition, a good musician, hunter and fisherman. His mother was a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and an able pianist. He received his higher education at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard. At the latter he obtained the following degrees: A.B. (1909), A.M. (1910), and Sc.D. in entomology (1917). At present he is professor of zoölogy at Smith, teaching general zoölogy, entomology and genetics. He has written a great deal for the monograph journals and for general magazines. He is the author of "A Bibliography of the North American Hemiptera" and "Science and Good Behavior," the latter of which has just been published. He is managing editor of the General Catalogue of the Hemiptera, of which Dr. G. Horváth, director of the Hungarian National Museum, is general editor. Among the scientific organizations he belongs to are the American Society of Zoölogists, the Entomological Society of America, the Société Entomologique de France, and the Société Entomologique de Belgique. His previous articles for THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following: "Heredity and the Uplift,"

Dr. H. M. Parshley

Continued on page xlvi

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xliv

February, 1924; "The Popularization of Science," March, 1924; "Insect vs. Insect," July, 1924; "Preliminary Note on Scientific Ethics," June, 1928; and "The Problem of Motive," August, 1928.

By way of recreation Dr. Parshley has always taken a great interest in music. He plays the double bass, the viola and the saxophone. As for his general outlook on life, he says, "I do not believe in Prohibition, censorship, religion, or coeducation. I believe that most intelligent people are well intentioned, and that improvement in mundane conditions will come only through the increase of scientific knowledge among such people."

ROBERT BLAKE, author of "The Law Takes Its Toll," was executed at Huntsville, Texas, on April 19. He was a young man of considerable intelligence, and during his months in the Death House devoted himself to writing. "The Law Takes Its Toll" is an attempt to set down, as literally as possible, the conversation among his fellow condemned men on a day when one of them was to die. He made careful notes and completed his MS. the next day. It was then handed to the Rev. J. D. Moss, pastor of one of the Huntsville churches, with instructions to see to its publication. Blake was executed a week later. He had been convicted of robbery and murder. He contended to the last that the murder had been committed by another man, and that he himself was under the influence of drugs at the time and not aware of what was afoot.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is offering two prizes of $500 each, one to male students and the other to women students, for the best essays on college life in America, received before August 1. The aim of the contest is to show how the four years of college life appear to actual graduates. In

Continued on page xlviii

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlvi

the treatment of the subject a wide margin will be allowed, but it is hoped that contestants will confine themselves as much as possible to personal experiences. The competition is open only to the seniors of 1929. MSS. may be sent in at any time up to August 1, and need not be deferred until commencement, though the prize winners must graduate this year. The conditions:

1. No article should be less than 3000 words long, or more than 8000.
2. Each must be a wholly original work by a student graduating from an American college with the class of 1929, and taking the A.B. or its equivalent.
3. Each must bear the full name and address of the author, the name of the college frequented, and a statement of the course followed and the degree to be taken.
4. Each must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for its return in case it is not accepted.
5. The American Mercury may make offers for a few MSS. other than those awarded prizes, but their authors are free to decline such offers.
6. The Editor of The American Mercury will be the sole judge of the competition.

The honoraria will be paid on August 2, and the two prize-winning articles will be printed in The American Mercury for October. The MSS. of all other articles, if accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelopes, will be returned to their authors on August 3.

Among the contents of The American Mercury for August will be the following:

"Black Ulysses Goes to War," by Howard W. Odum.

"Testimonials—Mainly Medical," by Arthur J. Cramp.

"Heap Big Chief," by A Washington Correspondent.

"Sometimes We Are Fooled," by Eleanor Rowland Wembridge.

"A Moral Crisis in Banking," by John Carter.

"Putting the Negro in His Place," by George S. Schuyler.

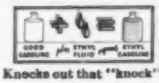
"Time Off," by John B. Hawes, II.

ETHYL PAVED THE WAY TO HIGH COMPRESSION

SINCE the advent of Ethyl Gasoline, the compression of automobile engines has been steadily raised, with consequent increase in efficiency.

In 1927 approximately 14 per cent of the leading car models were of so-called high compression (a "5 to 1" ratio or higher). In 1928 roughly 56 per cent were high compression. And this year about 77 per cent are in this category.

It was Ethyl that made the high-compression engine commercially possible. Engines of this type cannot run properly on ordinary gasoline. It "knocks" when it is compressed beyond a certain point. "What can we *add* to gasoline which will control the combustion rate as compression is raised?" asked automotive science. After years of research it was found that Ethyl fluid, containing tetraethyl lead, was the answer. Leading oil companies add it to their gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline, which improves the performance of any car. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation .... 25 Broadway, New York City; 56 Church Street, Toronto, Can.; 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, England.



Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE